

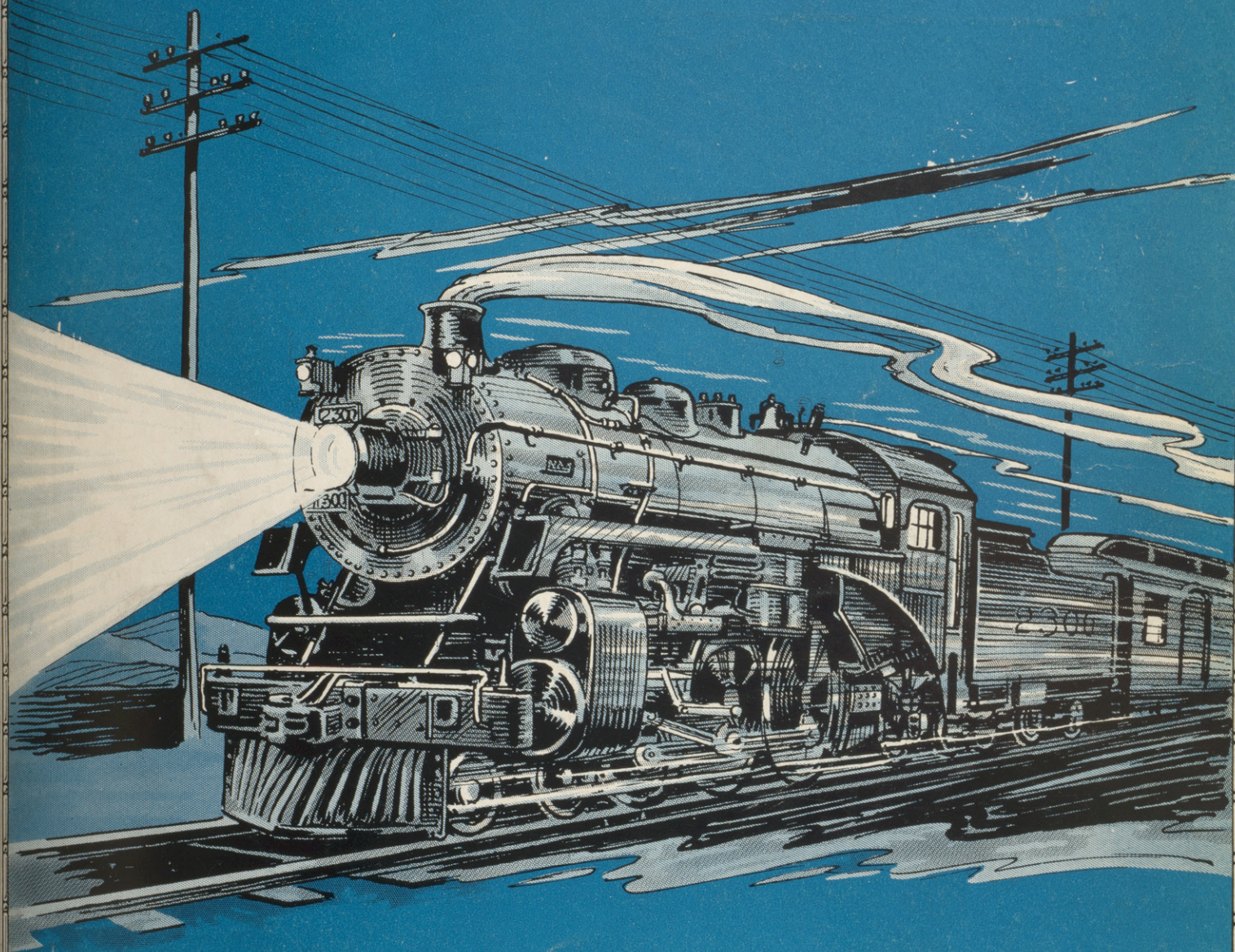
Japanese Workers' Delegation to the Sixth Session,
I.L.C., at Geneva, June, 1924



*Left to right: Joseph Sekei, Mitsusuke Yonekubo, Bunji Suzuki, Yasutaro Kawamura
and Suchiro Nishio.*

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1924

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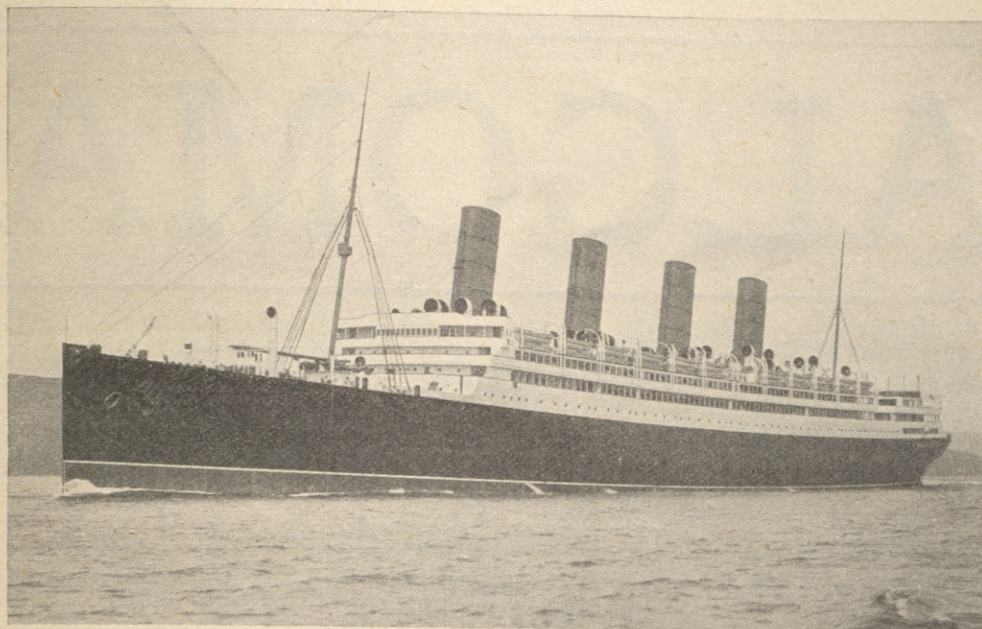
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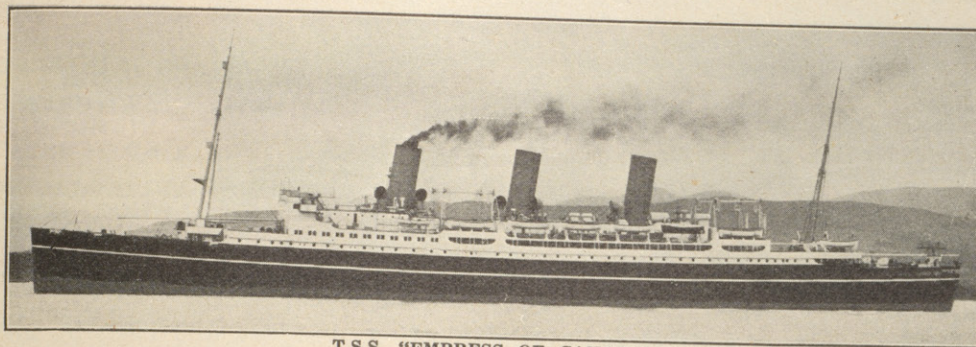
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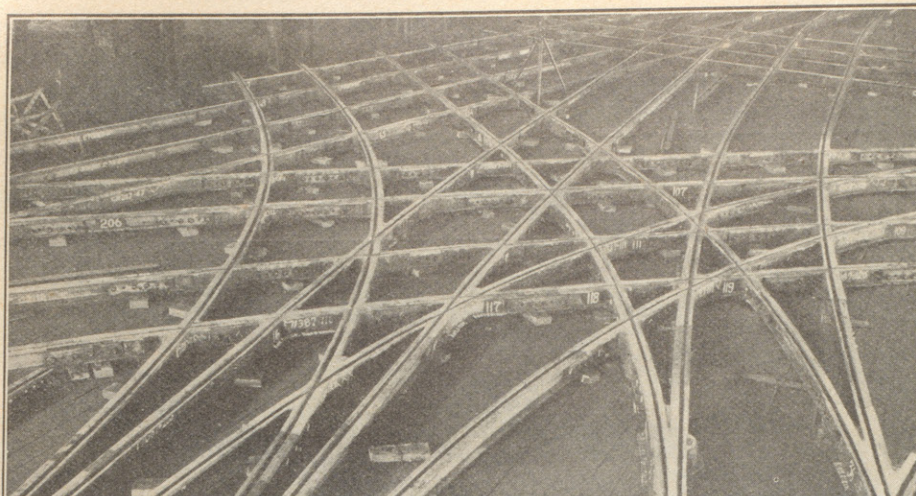
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A cheery scene showing the Maritime Express steaming out of Halifax on its Christmas run

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NO. 4

THE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS

THERE are differences of opinion about the merits of a whiskered old gentleman named Santa Claus. Sometimes children wonder why an all-seeing Santa seems to pay little or no attention to their Christmas wishes, and sometimes even the more fortunate children whom he honors with a generous attention are puzzled by the multiplicity of commercial Santas in the stores and the number of stories about the old gentleman that do not jibe one with the other. A fairy is a fairy, and accepted as a piece of imagery; Santa is a person, from whom real things are expected.

There can hardly be difference of opinion, however, about the merit of the spirit of Christmas, as usually expressed, the spirit of joyously giving without anticipation of return, which is the true spirit. That the giving concentrates mainly on the children, who are the wards of humanity, is just as it should be; the unhappy thing is that the giving does not get to all the children, and that amongst those it reaches it is often a most uneven matter. Still, that there is so much giving is in itself a tribute to the people.

During the giving and the festivities the fuller understanding and expression of Christmas should not be forgotten or apathetically viewed. Sometimes there is danger of this very thing. Christmas is the anniversary of the birth of a Carpenter who gave wonderful works and messages to the world. Therein is the full significance of Christmas. The spirit of love and thoughtfulness, the desire to make the world a better place for everyone to live in, the willingness to give one's

(Continued on next page)

SO may the New Year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you! So may each year be happier than the last and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share in what our Great Creator formed them to enjoy.—Charles Dickens.

self to the service of one's fellow-creatures, the decision to honor the source of inspiration, not for an occasion, not as a matter of great words and great music and great altars (which are the inspirations and means of acknowledgment rather than acts, and too frequently mistaken for acts)—but on all occasions, every day in the year—these are the laws of Christmas.

COURTESY COSTS NOTHING!

SOMEBODY, obviously in search of something to say, is responsible for the remark that courtesy costs nothing. Why, then, one mildly wonders, is it so unusual to encounter it? Accepting this statement regarding the price of politeness one might satisfactorily explain the matter by asserting that that which is purchased for a small sum is always under-rated, no matter how invaluable it may be; therefore, courtesy, costing nothing, is unlikely ever to enjoy a very high degree of popularity.

On the other hand, there are some people, the polite ones, by the way, who would be very likely to tell us that courtesy, though sometimes calling for little outlay, at other times demands a price which only those with a true sense of its value are willing to pay; a price possibly not always associated with dollars and cents but reckoned with in terms of patience, forbearance and a thought for the other fellow's well-being. Such things bespeak an expenditure of sheer energy and vitality, the rarest coinage in the realm.

Everybody is well-bred until some exasperating little incident occurs; then the refined are as distinctly separated from the uncouth, as the proverbial sheep from the goats.

Courtesy costs nothing if you will, but it is like golden star dust scattered by fairy fingers over a dingy street. It brightens the way

Christmas is not only the mile-mark of another year, moving us to thoughts of self-examination; it is a season, from all its associations, whether domestic or religious, suggesting thoughts of joy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.



ST. JAMES ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL, MONTREAL, in its Christmas dress of snow. This noted church is a model of St. Peter's of Rome. The view shown is taken from the side, facing Dominion Square. In the foreground, just beyond the sleigh, is the monument to the memory of Sir John Macdonald.

The Conquest of Snow

A description of the ways and means of Winter-fighting on Canadian Railways

Written for Canadian Railroader

By J. E. LANGDON

WITH the sun shining overhead and probably not a handful of snow in sight, it is not unusual to see a fully-equipped snow-fighting train move along to some distant point and there await a snow-storm, which had been forecasted by the Government Meteorological Service.

To the uninitiated this procedure of receiving advance information in respect to snow storms and sending forward the necessary equipment to keep the line clear, may seem somewhat far-fetched. However, incredulous as it may appear to some people, it is a common occurrence to the railway snow fighter and is indicative of the high standard of efficiency attained by the modern railroad in combatting snow.

Canadian railroads have to contend with many difficulties arising from snow storms. In the mountains, on the plains and in different parts of the East, the problem of keeping the tracks clear of snow is one of such importance that special attention is paid to this branch of railroading. Each year new difficulties arise which must be met with promptness and despatch and while a few fundamental rules are laid down for the guidance of the crews, the railroads usually depend upon the individual initiative of the snow-fighter to keep the tracks clear.

At the present time many implements of strange design and structure are in use. The principal types of snow-fighting equipment, however, may generally be classified as follows: Engine and pilot plows, wing plows, spreader plows, machine plows, flangers, ice cutters and snow sweepers. Each of the foregoing has been designed for some specific duty. For instance, the pilot plow was developed for use in light snows which do not pack hard or drift and can be used on both freight and passenger locomotives.

The push plow is a self-contained unit, consisting of a substantially built car with a wedge-shaped plow attached to its front end. This plow is generally used by one or more locomotives. The car may be fitted with flangers for cleaning the space between the rails. When the car is equipped with wings for widening the cut it is called a wing plow.

In addition to the pilot and wing plows, there are a number of others, equally important. There is the square-nosed plow which lifts and throws the snow without its being

packed and with greatly reduced side thrust to the plow. This type of plow is generally built of strong timbers and reinforced with structural steel. Some are so constructed that the power is applied directly to the front of the plow through a steel reinforced timber bar, hinged or pivoted to the "backbone," thus transmitting power directly to the front of the plow which is said to be the reason why this type is seldom derailed.

Another plow which is in general use where the snow is not too heavy, is the spreader plow. This plow has a V-shaped front. It is usually attached to a flat-bottomed car and is much used by the railroads to widen cuts after a plain push plow has passed. When widening cuts these wings are in such position that they serve as snow bank cutters and snow is carried in toward the centre of the track, from which it can be thrown by either a



Rotary Snow Plow in Action

wedge plow or a rotary. When equipped with drag wings these spreaders are often called cut-wideners.

The afore-mentioned plows are mainly used where light snow is encountered, but for the roads where deep drifts, snow slides, or other conditions beyond the capacity of the push plows, have to be fought a new type of

Jull modifications on the Elliott machine. The fan wheel was mounted on a hollow shaft in which revolved a solid shaft supporting the knife wheel. The fan and cutting wheels were revolved in opposite directions by means of a gear system.

During the winter of 1883-1884, the Canadian Pacific gave this model a trial at

1887, it was put into service on the Union Pacific Railroad, doing particularly good work in opening up one 70-mile branch which had been blocked for some time and through which no plows of other types had been able to proceed.

The proven practicability of this type of machine snow plow resulted in the Canadian Pacific Railway, in 1888, through the Polson Iron Works of Toronto, building eight of these plows in their Montreal shops, applying a fan wheel which had been still further improved by the Leslie Brothers. However, trouble was soon experienced by the Canadian Pacific in moving the heavy snows of their roads.

The first rotary plows with the improved Leslie wheel were equipped with a 17-in. diameter by 24-in. stroke, two-cylinder engine. Steam was supplied by a locomotive-type boiler, having 1259 sq. ft. of heating surface and carrying 180 lbs. pressure. The cutting wheel was supported by a 8½-in. diameter shaft geared to the engines. The shaft was supported in a main bearing, 34-in. long.

In spite of the many setbacks encountered in endeavoring to build a satisfactory machine snow plow, considerable development had been accomplished, the plows becoming heavier and being made more powerful.

The problem of keeping the tracks clear of snow is one of much importance to the Canadian railroads and it is not surprising that the Canadian Pacific was actively interested from the first in endeavoring to construct a successful machine snow plow. During the winter of 1908-09 this company decided to construct a rotary plow with cutting knives of 2-in. armor plate and the rest of the plow built in proportion.



"Snowed In."

snow-fighter has been developed and which to-day is recognized as the best type of snow-fighter—the rotary plow.

Ludicrous as it may seem the first rotary plow was invented in 1869, by a Toronto dentist, Mr. J. W. Elliott. This machine, although somewhat crude, embodied many of the principles used in the modern all-steel rotary plow.

The first machine snow plow was built in 1876 and was known as the Hawley plow. It was exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition in the same year, where it created much interest. Unfortunately, however, when it was tested on the Teewater Division of the Toronto, Grey and Bruce Railway, now a part of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it was a complete failure.

The next effort in constructing a practical rotary plow took place in the 70's and was tested either on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, or the Chicago and North Western Railway, in the northern part of Iowa. This plow was also a failure.

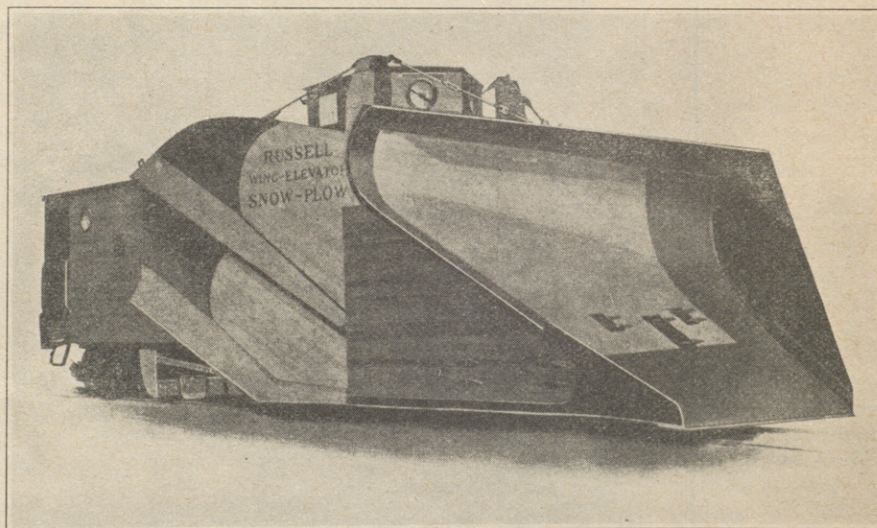
Another attempt was made in the early 80's to construct a machine plow, known as the Blake machine plow and embodying a rotary principle, this too, was a failure.

In the next few years several attempts were made to construct a suitable machine plow. The Kryger steam snow shovel was next to be manufactured. In some ways it looked very much like a modern ditching machine. It was built at the Minneapolis shops of the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, in 1889 or 1890, but was never tried in snow. About the same time plans were drawn up for another machine plow, known as the Cox machine snow plow, but this was never constructed.

In 1883 the Leslie Brothers, of Orangeville, Ontario, built the first rotary, embodying the

Parkdale, Ontario. Although this trial was more or less in the nature of an experiment it conclusively proved the practicability of removing snow with a revolving wheel. The test indicated that the plow should be constructed so that snow could be thrown to either side of the track and also that a flanger was necessary to prevent derailment in hard snow and ice and to leave a satisfactory rail after passing.

A wheel with manually reversible knives, which could be changed in position to enable



Double Track Plow

them to cut in either direction, as well as an ice cutter and flanger, which were applied to the front truck of the plow, was designed by the Leslie Brothers to overcome these difficulties. Other minor troubles were speedily rectified and the Cooke Locomotive Works rebuilt the plow. During the winter of 1886-

The building of these machines was under the direct supervision of Mr. H. H. Vaughan and Mr. John Player, consulting engineer of the American Locomotive Company. In preparing the design it was decided to modify considerably the construction of existing plows. It was Mr. Vaughan's idea that better results

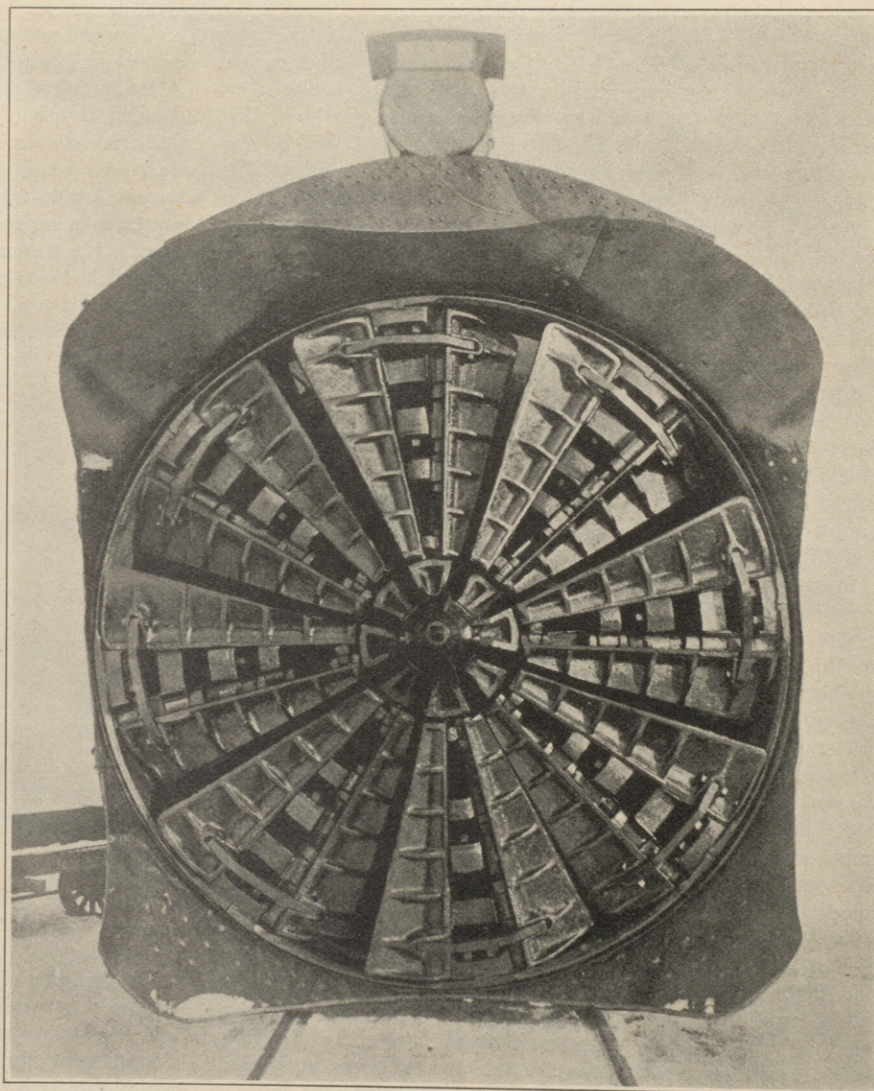


First train through after plows and section men have cleaned the tracks.

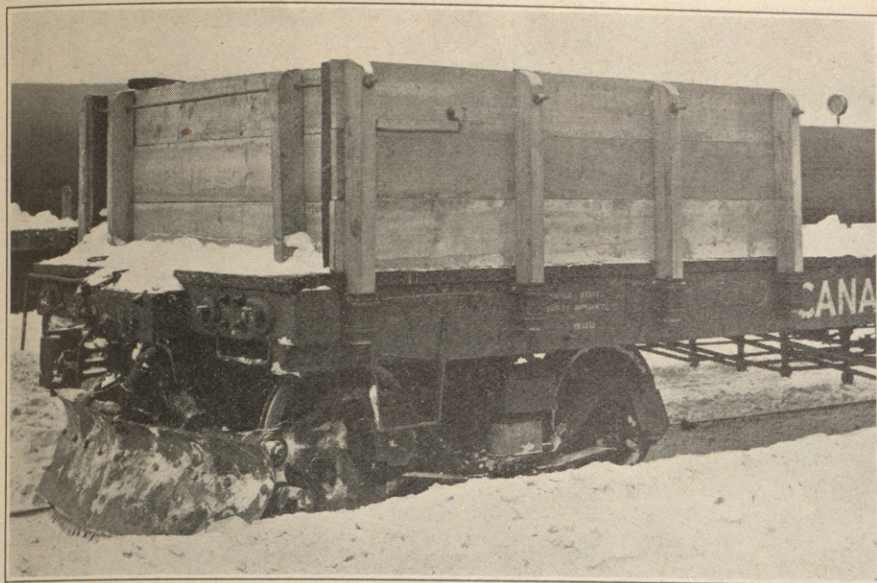
could be obtained by driving the plow wheel in direct direction to a marine style engine, the frame of the plow to resemble a bridge girder to thoroughly support the casing or hood, thus reducing all vibration to a minimum.

In working order these plows weigh 260,000 lbs. The weight is practically equal on two trucks. The tender has a water capacity of 7,000 Imperial gallons and holds 16 tons of coal.

The operation of these plows clearly demonstrated that they were more suitable for the strenuous work to be encountered in the Rockies and other parts of Canada, than those previously constructed. While improvements have been made from time to



Close-up of face of a rotary plow.



Toothed ice cutter attached to flat car.

time, these plows are still considered more or less standard.

As stated before, flangers, ice cutters and sweepers, are recognized as standard equipment in fighting snow. In order to properly clean up the track and to clear out the space between the rails for a depth of from two to four inches, flangers are used. They are either applied to the front of a locomotive, temporarily to box cars and flat cars, or permanently to snow plows or flanger cars.

The ice cutter on the Canadian Pacific Railway in general use consists of 29 2-in. square cutting tools of hardened steel, ground to a point at the bottom end. These knives are carried in a flanged channel which is fastened to the end at the front of the spreader.

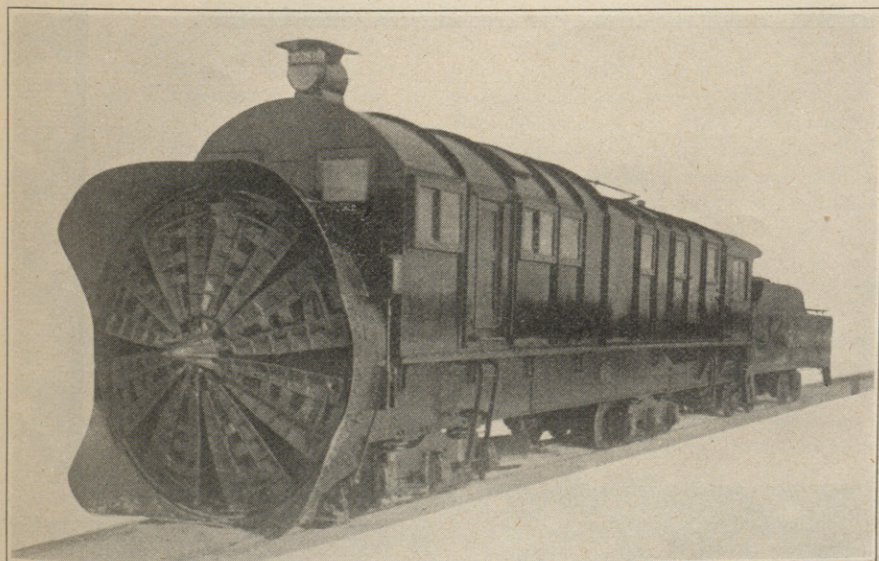
The sweeper used by railroads is built on the same principle as those used by the street railways, of course, being made heavier and more powerful.

The railroads are great believers in the old maxim that "an ounce of prevention is worth

a ton of cure." At points subject to snow drifting it is customary to erect snow fences. Small hedge trees have also been found of considerable assistance in checking drifting snow and a great number have been planted in the Eastern provinces. In the Rockies considerable trouble is experienced by all railroads from snow slides and where the track is exposed to a possible slide, sheds are constructed, some of considerable length.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the railroads of today are amply prepared to fight their 'friend' the snow. Modern equipment has made it possible for them to overcome the most severe snow drifts and slides in very short time and today service is maintained with a minimum loss of time due to snow troubles.

Common ideals and aspirations must at last draw all men into fraternity and set their feet in the way of peace.—President Coolidge.



A modern all-steel rotary snow plow.

An English Christmas of the Past

From "Christmas and Christmas Lore"

By T. G. CRIPPEN

CHRISTMAS! Is there any other word in our whole English vocabulary that calls forth such a flood of joyous emotion as that which designates the Festival of Humanity—the day which we are accustomed to regard as "peculiarly the Home and Household Festival of England? Longed for as the season when our shining hearths, our domestic comforts, and our social felicity are the brightest under heaven; the chosen season of peace and goodwill, of family reunions, of happy visits of friendly greetings, of interchange of gifts, of kindness to the poor, of mutual esteem and universal joy"; the blending of sport, mirth and laughter with Faith, Hope and Charity, this is a real English Christmas.

Within, the house is gay with holly and ivy, laurel and fir; the mistletoe hangs in the place of honor, shimmering with pearls that seem to have dropped from Freyja's necklace Brising; the Yule log blazes on the hearth; the Christmas tree towers aloft in faery splendor; and the Christmas candles burn in homely remembrance of the Star of Bethlehem. Without, the stars look as brightly down on an expanse of snow, deep and crisp and even, as once they looked upon those holy fields where shepherds watched their flocks by night.

Borne upon the frosty air comes the merry chiming of Christmas bells, or mayhap the solemn tolling of the knell of the Prince of Darkness. And, mingling with the brazen music, we hear the sound of youthful voices caroling "Joy to the World", or "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing", or, better still, that simplest and dearest of all old old English carols (case-hardened must be the heart that does not respond to it):

"God rest you merry, gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember, Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas day,
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we were gone astray!
O tidings of comfort and joy!"

Belief in faith-healing, as in spiritualism, ought to depend upon evidence, but upon evidence tested by the exacting laws of scientific observation.—Dean of Durham.

There is probably as much room for real talent as ever there was, but that talent must be backed up by constant work, constant application, and seriousness of purpose.—Sir Landon Ronald.

Beneath King's Cross Station, London, there are acres of kitchens, pantries, stores and wine cellars.



Who wouldn't come to Montreal at Christmas-time! A trio of local girls getting ready to set out on a snowshoe tramp.



The shell crater at Hill 60, made when the British undermined the German mines, blowing up their mines and trenches.

A Visit to the Canadian Battlefields in France and Belgium

Written for Canadian Railroader by ROY CARMICHAEL

THOUGH the section of the battle-line held by the Canadians in France and Belgium is much smaller in area than might be supposed from the tremendous number of engagements in which they figured, the region is so crowded with places of historic interest, whose names are familiar to all Canadians, that only the most hurried run around these battlefields can be made in two days.

Lille is the starting-off place, and a party of Canadian weekly newspaper editors who arrived there from Brussels, amongst whom I had the good fortune to be included, found motorcars awaiting them to take them over the first section—the Belgian battlefields, in the Ypres salient.

Prosperous factory towns, noted for their textile industries, Roubaix and Turcoing, both of them practically a continuation of Lille, showed signs of the German invasion, principally in their ruined factories, many of which have been rebuilt, and had their looms humming as we passed. The Franco-Belgian frontier was recrossed at the village of Hallyin, and immediately thereafter we saw definite signs that we were in the battle area. Concrete gun emplacements left by the Germans, dotted the fields; here and there were ruined houses shattered by shells; now and again the lines of trenches could be seen, with dug-outs and huts roofed with corrugated iron, in some of which, formerly occupied by German troops, Belgian refugees

are living, pending the reconstruction of their decimated homes. We passed through the little town of Menin, whose fine belfry is in ruins from the bombardment of which it was the special object. All along the route it was apparent that the Germans had devoted particular attention to the shelling of churches, cathedrals and large buildings of all kinds, no doubt feeling that they would be used as shelters for the homeless population.

Crater at Hill 60

Our first stop after a long drive past Hell-fire Corner, over roughly cobbled roads, which must have been hard on the feet of marching soldiers, was at Hill 60, where we were shown, not far from the roadside an enormous crater, now filled with water many feet deep, which will probably remain forever an imperishable monument to one of the most daring and sensational exploits in the history of the war.

German and British trenches in that neighborhood were very close together, and the Germans conceived the idea of undermining the British trenches and blowing them up. The British learned of this undertaking, and decided not only to prevent it but to go one better, so they set sappers and miners at work to mine still deeper and drive the works under the German trenches. At the psychological moment the mine was sprung, and up in the air went the German trenches and their mines and all who manned them. So

tremendous was the explosion that it was heard in England, where in military circles it was expected, as the exploit was regarded as one of great importance, and its outcome was said to have been awaited by Lloyd George and other war ministers, who sat up nights listening for the explosion, which they knew would mean demolition of the German trenches and a British advance.

Around the crater rusted barbed wire, and "corkscrews" used for arranging the entanglements lie in heaps and many souvenirs such as waterbottles, odd pieces of equipment, pieces of shells, and shrapnel bullets were picked up by members of the party in the field, and even on the roadside. The countryside in the neighborhood had been ploughed up by shellfire, and had not as was the case on most of the battlefields, been levelled off.

From Hill 60 we proceeded to Hill 62 and Sanctuary Wood, where a wonderful permanent memorial in stone is being erected and a memorial park constructed. It consists of a number of terraces of stone, a monument bearing the simple inscription, "Canada 1916", and a flower garden. The memorial is reached by a specially constructed road a mile long, lined on both sides by maple trees, and named "Maple avenue." The need for these maple trees apart from their significance, is great as trees in the neighborhood have been poisoned by gases, blackened by fire, and lopped off by shells, so that they

are the veriest ghosts of trees. Nothing more pathetic was witnessed in our tour of the battlefields than these groves of blackened, charred, and ruined trees which spoke eloquently and tragically of the fire-swept zone in which so many of our Canadian heroes fought and died. At one spot we were informed by a cemetery-keeper that for several square miles there was not a foot of ground on which a shell had not lighted. The fields were furrowed and scarred, and thousands of men had to be employed to fill up the shell holes.

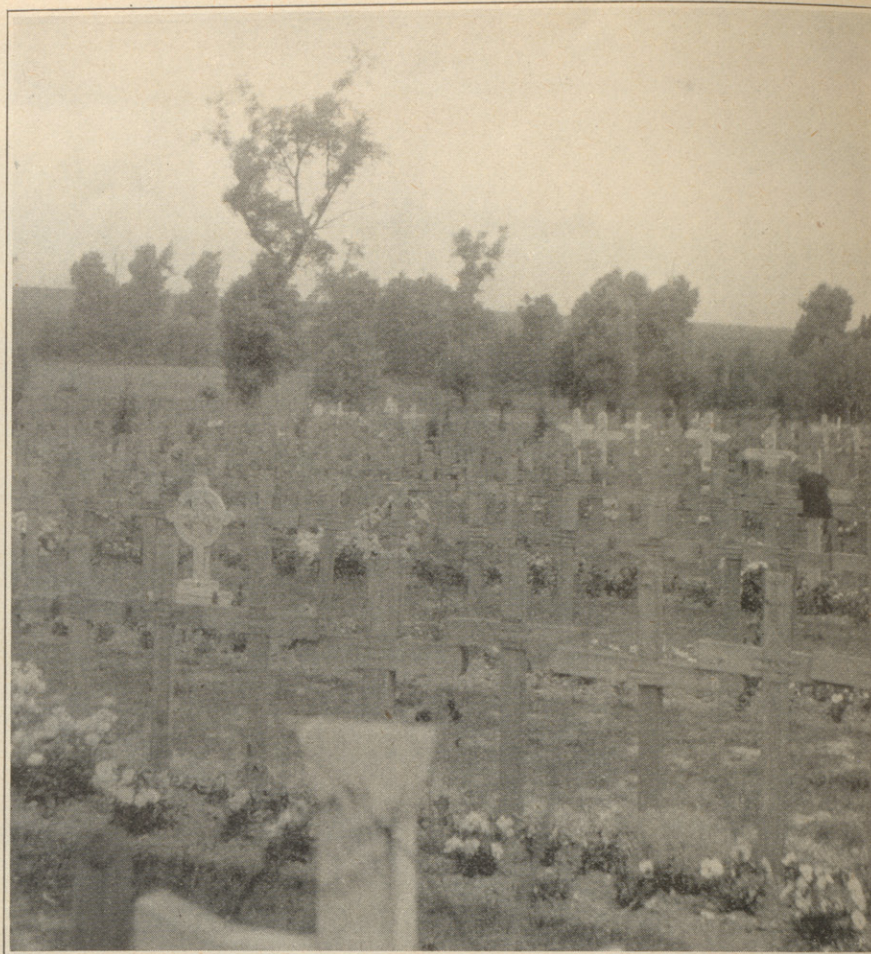
Where the Invader Was Checked

A short distance from Maple avenue we came upon the first of several memorial stones, which marked the farthest points of the German advance in that salient, and bore the inscription: "Ypres—Here the Invader was brought to a standstill—1915".

Proceeding on the road to the city of Ypres we witnessed scenes of devastation such as could scarcely be believed by any but eye witnesses. Hundreds of houses were blown to bits, and their inhabitants, or such as survived, are living in wretched huts made of corrugated iron roofing from the dug-outs and other relics of the war. In Ypres itself the ruins are stupendous—the great cathedral and the world-famed Cloth Hall are but shapeless piles of masonry, and though the cathedral is being partly reconstructed, the work of clearing up the streets of the battered city, and of reconstructing the homes and rebuilding the commercial section is so great that it will be a long time before the financially-impoorished town can think of rebuilding the wonderful Cloth Hall, which was one of Europe's greatest architectural wonders, and had drawn artists to Ypres from all over the world.



The wreckage of Rheims.



"... The crosses, row on row."

Fortunately the number of visitors to the battlefields is so large that their expenditure is helping the commerce of the town, and in the square facing the Cloth Hall a modern block of buildings has already been erected containing a number of restaurants, and stores. The square itself is daily thronged with automobiles and char-a-bancs, for Ypres is picturesque in its devastation, and it is also the very heart and centre of the battle-field region in that part of Belgium.

From Ypres we went by Dickebusch to Mont Kemmel, the latter an eminence a little reminiscent of Mount Royal, commanding the whole countryside, so that the importance of its capture could readily be estimated. The little village of Mont Kemmel was completely destroyed by the Germans, but it is being rebuilt. In that neighborhood reconstruction had made considerable progress and we could see many fine farmhouses of red brick with red roofs, and all of them with some pretensions to architectural regularity. By the roadside were piles of tons of metal gathered from the battlefields, mostly barbed wire and sheet metal, while every little cottage had its out-houses roofed with corrugated iron from the dugouts and its fences strengthened with barbed wire from the entanglements.

Recrossing the border into France we sped along the road to Armentieres, famous as the residence of the delightful "Mademoiselle" in the song. Gathering our impressions from

the song we had expected Armentieres to be rather a romantic-looking town, but it certainly provides no setting for romance. It is a manufacturing town with several textile industries, whose poorly paid workers live in squalid, dingy, narrow streets. The town itself has been severely damaged by shell-fire, and both before reaching it and between Armentieres and Lille we saw churches, factories, mansion houses, an endless procession of them absolutely destroyed by the bombardment, which in that neighborhood must have been as murderous as it was anywhere.

As night fell we returned to Lille, where we were quartered at various hotels, none of which seemed to treat tourists particularly well. We were astonished to find Lille so badly lighted. The streets are perilously dark at night, and as a consequence, outside of the principal square, where a few cafes remain open, there is no life to be seen at night. Apparently the people of Lille got so used to the German curfew that they have not been able to break away from the "early to bed" habit. In this respect Lille differs very emphatically from other French cities.

Further Evidence of Destruction.

On the following day, after a visit to the museum, and an inspection of some government buildings in Lille, we started for a tour of the French battlefields between that city and Arras, all of them the scenes of engagements in which Canadian troops had

taken part. By way of La Bassée and Loos we proceeded to Lens, an ugly mining town, which was the centre of much fighting, and which is noted in sporting circles as being the birthplace of Georges Carpentier, who, though born to a poor coal-mining family, now owns a magnificent chateau in the neighborhood. At Lens we noted hundreds of temporary and some streets of permanent homes erected for the miners, whose old residences had been destroyed by the Germans. There were also hundreds of refugees living in huts which formerly housed the German soldiers, who apparently thought their occupation was going to last some time.

From Lens we proceeded to Vimy. We had no difficulty in recognizing Vimy Ridge. It was exactly as its name describes it. At the time of the great battle in which the Canadians were on the victorious side the Germans occupied the side nearest Lens and the Canadians and British on the side nearest Arras. The two German trenches captured by the Canadians are still easily distinguishable and there are many shell holes on the ridge. We had a good opportunity of inspecting the battlefield and of reconstructing



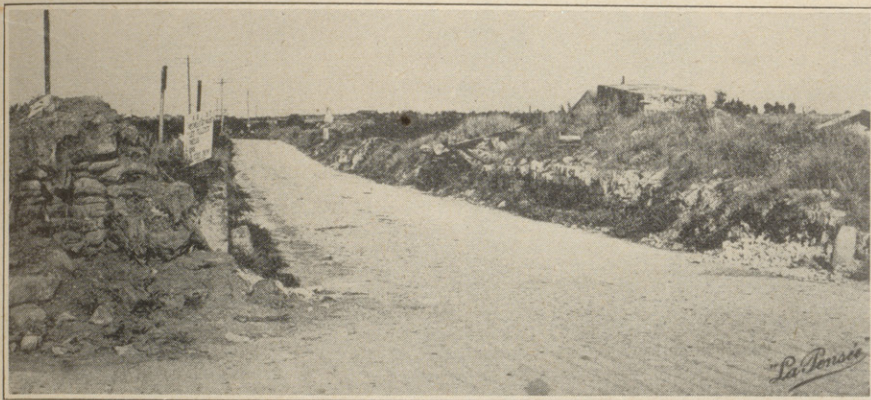
One of the graveyards in France where many of our Canadian boys sleep.

Arras is a city of long, narrow streets, paved with cobble-stones. Throughout its miles of thoroughfares one can never get away from the spectacle of ruined buildings. With the possible exception of Ypres no other

cripation were battered out of recognition. The railway station was completely destroyed but has been rebuilt. The city was at all times one of the most picturesque in France and though it has lost many of its most famous architectural monuments, it is still quaintly picturesque and very attractive.

The Hotel du Commerce on the Rue Gambetta, in which many of the party had lunch, has only about one-fifth of its rooms habitable. Every wing of the hotel has been bombarded out of recognition, the walls facing the street are pitted and scarred by spent shells, and the large dining-room is propped up rather insecurely and gave one a feeling of nervousness as one sat at table. It seemed as if at any moment the walls might cave in and the roof collapse.

There has been considerable rebuilding in Arras, but the post-office is still housed in a small wooden hut. The shops of the town are well-stocked, and the cafes are modern and attractive, but it will be a long time before the ancient glories of the place can be truly restored, and time will never remove entirely the marks of its harrowing experiences.



La Targette, rue de Neuville, on the way to the historic city of Arras.

in our minds the scene of the great conflict. From the Ridge we saw Folly Wood where the principal Canadian memorial is to be erected.

Along the roadside a short distance away is the Vimy Ridge memorial, a cross mounted on a massive granite pedestal, guarded by a chain whose posts are huge shells, and surrounded by a small but beautiful garden which is carefully tended at all seasons. The monument, at the base of which was a wreath of violets, bears the inscription:

"Erected in memory of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men of the Canadian Corps Artillery, who fell during the Vimy operations, April 1917—Canadian Field Artillery; Canadian Garrison Artillery; Royal Field Artillery; Royal Garrison Artillery; South African Heavy Artillery."

A short run by way of Neuville St. Vaast brought us to the historic city of Arras, famous throughout the middle ages for its architecture, and for the tapestry to which it gave its name. One remembers that Hamlet stabbed Polonius after exclaiming, "Ha, A rat behind the Arras!"

city in that area suffered so much. The cathedral, one of the most wonderful in France, is in ruins, the city hall, post office, hospitals, convents, buildings of every des-



Some of the havoc wrought by German guns.



Canadian Memorial at Vimy Ridge.

Arras is a place of pleasant memories for some of our Canadian boys who recall that when they entered the town the inhabitants had fled and the brasseries and estaminets stocked with the choicest of wines were unguarded. There was many a merry time in Arras, as well as many a tragic one.

On the way to Arras and between Arras and Cambrai, notably Vis-en-Artois, many of our party visited cemeteries containing the graves of relatives or friends. These cemeteries are frequently by the roadside. They are superintended by gardeners who

have been British soldiers and who work under the auspices of the Battlefields Commission. More faithful, sympathetic guardians the dead could not wish for. We talked to several of these guardians and found them at all times willing to give information or assistance to the visitors. They were always at work on the graves as we approached; showed no curiosity, and seemed to feel a tenderness for their dead comrades which was reflected in the care bestowed on the graves.

Each cemetery is divided into a number of plots. Every plot bears a number, every row in the plot is designated by a letter of the alphabet, and every grave in the row is numbered. Each has a wooden cross bearing the name and regiment of the dead hero whose resting-place it marks. At the entrance to each cemetery is a glass-fronted case on a pole, somewhat resembling a fire alarm box. It contains a typewritten alphabetically arranged directory of the graves.

Thus, if you wanted to find the grave, say, of Private D. Henderson, you would turn to H. and there read: Henderson, Private D., 42nd Highlanders; Plot 3, Row D, Grave 19." It is the simplest of matters to locate the plot, row and grave.

The cemetery-keepers never obtrude on the visitors. They keep the graves beautifully—every grave has its flowers, and they will not accept any remuneration whatever as a return for the attention they have given to the graves, or as an inducement to pay special attention to one particular grave. They will gladly plant and look after flowers sent them for the graves, but they are independence personified, and cannot be tipped or bribed.

Several of the cemeteries have had the wooden crosses removed, and replaced by headstones, and it is likely that by next summer most of the crosses will have disappeared.



Ruins on a Belgian battlefield.

Bank of Montreal Reports Marked Growth in Assets

The annual report of the Bank of Montreal for the fiscal year ending October 31st indicates to an extent the more quiet business conditions which have prevailed in many lines of business in Canada during the past twelve months.

On the one hand there has been a steady gain in deposits with this institution, thus increasing the funds available for the business of the country, while on the other hand there was a recession in the requirements for trade and commerce. As a result, the excess funds over commercial requirements are reflected in a marked increase in the holdings of Government bonds and other high grade securities, which under present conditions give a relatively low yield.

An analysis of the statement of assets and liabilities shows the strong position in which the Bank has placed itself.

Total assets at October 31st, the end of the fiscal year, amounted to \$748,836,088, as against \$692,382,109 at the end of the previous year. Of this amount liquid assets total \$468,516,968, at which level they are equivalent to 68.85% of liabilities to the public, as compared with \$391,227,837, or 62.55% a year ago.

The principal gain has been under the heading of Government securities and railway bonds and stocks, indicating that, due to lessened commercial activity throughout the country there has been an endeavor to keep as much as possible of the Bank's funds continually employed. Dominion and Provincial Government securities now stand at \$91,612,453, up from \$63,185,030; Railway and other bonds, debentures and stocks \$6,385,569, as against \$2,328,051; Canadian Municipal securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public securities, other than Canadian, \$42,392,715, as compared with \$37,601,758. In cash holdings the Bank reports gold, subsidiary coin current and Dominion

Notes, \$94,996,723, up from \$81,589,681, and deposit in Central Gold Reserves \$14,000,000 compared with \$17,000,000.

Deposits Increase

From month to month the Bank has been reporting gains in deposits and at the end of the fiscal year total deposits amounted to \$636,869,521, as against \$579,056,783, a gain of over \$57,000,000 during the year.

Profit and Loss Account

Net profits for the year, after deducting charges of management and making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, were \$4,454,504, as compared with \$4,496,416 for the previous year. The profits added to the balance carried forward, brought the total amount available for distribution up to \$5,114,086.

It is no use complaining of people who read stories about murders. After all, "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" were stories of murders.—G. K. Chesterton.



CHRISTMAS GEMS



Ring out, ye crystal spheres!
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

—MILTON.

The Mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall—

—THOS. HAYNES BAYLEY.

For little children everywhere
A joyous season still we make;
We bring our precious gifts to them,
Even for the dear child Jesus' sake.

—PHOEBE CARY.

We ring the bells and we raise the strain;
We hang up garlands everywhere
And bid the tapers twinkle fair
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE.

At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For love is heaven and claims its own.

—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

God rest ye, little children, let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;
Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas
Day.

—D. M. MULOCK.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house.
Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse:
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.

—CLEMENT C. MOORE.

Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease.
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good-will to man!

—WHITTIER.



As many mince pies as you taste at Christmas,
So many happy months will you have.

—OLD ENGLISH SAYING.

England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

—SCOTT.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth.

—LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome Merry Christmas.

—W. R. SPENSER.

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid: the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

—TENNYSON.

At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

—TUSSER.



A Group of Famous Verses

About The Glad Season





NORMA SHEARER

Miss Shearer, a fair daughter of Westmount, Montreal, whose movie career began three years ago, when she left for California, is now numbered among the stars of the silver sheet. She is appearing in Victor Seastrom's production of "He Who Gets Slapped," a Metro Goldwyn picture, being shown in Canadian theatres this month.

A Week-end in The New Klondyke

Written for Canadian Railroader by E. L. CHICANOT

HOW would you like to get absolutely away from the hustle and hubbub of modern city life, from all the conventions of the prosy routine of civilization, and, slipping back through space a few decades, spend a weekend in Klondyke? How does the idea strike you of escaping for a couple of days from your boring, everyday acquaintances, from sartorial similarity, innocuous leisure, and a conversational diet of business and golf, and hobnobbing for a while with Sam McGee, Hardluck Henry, Blasphemous Bill and the rest of the unregenerate gang of that stirring era, generally considered to have become part of ancient history? It may sound fantastic but it is well within the bounds of possibility to make such a fleeting jaunt to the newest and potentially greatest of Bonanzas, the gold fields of Northern Quebec.

Distance means nothing now-a-days and modern transportation has bridged the gap between an ultra-civilization and the primordial. What used to be termed Terra Incognita is a suburb of Montreal and the untamed wilderness is at the backdoor of Toronto. The new gold field where Klondyke is being repeated in a more authentic edition is as conveniently situated to the principal city of both provinces as its week-end resorts or its golf courses.

The jaded city worker, should he desire something novel and entirely different in the way of week-ends, can leave the metropolis or Queen City on Friday night, reach the

gold field in time for the opening of the poker games on Saturday evening, leave there on Sunday evening, soaked with all the atmosphere and local color he can absorb and be back in the office on Monday morning in time to cuss the office boy for not having the mail ready. No, it's not a magic carpet but something very like it.

A Place of Promise.

The new Quebec gold field, which seems to commence scrupulously when the inter-provincial boundary has been left buried in Lake Temiskaming, is quite unique in the history of the precious mineral. A field with, as experts are united in conceding, greater potentialities than any other camp, has arrived at a certain definite stage of development, with many budding mines of great promise, and the men who went wild over Klondyke seem scarcely to know anything about it.

Gold strikes are regarded sceptically now-a-days. With the fiasco of the Yukon field in mind the Quebec Government, upon the reported discovery, discouraged anything like a rush into the area until it had satisfied itself there was a measure of justification for it. The Government railways and private concerns went in together and the result of expert examination in each case was very much the same. The potentialities were found to be so great they could not define them in terms for want of a previous standard. Then the most fully justified rush in history took place and today, in the belt of country covering the townships of Rouyn, Boischatel, and Johannes, which are solidly staked with claims, there are about six hundred men extremely busily occupied, though the man in the street in Toronto or Montreal is little aware of it.

The Quebec gold strike was exceptional in the first place inasmuch as the discovery occurred closer to civilization and railroad contact than probably any other strike in history. Popular fiction has come to suggest that the search for gold necessarily entails arduous and long travel and subjection to the most frightful rigors and privations. The locality of the new discovery was hemmed in by railroads though existing between them was an almost unknown territory. Proof that the area was highly mineralized sent the Canadian Pacific Railway, which was reaching up into the pulp limits at the end of Lake Temiskaming, hastening further and by the fall of 1923 it reached a point on Quinze Lake which was christened Angliers. This was the closest point of railway contact still some fifty miles from the scene of the gold find.



Ready to jump off for the gold fields—author and pilot.

The gold camp was further advantageously situated in that it could be reached through two stretches of communicating waterways. A good, strong paddling arm could cover the distance in five days of strenuous labor and of slow consumption by mosquitoes and black flies. Even so, this was a holiday jaunt compared to the toil and hardships undergone by those who climbed the Chilcoot Pass and pioneered the Alaskan field. But it did not fill the requirements of modern efficiency. A service of motor boats was introduced with teams of horses to haul over the portage, and this reduced travel to the gold field from the railroad terminus to a little over two days. Not unnaturally, it was considered that the utmost had been accomplished in tacking the wilderness onto the fringe of civilization.

The Magic Carpet.

Such was not the case however. In May, 1924, the Laurentide Air Service, with reckless initiative and a fine disregard for the fitness of things, established a flying service into the new mineral area. This service has operated without interruption since that time and when winter comes will continue to carry on with skids replacing the pontoons on their seaplanes. Each week an average of thirty individuals, to whom time is worth more than money, have been carried through the air to the new Bonanza. The five days with the canoe and the two days with the motor-boat have been reduced by the seaplane to one hour whilst taking the traveller out of the insect-infested stratum. It is veritably the magic carpet of the new north.

The aeroplane service has rapidly established itself as an indispensable feature of the life of the Northland and has become one of the area's greatest factors of development. The camps have come to place the greatest reliance upon it and almost to accept



Miner's Cabins at one of the Rouyn Mines.

it as a matter of course. It has a regular schedule like a railroad. Each morning a plane leaves from the base at Haileybury with passengers who have come up on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railroad. It jumps Lake Temiskaming and stops at Angliers, in the nonchalant manner of a street car, for mining men, prospectors and others going in from the Canadian Pacific terminus. It then proceeds into the romantic area where men are existing on the edge of fabulous fortunes and sets its passengers down anywhere they please, its only demand being that there be a lake handy, a demand which is easily met in Northern Quebec. It brings them out again on schedule and with greater accuracy than a taxicab service makes connection with the trains at either point.

The service is so efficient and so expeditious that the mining camps have come to rely upon it in an extraordinary manner, and with a total failure to appreciate the incongruity of such an element in the popular conception of a gold camp they utilize it in the most prosaic manner. Though the operating company has no mail contract the camps load the planes down with letters and telegrams. When a camp wants something in a hurry it sends an S.O.S. to Haileybury and the machine has to swallow its pride and become a bearer of motley burdens.

Fifteen-foot lengths of piping have been transported on the wings to some outlying mining camp; a five hundred pound pneumatic drill, wanted in a hurry, has been taken apart and stowed away in various parts of the interior; it has been found possible to transport a drum of gasoline through the air by dividing it into two parts, one at each end of the plane. Hurry-up orders for pork and beans are frequently filled, and there is a regular transport through the air of fresh fruit and vegetables.

A Living Map

No matter how extensive a traveller's flying experience there is a thrill in jumping off from the last point of civilization at Haileybury or Angliers into the Never Never Land of Northern Quebec. Once he has passed over the little patchwork arrangement of farms above Ville Marie he is immediately flying over an area, which, a year or two ago, was marked on the maps, *Terra Incognita*, and which, even today, is hardly explored or surveyed, and upon which there is only the most elementary knowledge. It is a region of dense forest growth, broken by innumerable lakes and rivers. Looking down from a dizzy height as the plane splits the atmosphere the impenetrable tree growth stretches interminably as a green carpet, with sombre patches where clouds cast dark shadows upon it, and splashes and ribbons of silver indicating the watercourses. It is like nothing so much as gazing at a vivid topographical map, spread out upon the floor.

It is only when the plane begins to descend, or, rather, the lake to rise suddenly

up to meet it, that glimpses of habitation are caught—log cabins about the edge of the water. Men pour out to seize the boat as she taxis up to the little wharf, and so rapid has been the transition—a mere hour ago in civilization—that it is difficult to realize that one is now in the new Bonanza.

A week-end in the new Quebec gold field is a very thrilling and entirely engrossing experience. The fact that this new Klondyke is a proven mineral area, with no uncertainty as to the duration of its existence, as in the case of the old Klondyke; with no expectation

terests which have come in and later developed them.

The change which has been wrought in gold-mining through its development being taken in hand by the big corporations, and modern transportation having tacked the camp neatly onto the fringe of civilization, are to the advantage of the present-day worker in the wilderness.

Just imagine daily mail in a new gold camp and fresh fruit and vegetables periodically brought in. The old sourdough who



This picture is illustrative of the type of country crossed on the journey to the gold fields.

of its demise to be expected at any time and because it is in the hands of important and influential interests which have only gone in there after cold-blooded calculation regarding the extent of deposits, and are developing them in a manner which may seem prosaic and matter-of-fact, does not in the least detract from the romance and attraction of the field. The progress of time has had its effect but it has failed to kill romance.

Romantic Figures Remain

It requires but little imagination to see there all the interesting crew of which Bret Harte and Robert W. Service wrote. Though the gold in the area is found in such a manner that it can be extracted by elaborate machinery and expensive process the lone prospector is indispensable as ever and the old-time miner as romantic, even though he is working for someone else.

It is still the lonely prospector who is responsible for gold discoveries and he is yet to be found wandering alone over the wild area with his pick, living from day to day on the brink of fabulous wealth. Sudden wealth is not unknown in the Rouyn. Fortunes have been made by down-and-out stakers, selling good claims to the big in-

baked his unappetising flapjacks would stand amazed and astounded before the table laid for the modern workers in a gold mine, which literally leaves not a solitary thing in the gastronomic line to be desired. Their camps are all situated on lakes of most exquisite beauty, such as the dweller in the city pines for fifty weeks of the year, with innumerable boats and canoes and fine fishing. The woods abound in moose, deer and partridge. Unless it is a picture show there isn't a thing to be desired.

An Embryonic City

The city man who flies into the gold field for a week-end would naturally have to go to Rouyn Town, which is the civic centre of the new Bonanza and has great aspirations towards a city status. At present it consists of a dozen or so rude log huts, three of which are hotels, as may be determined from the painted signs outside them, and one, the only general store of the area, containing the territory's only complete family, that of the French-Canadian storekeeper. Streets and sidewalks as yet exist only in the imagination, which can also picture Rouyn, a big, thriving, bustling city, supported by a string of gold mines tributary to it.



One of the hotels in Rouyn town and its proprietor.

Constant touch with civilization has resulted in keeping accurate track of the passing of the days and Sunday is rigidly observed as a day of cessation from toil, so that the week-end visitor can be assured of seeing the town in all the liveliness of the camp's leisure. It is a real, rip-snorting town at the week-ends with the lid completely removed and the temporarily swelled popula-

tion whooping it up in a manner of which Bret Harte or Service would have distinctly approved. It is Klondyke or Bonanza being re-enacted in a modern way. There are the same unregenerate characters doing the same wild things, even though the motley crew has its sprinkling of millionaire mining promoters, its engineers, chemists, and other technical experts and the washing pan of the lone miner may be magnified into the tall, timbered mining shaft.

Purely disinterested visitors are so unusual at Rouyn that the entire Sabbath population of the town may be counted upon to gather at the beach to see the week-ender and the pilot paddled out to the moored seaplane. About them is the untamed wilderness—they are several decades away from modern existence. The plane rises, is an hour in the air, and lands back where civilization begins.

On Monday morning the Montrealer or the Torontonians steps from the train into the frantic noise and bustle of a great, throbbing Canadian city. He is inclined to wonder if it has not all been a dream. An acquaintance asks him how many holes he did it in on Sunday. Somehow, such things



Shaft at one of Rouyn Mines where there are literally millions of tons of copper-ore in sight.

have become petty and futile. What wonder after having jumped back for a week-end to the days of '49 and '98.

LOST CITIES

The old question whether a thing can be lost when you know where it is applies in part to lost cities, because the sites of many of them are known, and in some cases even the buildings and statuary are almost intact.

Now, however, their only inhabitants are the beasts of the jungle; lions prowl through their echoing halls, monkeys race across their fretted arches, and snakes lurk in their dark dungeons or glide across their crumbling pavements.

For instance, the holy city of the Buddhists, Barabodoe, in Java, had been forgotten for 600 years when Sir Stamford Raffles rediscovered it and its wonderful temple, the eighth wonder of the world.

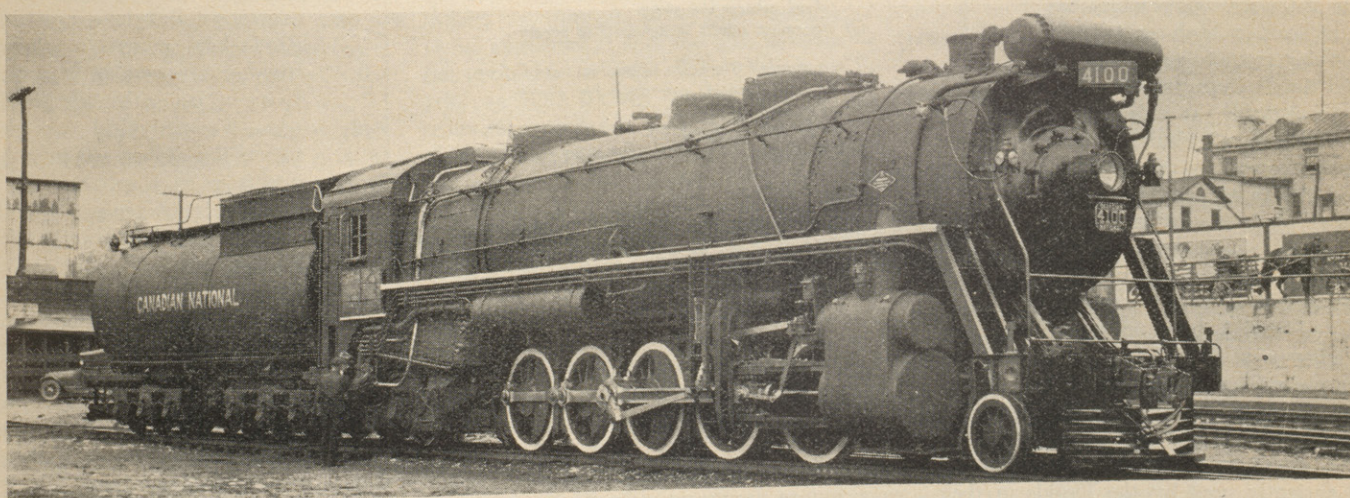
The jungle of Siam has hidden its ancient capital, Ayuthia, for four centuries. Its inhabitants fled before the conquering Burmese, and never returned. It is now said to be the lurking place of thousands of enormous snakes.

Mystery surrounds the dead city of Thibet, which Captain Rawling discovered. It is a

vast collection of palaces, monasteries, and dwelling houses, but the Thibetans professed ignorance of its existence, and also of the reason of its abandonment.

Five centuries ago Angkor had a population of three-quarters of a million. To-day it is the Dead City of Cambodia. The carved stone elephants, the immense causeways, the majestic temples, still remain, but the jungle has invaded the streets and squares.

THE NEW FREIGHT GIANT



Another view of Engine No. 4100, the new transfer locomotive, of which five are being built for the Canadian National Railways, to be used in hauling heavy trains in the terminals.

Christmas Face of London in 1863

The following article, appearing in the "Leisure Hour" of 1863, draws a vivid picture of London, decked out in holly and mistletoe in celebration of approaching Yuletide. It breathes the atmosphere of mid-Victorian Yule, describing as it does the many phases of preparation for the great festival in the days of stage-coaches and lamp-lighters.

AS Christmas Day approaches, the preparations for the universal festival become more general, active, and characteristic. More business is done, because people who have been dawdling and hesitating as to their plans, must now make up their minds and proceed to action. There is, consequently, more bustle in the shops and markets; and in all the provision markets, every day of the week in which Christmas day occurs may be called a market day, and every night a market night. All places of traffic in comestibles are now full of life and cheerfulness, and put on a most picturesque appearance, because business is carried on in bowers of greenery, which inclose you round as you enter the shops of the fruiterer or greengrocer, and overshadow you at the market-stalls. An important branch of the Christmas trade is the trade in evergreens; the most favorite plants are the red-berried holly and the mistletoe, but many others are in request, such as the laurel and laurustinus, the yew, the cypress, the ivy, and the evergreen-oak.

Some thousands of tons of these Christmas plants, embracing thousands of young growing fir-trees for Christmas trees, are brought to London every season; and, indeed, so general is the demand for them, that there is scarcely a house in the whole circle of the metropolis which has not at least a bush or twig of something green to symbolize the joyful time. Immense quantities are consumed in decorating the interiors of churches and chapels, where they are wreathed round the pillars and along the galleries, and often mingled with everlasting and manufactured flowers, or beautiful natural bouquets presented for the purpose. The red-berried holly glimmers like a fiery constellation in the dim December atmosphere of a London church; but the mistletoe is never seen there, not being admitted within the sacred precincts.

The reason is said to be that this plant was anciently used by the Druids in their idolatrous and murderous rites, and was thus for ever desecrated. We do not know how this may be—perhaps a sufficient reason

may be found in the fact that certain osculatory ceremonies, much more ancient and more agreeable than anything invented by the Druids, are performed under the mistletoe bough, and are a pretty general house-

having planted the seeds themselves, and not left that operation to the chance work of the birds that frequent the locality.

A Very Greenwood.

A stirring sight at this season is the spectacle of Covent Garden Market by night, when the arcade and the stalls are lighted up with gas, when the bulks are burdened with the richest stores of winter fruit, growth of all latitudes and both hemispheres, and decorated with choicest flowers from the green-house, mingled with imitative specimens curiously carved from turnips, or manufactured by the combination of dyed grasses and blossoms of the amaranth; while dense masses of evergreens, hanging from the roof, or heaped in piles upon the floor, give the semblance of the greenwood to the crowded spot. From the shortness of the days, which are now scarcely eight hours long, much of the traffic has necessarily to be done by gas-light. The dealers at this season resort to the market much later than at other times, and at all hours, both of the day and night, the carts and wagons from the country are carrying and discharging their loads.

And now, before Christmas Day dawns upon us, let us turn and look at its approach from another side. Among the three millions of human beings who constitute the population of this overgrown Babylon—a nation in itself—how many are there to whom the season of general festivity brings neither joy nor gladness—who only feel their destitution the deeper and more galling from the spectacle of the general abundance in which they have no share! Alas! the needy, the hungry and the destitute among us are a large army; the homeless alone amount to thousands; and vast and boundless

as is our wealth, it is matched by the depth and hopelessness of our poverty. There is not a man, woman, or child of us who is unaware of this sad fact; how, then, shall we deal with it at this joyous time? Shall we eat, drink, and be merry, while our poor fellow-citizens pine and starve? Or shall we do what we can towards feeding hungry and clothing the naked, and, by



Christmas Bells

*I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!*

*And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!*

*Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!*

*Then from each black accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!*

*It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!*

*And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"*

*Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"*

—LONGFELLOW.



hold custom at this season; and, therefore, it would hardly be decorous to hang the plant in the house of worship. In scarce seasons, when the mistletoe plant runs short, it has been known to sell for a high price, as much as a guinea (approximately \$5.20) having been paid for a handsome specimen. Of late years, however, the supply has been pretty liberal and constant, the growers



THE CHRISTMAS TRAIN.

A wood-cut illustration from the "Leisure Hour" of 1863, the magazine from which the accompanying article is taken.

diffusing gladness among others, make our own joy the greater?

Fortunately for the poor and needy, there is never much hesitation or debating with London citizens as to which of these two courses they shall pursue. John Bull, whether he lives in town or country, never likes to be feasting himself while he sees others in want; he wouldn't feel at all comfortable in doing so—it would not suit his digestion, not to mention his conscience. So, if you take up a newspaper just at this time, you shall see him appealing to his fellows to come forward and aid him in carrying out various plans of benevolence, each and all of them tending to make Christmas time a joyous time for the poor. He wants to give away coals to warm their houses, blankets to keep out the cold at night, soup to nourish the hungry children, jackets and trousers, and frocks and petticoats, to clothe them, and, above all, he is bent upon having Christmas dinners of beef and plum-pudding for those who otherwise would go without. And he will have the dinners, too; he will have them in the work-houses; he will have them in the ragged-schools; he will have them in the refuges for the destitute; and in many a poor neighborhood steeped in misery and vice, he will hire a big room, or put up a big tent, and improvise a kitchen and set the cooks to work, and give a dinner to as many poor outcasts and vagabonds as choose to partake of it.

We know that John Bull will do all this, for we have seen him do it in years past, and do it heartily. Indeed, this custom of feeding the poor at Christmas is a very ancient habit of Londoners, and at this moment the charitable dole of citizens who have been dead and gone for centuries is waiting to be distributed among the poor as soon as Christmas comes round. The poor will get it in the vestry, after the morning service; and if you are curious on the subject you can go if you like, and see the distribution made in many of the old city churches where our forefathers worshipped. The dole consists of bread and money; and the qualifications of the recipients in some cases must be of a grievous kind, indeed, none but widows, or maimed or crippled persons being entitled to it. Other posthumous city charities were not so select in their objects; and there was one, though it is probably no longer administered according to the will of the testator, in virtue of which the churchwardens carried a bag of money with them to the church, and gave a shilling to every poor man, and sixpence to every poor woman, they met by the way. Of one thing we may all be sure—the best way to enjoy one's own Christmas dinner is to provide another for the poor man who wants it.

The morning of Christmas Day is in London the quietest morning of all the year. Business, which was at a climax yesterday, and, indeed, during all the past week, now comes to a general pause. Even the shops

which never close on the Sunday mornings will be closed on the Christmas morning—if for no other reason, than for the reason that shopkeepers and shopmen are both utterly fatigued and tired out by the extra work of the days and nights of preparation, and the excitement they have had to go through. Housekeepers, of course, are busy enough within doors, "on hospitable thoughts intent"; but there is comparatively little of life and traffic in the streets, unless it be in humble neighborhoods, where groups of laboring men lounge away the hours before dinner or hold rather noisy conclaves at court entries, while their wives are occupied all the forenoon in making ready the beef and pudding.

Sabbath Tranquility.

The city is even more tranquil than it is on a Sunday, and along the lines of route through the "genteel" suburbs, there is almost a dead calm—no carts, wagons or drays, no herds of migrating bullocks, no industrial sounds, no street cries, save the early "Mieau" of the solitary milkman, the clink of whose tin pails as he sets them down at the door is heard far and wide. But for the buses, which plod on upon their customary routes, and for the rattle of an occasional cab, the streets of London would be at this time as still as the sleepy country town on the day after the fair. But at half-past ten the bells begin to ring out for service; and never do the church-bells of the vast city assert them-

selves more effectively than they do on Christmas morn. Some of them, indeed most of them, toll their usual monotonous "ding, dong", but some of them will ring out a merry peal in salutation and joyous welcome to "the day when Christ was born", and sometimes, in the far outskirts of the city, one hears their musical jangle coming up upon the wings of the wind—the voices of a hundred towers and steeples mingling together in one tumultuous echo of gladness. The first response to this sounding summons is not made by the church-goers, but by the working-man's wife, and the journeyman's and small tradesman's housekeeper, who are at this juncture seen hurrying to the bake-house with their joint-laden and pudding-laden dishes and pans—a transfer which they effect with all possible speed, in order to get it over before the church-going crowds get possession of the causeway. For a time the footways are then alive with the throng of worshippers in gayest attire—almost every house sending forth some of its inmates; but soon after the bells have ceased, the throng has cleared off, and there is a general stillness once more.

The church that is not filled on Christmas morning is never filled. In general the Christmas congregation is a more crowded one than usual, the attractions being more. The interior of the church, embowered in evergreens, is a spectacle grateful to all eyes, and, to the pious and thoughtful mind, suggestive of that immortal hope which endures all shocks, survives all storms and changes, lives through all seasons and all sorrows, and shall be realized in a land of endless joy, "where everlasting spring abides, and never-fading flowers." Then there is the Christmas anthem, to be sung, perhaps, by infant voices; and there is the Christmas sermon, which is sure to awaken gratitude for past mercies and bounties, and to make appeals to that Christian charity which every grateful heart is at this season so ready to exercise. It is always a cheerful congregation that streams out of the church-doors, to the grand organ, pealing the Hallelujah Chorus, at the close of the Christmas service, and it is a pleasant thing to face them in their walk homewards, and share in the general satisfaction.

Partaking of Christmas Cheer

The aspect of the streets changes in a marked manner as the afternoon approaches. In proportion as the dinner-hour is imminent the cabs become very much in request, and we see them rattling off in all directions at a headlong pace; in fact, there are not cabs enough to be had, and many a cosy party, intending to ride, have to hurry off to the rendezvous on foot. It is hardly fair to scan these groups too inquisitively. Though Pater-familias will obligingly carry Miss Bell's dress-shoes in his pockets, he doesn't care that you should note them sticking out; and if madame, to save her dress cap from being crushed, should wrap it in tissue paper and pin it under her shawl, what is that to you?



Laissez faire, as the French say—it is all right and proper.

There go a family of laughing children to dine with grandmamma, who has plum-pudding, and roast-goosed, and mince-pied, and snapdragoned, and Christmas-treed every one of them every year since they knew what Christmas meant. Ratatat-tat! that is a whole household, papa, mamma, the five girls and little Master Bobby come to Christmas it at No. 9; and lo! there is a bevy at No. 10, of an equal number going to be entertained somewhere else. Yonder comes Plumblin, the builder's foreman, in a spotted neck-tie and a brand-new spriggy waistcoat, his boots shining like patent leather, on his way to dine with his em-

When comes the sad year to its close
And leaves fall fast about thee,—
think:

In other gardens summer glows
And others, thirsting, breathe
and drink

The perfume of the rose;
Bethink thee, even in thy snows.

And when thy rose is blossoming,—
know

Though thine laugh in its leafy
crown,

In other gardens stript and
brown,

At other feet dead leaves fall
down,

Dead roses lie beneath the snow,
Remember, when thine bud and
blow.

ployer; and there goes Potter, the steam stoker, bound for his mother's two pair back, with something to cheer the heart of the old woman. The knockers are pealing, the cabs are bowling along, the clatter of tripping feet, and the ring of cheerful voices, resound on all sides, and for an hour or two that section of London population, who on this day play the part of guests, have the streets almost to themselves.

By and by, however, as the early darkness broods down upon the city, there comes a silence with it, which in some quarters is almost total. On the evening of Christmas Day one may walk for miles through the million-peopled city, and meet but very few beyond the guardians of the night; for now

the guests are all under the roof-tree, and though every house have a banquet within, there is a prevailing solitude without. How sad that solitude to the houseless wanderer for whom there is neither home, nor food, nor cheerful fire, nor voice of friendly greeting.

And what of the Christmas dinner, and the luxurious dessert long-drawn-out, with talk of the old days and the new changes—the memories of the past and speculations on the future? Is it all unmingled pleasure and conviviality? Of a truth, no! Happily for us all, no! For it is well for us that at times like these, regrets should mingle with our joys. "Better," said the wise king, "is it to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." For our parts, we find that when we go to the house of feasting on Christmas Day, we go to the house of mourning, too. The year that has vanished since last we met has too often borne away with it treasures that shall never return—treasures of friendship, of love, of true manliness, of moral worth—called away into the silent land, and lost to us for ever. The eloquent voice of last year is now mute; the bright eye which looked a welcome too warm for words is quenched in night; the hand that clasped ours has been gripped fast by him of the inverted torch; and the bounding heart which shared our joys and griefs is a clod. Shall we give way to gloom because this is so? Rather let us celebrate Christmas Day with jubilant gladness that He has come into the world who shall restore all things; and let us so live that

"Our lives shall be one Christmas-tide."

Crisplets

Enthusiasm starts the race, but perseverance wins it.

* * *

You won't push far ahead by patting yourself on the back.

* * *

Any time is a good time to start carrying out a good idea.

* * *

The worst troubles are generally those that never happen.

* * *

Be aggressive, but don't forget to be agreeable at the same time.

* * *

The reason some people don't get on is because they won't get up.

* * *

Never forget your friends, particularly if they owe you anything.

* * *

Experience is what you get while you are looking for something else.

* * *

Many people have a lot of good in them, but unfortunately they keep it there.



.. IN LIGHTER VEIN ..



AT ARM'S LENGTH

He: "You know—I could dance like this for ever."

She (very fed up): "Oh—but wouldn't you find it most frightfully lonely?"

—London Opinion.

How to Get What You Want for Xmas

Brother asked for a nice new roadster,

Sister asked for a Paisley shawl,

Mother asked for a dinner service,

Dad asked for nothing at all.

Brother and Sister were disappointed,

And Mother is also blue,

For none of them has got what was wanted,

But Daddy's wish came true.

—Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern.

The New Remington

Dw ea\$ r FDsd; :-,

I am writung voj tgis toshow yiu thst i a,
ma\$kinh msakung bihG proGrşes. It iS a
greet-pleaxurere nof to havew to push a pem
aroynd bu h3andt. this iS thr firrst letter I
havwriten yoh oN 5he mach(ne, sşo i hAt—
ate 6u du it, but I REALLY HAVE TO
ASK YOU FOR A LITTLE MORE JACK
TO CARRY ME THRU THE WEEK.

I hoşe yog are al welk

yOuR s9n.

—Dartmouth Jack-O-Lantern.

Timely Suggestions for Xmas Cards

I send this card of greetings,

Of love, and Xmas cheer,

But please don't store it in the drawer,

To send to me next year.

—Texas Ranger.

"They say that if you feel itchy that's a
sure sign you're going to get something."

"No, that means you already have it."

Inspector: "Tommy, what is a bigamist?"

Tommy: "Please, sir, a man who makes
the same mistake twice."

"Why do you stare at me?"

"Father says you're a self-made man!"

"Well, why stare?"

"I'm wondering why you made yourself
like that!"

The Jack Tar's Turn

A German sailor, at the handing over of
the German Fleet, is recorded to have said
as he shipped on to a British vessel, "This
is what I think of your Fleet and your
Admiral Beatty," and he promptly spat into
the sea. A British seaman retorted quietly,
"It doesn't matter much what you think of
our Fleet or of Admiral Beatty, but be care-
ful whose ocean you're spitting into."

Horse Sense

A man in trying to sell another a horse
said, "Yes, he is perfectly all right." The
other bought the horse on this recommenda-
tion, took it home and turned it in the pas-
ture. The horse ran into trees, fences, etc.,
and its owner was convinced that the horse
was blind. He immediately took the horse
to the one from whom he had bought it and
said, "Say, that horse you sold me is blind;
he has been running into all the trees and
fences in the pasture." The other turned
at once and replied: "That horse ain't
blind, Mister. He jest don't give a damn."
—Tennessee Mugwump.

The Fiance: "When two people like the
same things their married life is bound to be
happy."

His Uncle: "Well, you and Mary ought
to be happy, for I know she loves you—and
you're very fond of yourself."

Rea: "Liza, what fo' yo' buy dat odder
box of shoe blackin'?"

Liza: "Go on, dat ain't shoe blackin';
dat's my massage cream."



Farmer:—"I'll soon have you down. Aviator ain't you?"
"No! I'm not that crazy! I drive a car."—Judge.



A pair of charming Montrealers on the snow-clad slopes of Mount Royal. Miss Helene Maxwell, on the right, was an entrant in one of the city's beauty contests.

Jean Page and J. Warren Kerrigan, in a scene from "Captain Blood," a stirring Vitagraph production for release during the winter season in Montreal.



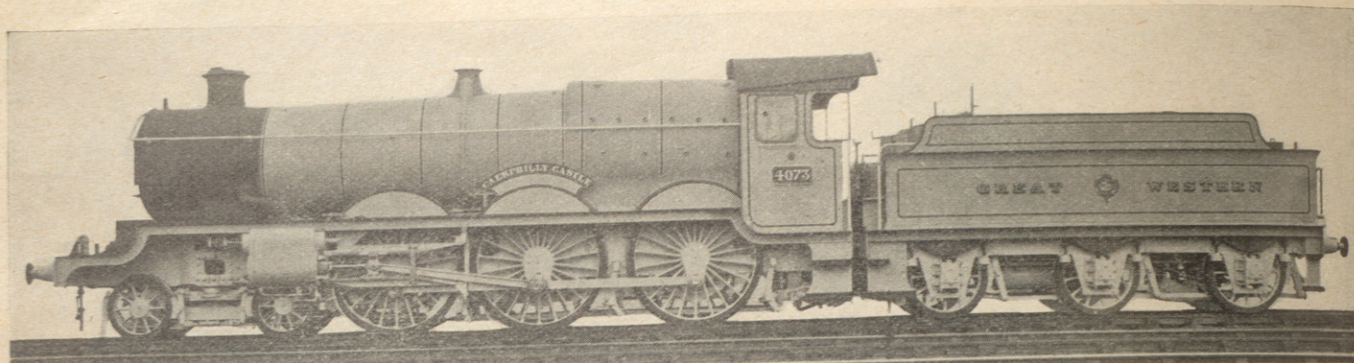


Left to right: Ethel Grey Terry, one of the most famous beauties of the screen; Reginald Denny and the delightful little Canadienne, Laura LaPlante, a leading star of the day, in "The Fast Worker," a Universal picture, likely to be released about December 28th.

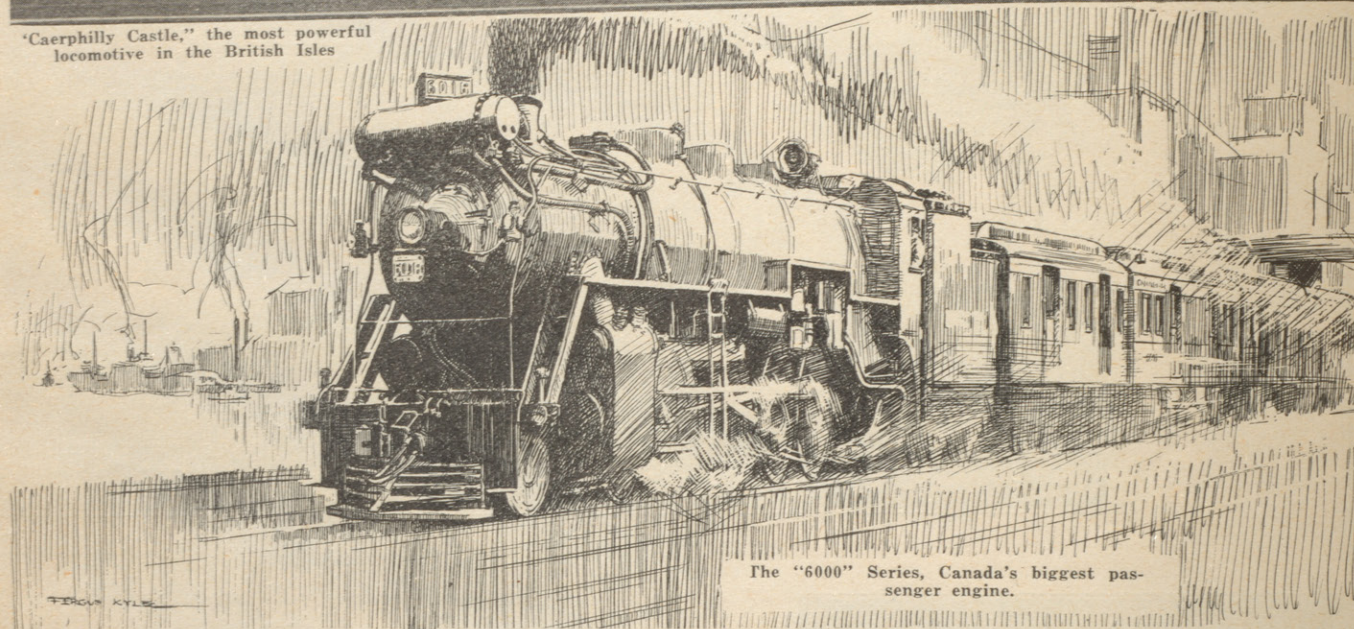


One of the big coming attractions in filmdom is "Wine," with an all-star cast, for release around the Christmas season. Myrtle Stedman is here shown with Huntley Gordon, a Montrealer, in a scene from this stirring picture, which shows the evils of bootlegging.

From 1781 to 1924 in Locomotives

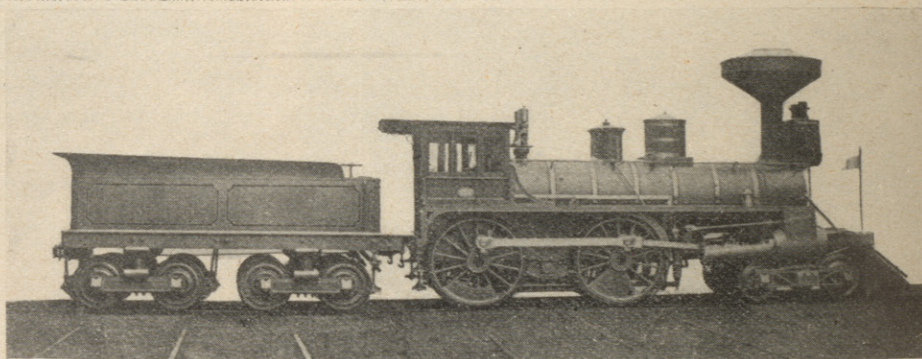


"Caerphilly Castle," the most powerful locomotive in the British Isles

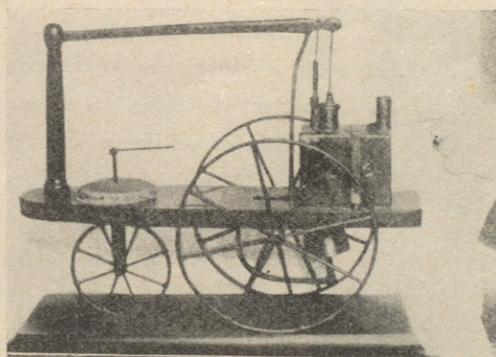


The "6000" Series, Canada's biggest passenger engine.

THE story of the locomotive is the story of the inventive genius of man. From the latest types of heavy motive power, such as the "4100" series of freight engines and the "6000" series of passenger engines, now in use on the Canadian National Railways, back to the Murdock locomotive of 1781 and Stephenson's "Rocket," of 1829, is a far cry. The Murdock locomotive only had a flue boiler and a single cylinder; it was just 19 inches long and only capable of travelling six to eight miles per hour. Murdock did not develop his idea and it remained for Stephenson to invent a practical steam engine. Since that day, in 1829, when the "Rocket" first proved its worth as a means of transportation, the trend has been toward heavier operating power. In the British Isles, the "Caerphilly Castle," of the Great Western Railway, and others of the "Castle" series, are the last word in British locomotives. These engines were con-



Below, the Murdock Locomotive, of 1781, the first engine to be built; above, early "Diamond Stack" locomotive built in England for the Grand Trunk Railways.



structed at the Great Western's works, at Swindon. They have four

cylinders, each 16 inches by 26 inches; while the dimensions of the driving wheels are six feet, eight and a half inches; the boiler pressure is 225 pounds and the tractive effort 31,625 pounds. Advantage has been taken of the increased length of the frame to provide a longer cab than those formerly existing. Ten of these engines were built for the Great Western Railway.

100 Per Cent Efficient

A Skit written for Canadian Railroader

By NORMAN S. RANKIN

PLACE—The outer office of the President of a great U. S. Railroad Corporation, New York.

TIME—Afternoon.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE—The President; A Private Secretary—Miss Diplomacy; A Visitor—Mr. Efficiency; The Office Boy—"Freckles."

SCENE I.—

VISITOR (leaning on the counter)—"I have an appointment with the President at 4.10. It is now (looking at his watch) 4:09½; please show me in."

THE SECRETARY—(presenting a printed form and pencil)—"Fill out this form, sign it and I'll take it in."

VISITOR (assertively)—"Quite unnecessary; quite unnecessary. My name is unimportant; my business is private and personal—and I'm in a hurry."

OFFICE BOY (looking the visitor over)—"Gee! some important guy, this" (winks at the Secretary).

SECRETARY (to Office Boy, severely)—"Freckles, show the gentleman in and then go on with your filing."

SCENE II.—

The Visitor, preceded by the office boy, passes through a heavy oak door and enters the office of the President. Large handsome room panelled in oak; three large windows through which the roar of traffic below penetrates but softly. Massive furniture finished in brown leather. Heavy Turkish rug. Walls covered with traffic maps, mounted photographs of railroad scenery, oil paintings of past presidents and executives. Busts of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln stand in corners. The President is seated before a long, glass-covered table, fitted with brass-topped ink stands, ash trays, etc., upon which neat piles of letters are placed under onyx paper weights. To the right, swivel telephone, dictaphone, memorandum pad; to the left, small table upon which files of estimates, reports, etc., lie. A row of ivory push-buttons is directly before him. The President, busily writing, looks up.

PRESIDENT (surprised)—"How did you get in? I wasn't expecting anyone."

VISITOR (cheerfully)—"Putting into practice principles learned when I was salesman for the Evercool Refrigerator Co., of Pensacola, Florida."

PRESIDENT (interested)—"Explain yourself."

VISITOR—"Salesmen for the Evercool Refrigerator Co. of Pensacola, Florida, were instructed in adequate methods of entering uninvited, the homes of prospective purchasers. The Evercool Refrigerators, being goods of high price and quality, were offered for sale only in the homes of rich people and

the sale arranged with 'the lady of the house.' When the butler—there were generally butlers in these homes—opened the door, the agent said, 'I've called to inspect the refrigerator' at the same time advancing his left foot forward to obstruct the possible closing of the door. Nine times out of ten, the butler stepped to one side and permitted entry."

PRESIDENT—"And is that how you got in here?"

VISITOR—"Well, not exactly, but the principle was the same. I chose the psychological moment—the rational method."

PRESIDENT—"Do you want to sell me a refrigerator?"

VISITOR—"No."

PRESIDENT—"What do you want?"

VISITOR—"A job."

PRESIDENT—"A job? Why come to me? We have a department that takes care of that."

VISITOR—"I deal only with principals."

PRESIDENT (smiling)—"You don't mean principles?"

VISITOR (understandingly)—"Yes, I mean both."

PRESIDENT—"But about this job. What job do you want?"

VISITOR—"Yours, or the office boy's or any intermediate job. By theory, study, concentration and temperament, I've fitted myself for any job."

PRESIDENT (leaning back in his chair and frowning)—"How did you do that?"

VISITOR—"Special home study courses. I've diplomas in salesmanship, observation, memory, psychology, public-speaking, letter writing, journalism, advertising, finance, window-dressing, correspondence, public-speaking, shorthand and typewriting, topography, accountancy, cartooning, moving picture scenarios, insurance, languages, philosophy."

PRESIDENT (leaning forward)—"Stop. Stop. You overwhelm me. How old are you?"

VISITOR—"Twenty-five."

PRESIDENT—"What nationality?"

VISITOR—"I was born in Honolulu—a Swedish mother and a Greek father. I went to school in India; to college in the Argentine, to University in the United States. You may designate me a Greek. I call myself a cosmopolitan."

PRESIDENT—"Any practical experience on any of the subjects you have mentioned?"

VISITOR—"A little; not much, but it's unnecessary. I have an analytical mentality, strong intellectuality."

PRESIDENT—"Intellect, yes. Chamfort says, 'A man of intellect is lost unless he unites energy of character to intellect.' When we have the lantern of Diogenes we



"I have an appointment with the President at 4.10. It is now 4.09½; please show me in."

must also have his staff. You hold a high opinion of yourself."

VISITOR—"Yes, I am 100% efficient."

PRESIDENT—"Indeed."

VISITOR—"My close study of super-salesmanship—observation, tact, introspection, metaphysics, etc.—has taught me that unless I put a high value upon myself no one else will. My premises are precise, with due regard to truth and knowledge."

PRESIDENT (feelingly)—"God save us from a world of super-salesmen. Is everything these days to be reduced to salesmanship—to material things? Are we not to have time and opportunity for serious thought and reflection—the creative arts, literature, music, painting, sculpture, religion."

VISITOR—"But a super-salesman can sell these things to the public—make the dumb believe they can be great speakers; the illiterate, great writers; the inartistic, great painters; the unmusical, critics of harmony."

PRESIDENT—"Make-believes—yes—with the later wages of disappointment. Great salesmanship but great fraud; misleading the innocent; robbing the moderately poor; deluding the unintellectual. You can fool the public only part of the time."

VISITOR (expostulatingly)—"What would you; we must live?"

PRESIDENT (forcibly)—"Yes, and let live."

VISITOR—"Emerson says, 'If a man empties his purse into his brain, no one can take it from him.' I've done that and through superior mental training and ability, I have taken other men's purses from them also."

PRESIDENT (drawing his brows together and setting his jaw)—"Sit down. I've a few questions to ask you. In as few words as possible, what's your opinion of the agitation for public ownership; the railway rates' question; the deep waterways on the St. Lawrence River; the League of Nations as it respects this country; the new Immigration Quota Law?"

VISITOR (hesitatingly)—"I've.... I've.... not studied these questions."

PRESIDENT (astonished)—“Not studied them? Not studied them? They are important daily problems, most intimately affecting the life and future of this great republic. How could you be president of a great corporation like this without having resolved and formed conclusions on them?”

VISITOR—“Presidents of great corporations such as this, have advisory staffs upon whom they can call in all emergencies; they have attached to electric bells (pointing to the push buttons in front of him) prominent legal advisers, experienced engineers, well-known experts in all branches of industrial, commercial and political life. Do presidents design great engineering structures? Do they arrange the financing of domestic and international loans? Do they operate trains, prepare attractive advertising literature or personally accompany newspaper delegations over their systems? You and I know they do not.”

PRESIDENT—“Did you take a home correspondence course in law?”

VISITOR—“I did.”

PRESIDENT—“In what else?”

VISITOR—“In medicine, in architecture, in engineering, in electricity. At one time I was studying six courses simultaneously and in all I have qualified.”

PRESIDENT (sarcastically)—“In dancing?”

VISITOR—“Yes, in dancing, too.”

PRESIDENT—“Is there any subject in which you have not taken a course?”

VISITOR—“I doubt it. As intimated earlier in this conversation, I am 100% efficient.”

PRESIDENT—“Your efficiency, you say, got you into this room without an appointment and without an announcement. If you were here in my place and I outside, determined to see you, how would your efficiency prevent me from doing it?”

VISITOR (convincingly)—“I would instal a super-system of interview through an efficient secretary who would effectively debar the entrance of anyone not granted an appointment.”

PRESIDENT—“How?”

VISITOR—“The signature system. I would require all who desire to enter to sign a form, and, prior to their admittance have that signature compared with the signature asking for the appointment.”

PRESIDENT—“But sometimes important people call whom it is my duty to see, who have not made appointments by letter. How would you deal with them?”

VISITOR—“By admitting only by appointment even if but five minutes later. No one objects to waiting five minutes for an important interview. This would give time to follow out the system I have outlined and allow you, meanwhile, to be advised.”

PRESIDENT—“There's reason in that.”

VISITOR—“All I do is reasonable. Like Scott, if I have not a good reason for doing a thing, I have a good reason for letting it alone.”

SCENE III.—

The door of the president's office is suddenly thrust open by a policeman, who, followed by the secretary, enters precipi-



“Yes, I am 100% efficient. . . . My close study of Super-salesmanship, observation, tact, introspection, metaphysics, etc., has taught me that unless I put a high value upon myself no one else will.”

tously. President jumps to his feet; visitor slumps into his chair as if quite uninterested and unconcerned. His eyes lose their keenness; his face its intellect.

PRESIDENT—“Officer, what does this mean?”

POLICEMAN—“Beg pardon, sir, but I want this young man.”

PRESIDENT (surprised)—“Want him. What for?”

POLICEMAN—“To take him back to the asylum.”

PRESIDENT—“Asylum. What asylum?”

POLICEMAN—“The lunatic asylum, of course.”

PRESIDENT—“But is he crazy?”

POLICEMAN—“Crazy? He's as mad as a March hare—mad on efficiency. Took so many home course studies that he went bughouse. How did he get in here?”

PRESIDENT—“Efficiency.”

POLICEMAN—“You don't say; that's what got him out—how he escaped. I was tellin' him only yesterday, that we had the most efficient system to keep our guests with us, and do you know what he said?”

PRESIDENT—“No.”

POLICEMAN—“Said he was 100% efficient himself, an' would take a walk out tomorrow—that's today.”

PRESIDENT—“Well, he did.”

POLICEMAN—“He sure did, sir; but he won't do it again. Come on, young man, come on; we are goin' back home (drags him to his feet and tucks his arm under his own). Forward march. Good day, sir; sorry to have troubled you, sir, Good Day.”

(Exit policeman and visitor.)

PRESIDENT (mopping his forehead with his handkerchief—to secretary)—“Are you efficient, Miss Diplomacy?”

SECRETARY—“I thought I was till this afternoon, sir.”

PRESIDENT—“Well, you're not 100%—thank Heaven.”

SECRETARY—“Yes, Sir.”

PRESIDENT—“You can add \$25 to your next month's salary on one condition.”

SECRETARY—“Thank you, sir. What is that, sir?”

PRESIDENT—“That you take no special courses in home study without first consulting me.”

SECRETARY—“Certainly, sir. Is that all?”

PRESIDENT—“That's all; you can leave me alone now.”

(Exit Secretary.)

PRESIDENT (stretching his arm over his head, walks to the window. Talks to himself)—“Well, there are people who are crazy who have more sense and efficiency than those who are supposedly sane. Now, I wonder how many of us are sane and how many crazy?” (Looks out the window.)

“Fifteen minutes of valuable time has been lost but it was interesting—yes, interesting. It bears out my contention that ‘all work makes Jack a dull boy.’ Now, if that young man had devoted reasonable time to recreation as well as to study, he might have startled the world. He made an impression on me—of that there's no doubt. The interview seems to hang to my mind. Distraction? That's what I want. I'll get rid of it by a little distraction. I wonder what's at the movies, opposite?” (Moves across to the other window) “—m-m; nothing highly

classical or instructive. (Reads the title over theatre door). 'Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model.' Well, that'll do as well as anything else. One or two reels will bring me back to normal." (Slips on his hat and coat and goes out.)

PRESIDENT (to secretary)—"I'll be out for 20 minutes, if anyone wants me." (Exits).

OFFICE BOY (to secretary)—"Gee! I knowed that guy wuz crazy the minute he come in."

SECRETARY (thinking of \$25 increase)—"Heaven be praised, he did come in."

OFFICE BOY (to himself)—"My Gord! Are they all nutty round here?" (takes a wad of gum from under his desk and puts it in his mouth). "Guess I'm the only efficient one on the staff." (Draws out a home correspondence text book from his desk and proceeds to prepare an examination on "How to be 100% efficient as an office boy." (CURTAIN).

Lord Beresford's Banquet

During the latter part of the War, Lord Charles Beresford gave a banquet in honor of an American friend who had recently arrived from the United States.

All the guests arrived in full evening dress, and wearing their decorations—all save the American, who came in late, wearing a homely lounge suit.

There was a great deal of quiet discussion of this startling departure from custom, and

when the principal guest rose to reply to the toast in his honor, all hung upon his words:

He said: "You may be wondering why I appear to-night dressed as I am. The fact is, I left the States in such a tear that I had no time to pack an evening suit. All the tailors in London, when I called to order a suit for to-night's function, asked me whether I knew there was a war on. In desperation, I finally went to Clarkson's and begged to be allowed to hire an outfit. Clarkson said: 'My dear sir, I should be delighted to oblige you, but the fact is that all my evening suits are engaged for Lord Beresford's party to-morrow night.'"

The End of It

"No more will I hear his footsteps on yonder walk just as the clock strikes the hour of seven."

"Gracious, Dorothy!"

"And the hall light will never burn low for him again."

"You don't mean it!"

"I do; and, furthermore, he will never sit on the sofa three nights a week and call me pet names as he has been doing for two years."

"B-but why are you going to discard him?"

"Discard him? Why, you goose, I am going to marry him!"

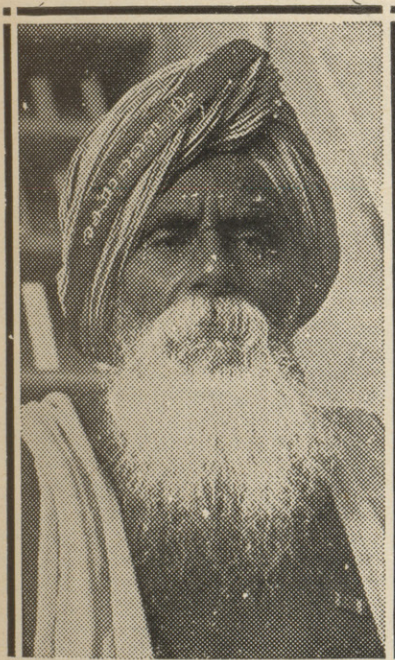
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MONTREAL



Col. S. Perera, one of the chief officers of the Salvation Army in India, and Principal of the Native Officers' Training School for South India, photographed on board the Canadian Pacific liner, Montrose, before leaving for England. Col. Perera has been in Canada for the past six weeks lecturing on missionary work in the interests of the Salvation Army, and addressed large gatherings in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal.

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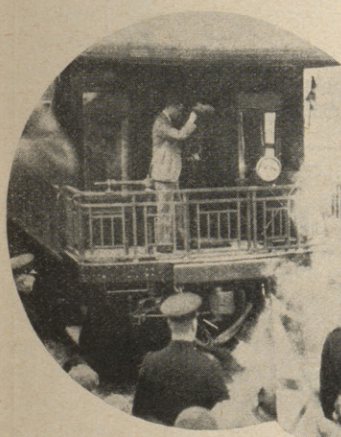
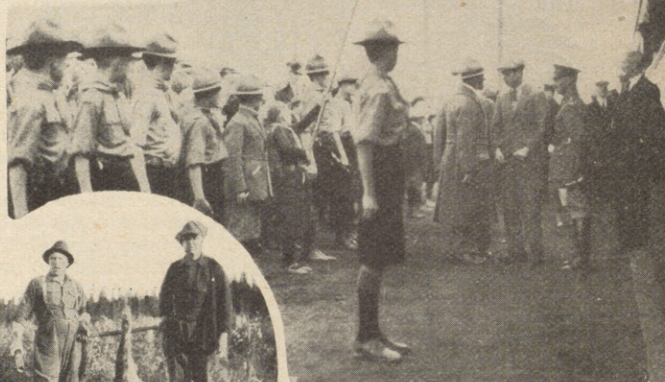
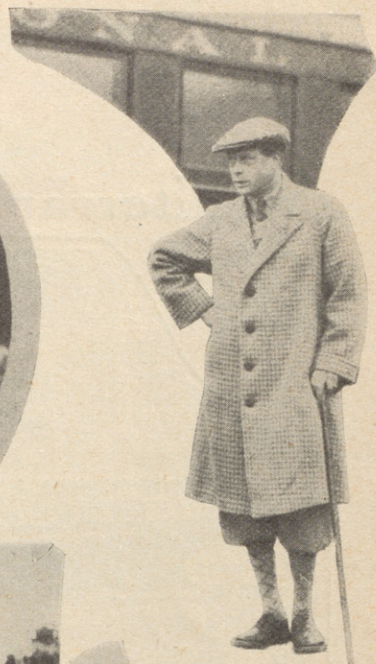
WALKERSIDE DAIRY

WALKERVILLE

Ontario



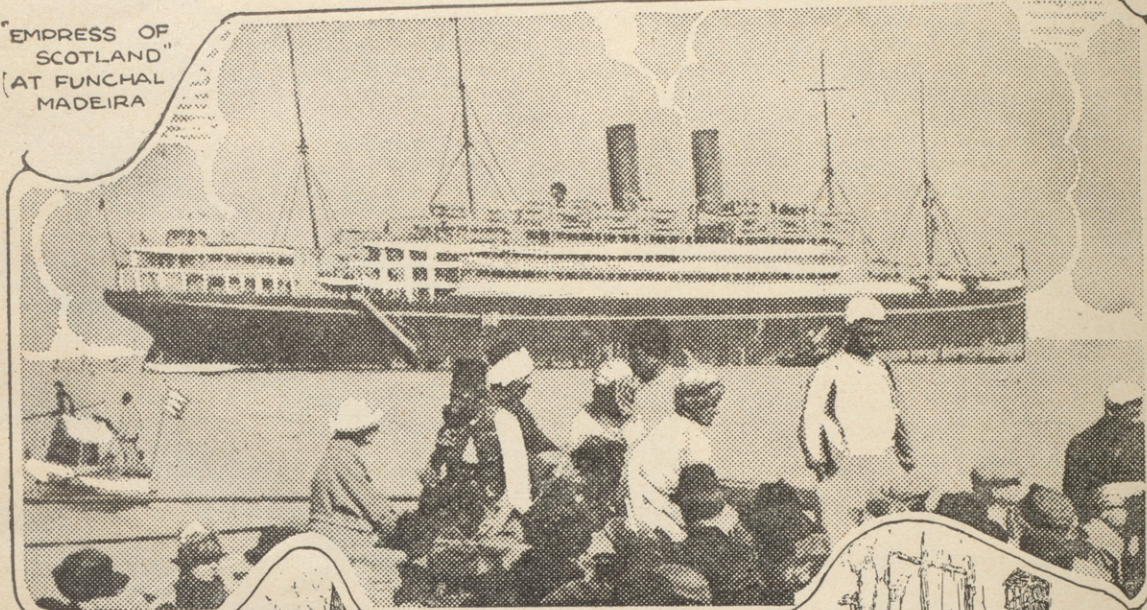
At top—right to left—Sir Walter Peacock, Secretary of the Duchy of Cornwall; His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, and Capt. Allen F. Lascelles, M.C., Private Secretary to the Prince. Inset in circle—Capt. Lascelles, Prince of Wales, and Sir Walter Peacock, discussing the result of their game at the Jericho Country Club, Vancouver. In panel at left—General Trotter, Groom-in-Waiting to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Below at left—Major Metcalfe, Equerry to the Prince of Wales. At right—The Prince of Wales at Willett, Ont., greeted by a guide who invites him to stop off and shoot a moose.



The Prince of Wales was greeted by many men prominent in the life of the Dominion as well as by citizens in more humble stations as his special train traversed the various provinces between Montreal and the Pacific Coast.

Mediterranean Was Once Whole World

"EMPRESS OF
SCOTLAND"
AT FUNCHAL
MADEIRA



WAILING PLACE OF
JEWS IN
JERUSALEM



History's pages. "Have you looped the loop around the Mediterranean?" is a phrase much in vogue, and each year thousands of wanderlust folk are able to say "Yes!" and wish that they were going to loop the same old loop again.

The "Empress of Scotland," if a big steamship of 25,000 tons gross register and 37,500 tons displacement, could be interviewed, would say that she was departing on her fourth annual cruise of the Mediterranean from New York on Feb. 9, 1925, and that although she could find her way around in the dark she would much prefer daylight so that she would not miss any of the wonderful scenery of the Mediterranean. Passengers on the "Empress" will see Madeira, then drop in to pay a call upon Lisbon, Portugal, as well as another call upon Cadiz, Spain, with Seville as a side trip. Gibraltar, the famous "Rock" next gets the once over, and then Algiers, capital of the French colony of Algeria is visited. Athens, Greece, Constantinople and the Bosphorus are next, and when the ship visits Beyrout and Haifa all the famous places of the Holy Land are within a short distance of the vessel. "The storied Nile" awaits the "Empress" and 12 days are spent in seeing the cities



IN
PICTURESQUE
ALGIERS

The Mediterranean was once the whole world from a marine standpoint; to-day it is but a small part of the marine world, but when the traveller of this century passes through the strait of Gibraltar and makes a tour of the gateway ports covering Algeria, Greece, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Italy and Monaco he has visited the very birthplace of the world and seen most of the things he has longed to see from early youth. Wanderlust is in every breast, young and old, and to-day the world is on the march, seeing strange peoples and visiting places looming large on

of Alexandria and Cairo, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, etc.; then Naples, Pompeii, Rome, Monaco, Cherbourg, Southampton and other places. One can see a lot in 62 days in and about this cradle of civilization, and that's the job of the big oil-burning "Empress of Scotland," the largest vessel in the whole Canadian Pacific fleet.

The Warrant for Christian Faith

*A Christmas Sermon, written for Canadian Railroader by REV. A. E. RUNNELLS,
Westmount Methodist Church*

Text: Matt. 1. 1: The book of the Generation of Jesus Christ.

THE Christian faith arose and is maintained through the conviction that God entered into union with man in the person of Jesus Christ. According to the New Testament God spoke to humanity, not in a prophet nor in a priest, whose origin and conditions of life were like those of ancient prophets taken from among men.

God has spoken to the human race in one whose nature is that of "a Son". All His earthly story is enriched, interpreted and glorified by His unique relation to God and to the race. Now this faith of Christendom in the Incarnation means that no higher form of connection between God and man in time is conceivable. I do not say that all who accept it are bound to define it in the same terms. But I do say that it belongs to the very essence of the Christian religion that for those who so accept it, the Incarnation of the Son of God is one of those facts which are final and absolute.

Christmas can be a festival of unembittered joy to the thoughtful person, only as he can believe with faith unbounded that One who is the Supreme Father is made known in the Christhood of Jesus. Can we believe this? Or is Christmas a tree without root, with tinsel foliage and artificial fruit? If we are to have a true Christmas we must have a Christ, a being, who, with benignant heart, shares our joys and interprets the disposition of the Eternal Father.

What Warrant for Faith?

At Christmas, of all seasons, we would know what warrant we have, if any, for a faith in our Father in whom alone can childlikeness trust, else all our joy is an illusion leading to the possibility of greater illusions. I would that this Christmas season might be a landmark in all Christendom because of a new conviction of the Fatherhood of God through a new vision of the Christhood of Jesus, pouring its thrilling light into every soul and awakening from the remotest corners of the universe the angelic strain "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good-will towards men."

To this end I would that Jesus could be

seen as nothing less than the Christ, the Son of the living God. And it is because of this I would lay large emphasis upon His genealogy, the generic relationship of Jesus to all that goes to make up human history. Things

hinder the savingness of the faith which is founded upon that knowledge.

The author of this history of Jesus wrote for Jewish readers. The essential purpose of Matthew was to show the royal heirship of the Messiah. It was because he and his readers felt that the Messiah must come from a legitimate line of ancestry, must have the promise and potency of heredity, and not be the freak of an irresponsible or capricious fate. The genealogy of Jesus must show that He is the seed of Abraham and that he is David's greater son. Hence the chronicler, choosing fourteen as the sacred round number, makes out fourteen generations from Abraham to David, fourteen from David to the Captivity and fourteen from the Captivity to Jesus.

Miracle Was Expected.

The Hebrew believed and expected the miraculous. The idea of a virgin birth was not new. In Greece Hercules was conceived of Zeus and born of a virgin. In Rome Romulus was conceived of Mars and born of a virgin. In Egypt Horus was conceived of Osiris and born of a virgin. To the Hebrew Jesus was conceived of the Holy Ghost and born of a virgin. There was nothing new about the story of the miraculous birth of Our Lord. For what is distinctive in Christianity we must look elsewhere.

But while the Hebrew expected miracles he did not so expect them as to cause him to forget or to neglect the Divine forces which were working within his history the operation of which constitute the supreme marvel or miracle. And that idea of the Hebrew that the forces which could produce the Messiah were within his history ruled largely in the mind of the writers of the New Testament. They believed that Divine

forces were working in their history; that Jesus was the fruit of a long course of history. Jesus came not at the end of a long course of history which had been a failure, and which set at naught all the causes which had been operating through it, and all the expectations it had been fitted to arouse. There was nothing commonplace in Him, for there was nothing commonplace in the causes

Jesus The Carpenter

*Isn't this Joseph's son?—ay, it is He,
Joseph the carpenter—same trade as me;—
I thought as I'd find it—I knew it was here—
But my sight's getting queer.*

*I don't know right where as his shed must ha' stood,
But often, as I've been a-planing my wood,
I've took off my hat, just with thinking of He
At the same work as me.*

*He warn't that set up that He couldn't stoop down
And work in the country for folks in the town;
And I'll warrant He felt a bit pride, like I've done,
At a good job begun.*

*The parson he knows that I'll not make too free;
But on Sunday I feels as pleased as can be,
When I wears my clean smock and sits in a pew,
And has taught a few.*

*I think of as how not the parson hissen,
As is teacher and father and shepherd o' men,
Not he knows as much o' the Lord in that shed,
Where He earned His own bread.*

*And when I goes home to my missus, says she,
"Are ye wanting your key?"
For she knows my queer ways and my love for the shed
(We've been forty years wed).*

*So I comes right away by mysen, with the book,
And I turns the old pages and has a good look
For the text as I've found, as tells me as He
Were the same trade as me.*

*Why don't I mark it? Ah, many say so;
But I think I'd as leaf, with your leaves, let it go:
It do seem that nice when I fall on it sudden
Unexpected, you know!*

—CATHERINE C. LIDDELL (C. C. Fraser-Tyler).

are known by their origin. Our mountains and valleys and plains are books of generations, most instructive to those who have the acuteness of perception to construe them. The modern doctrine of knowledge holds that a thing is but half known until it has been known in its origin. To deny, therefore, the right to know Jesus in His origin is to cripple the knowledge of Him and to

that preceded Him. Because Abraham was, and David was, and the Captivity was: so Jesus was. He was the fruit of a long course of history.

I commend to you the book of the origins of Jesus, whether our Christmas shall have a Christ in it, whether it shall continue to be to us, as men and women, the festival it was when we were children must depend upon the result of our intelligent effort to understand Jesus in His character and antecedents.

I would preach to the world at this Christmas season the need of a Christ, the claim that Jesus is the Christ. One of the most urgent needs of the men of today is to know Jesus; not merely to know Him in the metaphysical or mystic sense of the pietist, but to know Him by the same faculties by which they know other things; to know Him in the book of His origins, in the causes that produced Him and can re-produce Him, in the men and women who would live the Christ life in anticipation of the Christ-day—

That blessed day! which gives the eternal lie To self and sense and all the brute within;
O, blessed day! Come to us amid the war of life,



REV. A. E. RUNNELLS

To hall and hovel come: to all who toil
In senate, shop or study; and to those,
Sundered by the wastes of half a world,
Ill-warmed and sorely tempted, ever face
Nature's brute powers.
Come to them, blessed and blessing Christmas Day;
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
The kneeling shepherds and the Babe Divine,
And keep them men, indeed, fair Christmas Day.

It may be only a coincidence, but most people who have sunshine in their souls seem to have cash in their pockets.

Sleep is a great thing. It keeps some people from thinking about themselves for twenty-four hours a day.

Comedy is possible only in a highly civilized country; for in a comparatively barbarous one the people cannot bear to have their follies ridiculed.—Mr. Bernard Shaw.

AN UNUSUAL "ACTION" PHOTOGRAPH



This unusual picture of a toboggan-load of children was taken on Fletcher's Field, Montreal. The toboggan is in the air after a "bump" on the slide.

Engineer of Fraser Canyon Saw Vancouver as Dream City

FIFTY years ago Henry J. Cambie, a vigorous young Irish engineer in the employ of the Dominion government, stood on the wooded shores of Burrard Inlet and visualized the present city of Vancouver. Today this doyen among Canadian railroad builders, with perhaps the longest record of railway service behind him of any man in the Dominion, makes Vancouver his home and enjoys the satisfaction of watching the "city of his dreams" fast becoming the busiest port on the Pacific Coast.

It is as chief engineer of the world-famous construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Fraser Canyon that Mr. Cambie's name has become indelibly inscribed on the pages of British Columbia's history. So that when the Hudson's Bay Company recently donated an annual gold medal to the Vancouver Pioneers' Association to be presented to the member of that organization deemed most worthy by his fellow pioneers, it was most fitting that Mr. Cambie should be the first to be chosen for that honor. This beautiful tribute which bears tangible recognition to Mr. Cambie's eminent services to the province of British Columbia is cherished by him as one of his most valuable possessions.

Henry J. Cambie came to Canada from Ireland in 1852, at the age of sixteen and for twelve years was identified with the building of several railroads in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime provinces. In 1874 his ability as a construction engineer having been recognized by the government he was commissioned to conduct a series of explorations in the province of British Columbia. The choosing of a suitable site for the Pacific Coast terminal of a transcontinental railway was one of the chief duties assigned the young engineer and it is largely due to his judgment and foresight in this matter that the city of Vancouver exists today as the western "end of steel" in that great transcontinental achievement, the Canadian Pacific.

During the twelve years of exploration which prefaced Mr. Cambie's participation in the construction of the Canadian Pacific he journeyed far into hitherto inaccessible portions of the province and visited sections which had never before been seen by a white man. With a faithful band of Indians he travelled through British Columbia's forests, climbed her mountains, searched her valleys, sailed and paddled up and down her streams, eventually pushing his way as far as the Peace River country.

Today, at the age of eighty-eight, this outstanding pioneer of British Columbia is still hale and hearty and is a frequent visitor at the Vancouver offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

He: "That man is so honest that he wouldn't steal a pin."

She: "No; but try him with an umbrella."

SAVINGS

THE Bank of Montreal numbers among the customers of its Savings Department thousands of men and women in every part of Canada.

Safety has been a watchword and conservative management a principle with the Bank for more than a hundred years. The entire resources of the Bank are behind each Branch.

Your account, no matter how small, will be welcome

Bank of Montreal

ESTABLISHED OVER 100 YEARS

Total Assets in Excess of \$650,000,000

Municipal Canada

SO MUCH has been erroneously stated with regard to immigration conditions in Canada and so much has been as truthfully expressed in connection with her negligence in exploiting her own advantages that it is refreshing to see a publication the sole aim of which is to set before the business and other interests in the Motherland a true picture of the boundless opportunities of the Dominion.

"Municipal Canada", recently published by the Municipal Publishing Co., Limited, Montreal, undertakes to cover a large field, and, judging by appearances, it is eminently calculated to fulfil its mission.

A pictorial gazetteer of the urban and rural life of Canada, it contains whole pages of valuable information, interesting to the general public as well as to prospective immigrants and to those wishing to make an intensive study of the possibilities of the Dominion.

An attractive write-up of every province is given, prefaced by its premier's photograph and profusely illustrated with cuts showing its natural resources and its industrial and educational advantages while at the end of each is appended a description of its towns and of opportunities for further development as well as a list of its villages. The fact that there are 4,000 urban and rural communities in Canada, accurately listed in this book verifies the statement of the president and editor-in-chief, Mr. Harry Bragg, that the volume is the climax of 20 years given to the study of municipal affairs in Canada by a nation-wide organization.

Supplementing the articles on the various provinces are write-ups of some of the vast corporations and business enterprises of the Dominion, by men conspicuous in public life, such as "The Canadian Pacific Rail-

way," by E. W. Beatty, K.C.; "Canada, the New Homeland," by Hon. James A. Robb; the "British Empire Steel Corporation," by R. M. Wolvin, and "Notable Canadian Buildings," by P. Lyall and Sons Construction Co., Ltd.

These, together with splendid illustrations of Canada's palatial business structures, her rolling stretches of fertile farm country, her rugged grandeur amid the lonely splendor of the Rockies; her fabulous wealth among the gigantic forest aisles of British Columbia and her holiday retreats of exquisite sylvan beauty which abound in every province, constitute one of the most informative and entertaining books on the Dominion which have yet been given to the public.

An Awkward Double Meaning.

In parts of India a certain form of conveyance, much used by British officers, is known by the native name of tum-tum.

A certain lieutenant, proud of his vehicle, which he always kept in spick-and-span condition, took every opportunity of displaying it.

One evening he took in to dinner a young lady fresh from England, who was entirely ignorant of native phraseology, and he gave her the shock of her life when, without warning or explanation, he suddenly remarked:—

"Oh, after dinner I must show you my tum-tum, which I've just had painted in red and green stripes."

If brevity be the soul of modern journalism, an American reporter surely takes the palm:

"John Dixon struck a match to see if there was any petrol in his tank. There was. Aged 56."



CHAMPION BASKET-BALL PLAYERS

These young ladies, all of whom are members of the Money Order Department of the Canadian National Express, compose one of the finest basket-ball teams in the City of Montreal. In the season of 1923 they won 17 straight games in the Intermediate League and in 1924 they entered the Senior City League and won 7 out of 10

games and finished second, being defeated only by the team winning the Championship of Eastern Canada. The girls from left to right are:—Back row—A. M. Morrison, G. J. MacDonald, M. I. Field, A. V. Arblaster, E. E. Woods; Centre row—T. L. Donnelly, H. O. Doyle, M. Taylor, W. R. Stenhouse (Manager and Coach), C. E. Dougan, L. R. Marwick, I. L. Arblaster; Front row—G. M. Marwick (Captain), S. MacInnes (Captain).



"I'll have duckling—without green peas," said the customer, who did not know the ways of the little Soho restaurant.

"Very sorry, sir," replied the waiter, "you can't have it without green peas. We have no green peas this evening, only spinach and French beans. Will you have it without spinach or without French beans, sir?"

The impecunious young man, writing to his bank requesting that a new cheque-book be forwarded to him, concluded his letter, "..... kindly let me know how my account stands."

He received the following reply: "Sir,—In reply to your letter, we beg to say that your account does not stand. You withdrew its last support on the 2nd inst."

The fellow who is continually drinking the health of others is sure to lose his own.

In more than one case recently, where the animals lost their teeth through age or accident, dogs have been successfully fitted with false teeth.

Topsy-Turvy Sammy

A Boy Who Sees Things Wrong Way Round.

YOU have often looked into a mirror and noticed how everything seems to be the wrong way round. Things which are really coming towards you seem to be moving away, and things which are coming from the left look as though they were coming from the right.

How would you like it if you always saw things like this—if the whole world to you was a world in a looking-glass?

This is the unfortunate position of Sammy Tiana, an American boy. He sees everything the wrong way round, which makes life very difficult for him.

When we look at anything, the light carries its image through the lens of the eye along the optic nerve to the brain. The image passes along the nerve upside down and is righted by what is called the vision centre of the brain. In Sammy's case the image is turned the right way up, but, for some reason, the wrong way round. This rare disease is called mirror vision.

There are some strange results. Sammy writes backwards, just like the writing you see on blotting-paper. If a person hands him something with his right hand, Sammy tries to take it from his left. He has to be very careful in crossing the road when he is out, because a car which seems to him to be going away is really coming towards him.

As he sees all writing backwards, reading is a difficult and slow task.

The doctors who have studied the case say that they cannot cure Sammy because the defect is not in the eyes but in the part of the brain which receives the image of what he sees.

Sammy's hearing is much better than that of most people, and he has learned in some cases almost to see with his ears.

"Say," said the American, stopping opposite a street match-seller in Piccadilly Circus, "I've got kind of lest. Can you direct me to the Hotel Cecil?"

"Sir," said the man with dignity, "me nime ain't Cecil!"

Why Railroads Specify "Ramapo"

THAT so many railroad officials are specifying Ramapo patented appliances is strong evidence of their efficiency in actual operation.

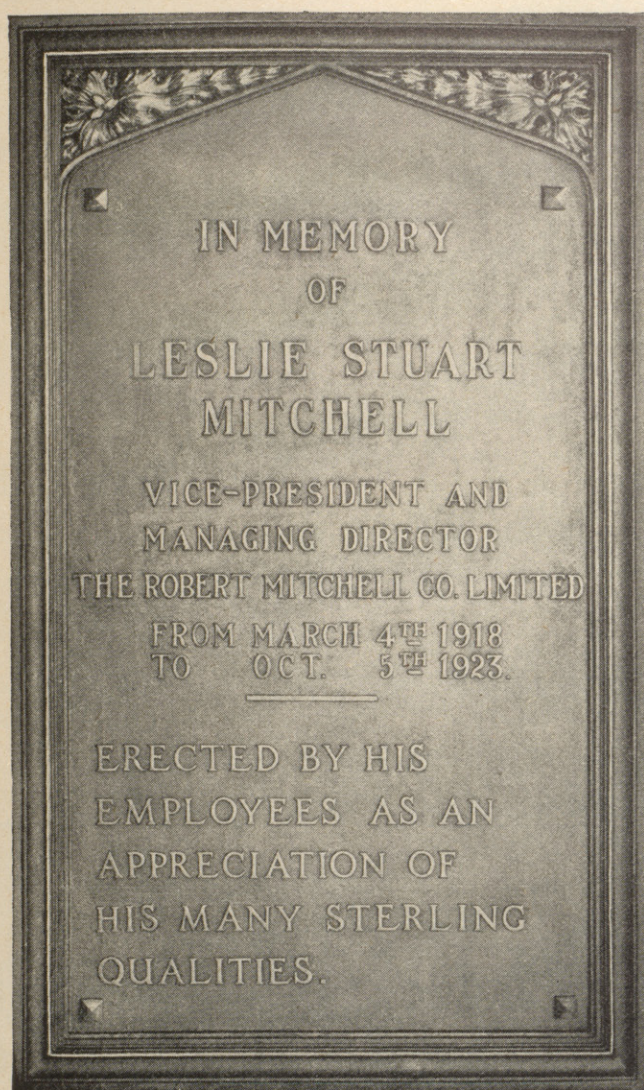
The Ramapo Automatic Safety Switch Stand may cost more at the start; but when you consider the accidents and losses avoided by its use, and its long life of uninterrupted service, *economy* becomes its most outstanding characteristic.

The same is true throughout the entire list of Ramapo products—practical in design with exclusive Ramapo features, material and workmanship the highest degree of excellence, and our co-operation with the railroads by actual demonstration in service as to fitness and proper installation.

Let our engineers help solve your problems. Send for illustrated catalogue describing Ramapo products.

CANADIAN RAMAPO IRON WORKS, LIMITED
 NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO, CANADA

Bronze Tablet Commemorates Death of Late Mr. Mitchell



A bronze tablet to the memory of the late Leslie Stuart Mitchell was unveiled recently in the head office of the Robert Mitchell Company, Limited.

J. Burrigge, chairman of the shop committee of the company, unveiled the memorial which was presented by the employees in honor of their late chief. In a short address, Mr. Burrigge recalled the admirable traits of character that had endeared the late Mr. Mitchell to all his co-workers.

Allan Mitchell thanked the men for the tribute they had paid his brother and Dr. Gordon, of the Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul, offered the dedication prayer.

Leslie Stuart Mitchell was for five years vice-president of the Robert Mitchell Company. His death occurred on Oct. 5th, 1923.

The tablet is the handiwork of the employees of the Robert Mitchell Co., the men having designed and fashioned the memorial themselves.

The Smell of Cities

London's Hot Oil and Paris's Scent.

WHAT is the smell of London? No one has attempted to classify the smells of the world's great cities. Yet each city has a smell peculiar to itself, so pronounced that the traveller is immediately conscious of it. If a blind man who has travelled about the world were suddenly transported to various great capitals he

would be able to distinguish Paris from Berlin and London from Rome entirely by smell.

Paris smells of scent, coffee and hot bread. It meets the traveller as soon as he steps out of the Gare du Nord.

London smells of hot lubricating oil and petrol. It is not such a uniform smell as the smell of Paris. Here and there other characteristics creep in. Its smell value has greater variety than that of Paris—greater



Gabriel A. Cusson, winner of the Province of Quebec Scholarship for Music, known as the "Paris Prize," which entitles him to three years' study in Paris, photographed aboard the Canadian Pacific S.S. "Minnedosa," bound for Europe. The award of the scholarship to Mr. Cusson was not considered extraordinary by those who know his command of the piano, but it is remarkable that one who has been blind since birth should have qualified for the distinction. Mr. Cusson travelled alone under the care of the Canadian Pacific officials, and has taken residence with the Institut National for the Blind, where he will stay during his studies in Paris.

body, perhaps, and a kind of maturity—but not the same stimulating effect.

The aroma of Parisian scent—a perfectly uniform smell from one end of the city to the other—has a remarkably brightening effect. It tones up the nerves and suggests that at any moment a brilliant procession might take place.

Berlin smells of oil, petrol, badly groomed horses, and old leather. Rotterdam smells of strong, fresh-ground coffee and stagnant water. Cairo smells of hot donkey and camel.

That is a generalization. No Eastern city could possibly possess a uniform smell like London or Paris. There are other adventurous smells which defy classification; some vaguely suggest dead cats and chemicals; others suggest rose gardens and jasmine; others suggest newly-baked sweets and cakes; and they all overlap and mingle here and there. That is why women in Cairo always keep smelling-salts in their bags.

Mother—Did you see Santa Claus last night, Betty?

Betty—No, mother. But I heard what he said when he fell over my doll buggy.

New Marine Terminal Building at Victoria, B.C.



Above are views of the new Canadian Pacific Marine Terminal at Victoria, B.C. Top is seen the mainland entrance. Below is the view from the water approach, showing the Parliament Buildings in the background. Inset is the interior of the main waiting room.

The handsome marine terminal building of the Canadian Pacific Railway recently completed at Victoria, B.C., is one of the most artistic structures of its kind in the Dominion. Classical in style with wide pylons flanking the two principal facades, its stately Ionic columns surmounted by a bold cornice and entablature, this beautiful cast stone building is a distinct acquisition to Victoria's waterfront, already enhanced by the architectural beauty of the Provincial Parliament Buildings and the Empress Hotel.

Erected at a cost of \$200,000, this structure houses the general offices of the B. C. Coast Steamship Services of the Canadian Pacific. All four elevations are faced with "cast stone" made on the premises during construction, the finished surfaces of this material consisting of ground Newcastle Island stone and white cement, the result giving the appearance and durability of this well known British Columbian quarried stone. The frame is of reinforced concrete with enclosing walls of masonry.

The building is 122 feet long by 54 feet wide and is three storeys in height with a fourth storey 122 feet by 25 feet erected centrally over the main building. The pitched roof is covered with slates imported from Wales.

A wide fireplace, generous windows and an interesting system of indirect lighting add much to the attractiveness of the large waiting room which is finished in Caen stone with ornamental shields and cornices in the same material, the woodwork being of rich mahogany. A marble staircase leads up from the south entrance on Belleville Street to the offices above and the corridors throughout the building have grey marble dados, floors of Terrazzo and woodwork of British Columbia fir.



The Christmas Special pulls out of Moncton on its happiest run of the year.

What Makes the Sky Blue?

Things Science Has Found in the Air

THE ancients imagined the heavens to be transparent solid matter, whirling round the earth in diurnal revolution, and carrying with it the stars, which were supposed to be fixed in its substance. The atmosphere surrounds the earth like a blanket at a distance of from 50 to 200 miles. Beyond the atmosphere in every direction is space.

There are dust particles even in the purest air, and these cause the blue sky by scattering, dispersing, and reflecting the light from the sun.

The air is invisible, but it has weight and force. It was left to the great Florentine, Galileo, to discover the gravity of the atmosphere, but thirty centuries before his time Job declared that God had assigned weight to the winds. It is said that the atmosphere which surrounds the earth is equal in weight to a globe of lead sixty miles in diameter. One cubit foot of air weighs $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz.

The atmosphere is composed essentially of two gases, oxygen, one-fifth, nitrogen, four-fifths, with a small mixture of carbon-dioxide, and wherever air is found this marvellous balance is preserved. Without the atmosphere we could not breathe; we could not light a match or candle; sound could not travel and aeroplanes could not fly.

The absence of air would mean the absence of the sky. As there is no air on the moon there can be no sky, and if anyone lived on the moon, instead of the blue sky he would see the blackness of space, and the stars and the planets would be visible in the daytime.

Nitrogen does little positive work in comparison with oxygen, but rather acts as a drag or make-weight on its more active companion. It is an invisible gas without

odor or taste and neither burns nor supports combustion. It dilutes the oxygen and makes it suitable for respiration.

Your Ration of Oxygen

Nitrogen does not support life, but oxygen is the greatest life-supporting power on

LIFE.

Life is fun;
Life's a lark:
A little sun,
A little dark:

A little joy,
A little pain;
A ways song-birds
After rain:

A little toil,
A little resting;
Serious hours
And hours for jesting:

Not enough sun?
Too much dark?
Still, life's fun!
Still, life's a lark!

earth. It is the breath of life, but nitrogen dilutes the oxygen and makes normal and comfortable life possible. With every breath we take in oxygen and give out carbonic acid. Man and animals exist on oxygen. Trees and plants live on carbonic acid and give out oxygen. A grown man consumes 400 gallons of oxygen daily.

The atmosphere tempers and retains the heat of the sun, for without the atmosphere the heat which falls on the earth would be quickly radiated into space. It is the atmosphere which causes the twilight. It is the atmosphere in motion which causes the waves on the sea, and these aerate the oceans.

Atmosphere carries the clouds along, and the latter are composed of atmospheric dust and moisture, which eventually "drop fatness on the land." Clouds also accumulate electricity and produce the violent discharges known as thunderstorms.

Certain chemical compounds found in vegetables are produced by the thunderstorms, and without these compounds human and animal life would be impossible on the earth.

By the use of hydro-filled sounding balloons carrying self-recording meteorographs it has been possible to explore the atmosphere to a height of over twenty miles. One of the results is to show that the atmosphere may be divided into two regions or layers. The lower layer extends six or seven miles, and in it the temperature falls regularly as we ascend. In the upper layer the temperature is believed to remain constant.

Ten miles up the cold is so intense that if it could be brought down to the earth we should all be frozen to death. Ten miles down the heat is so great that if it could be brought up to the surface, we should all be roasted.

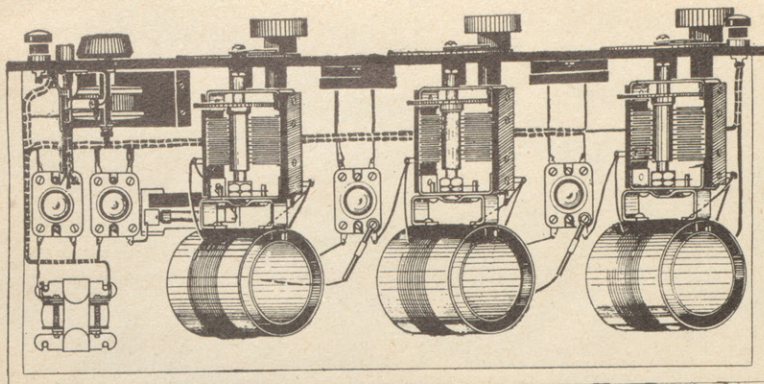
Trying One Grave First.

An old shoemaker in Glasgow was sitting by the bedside of his wife, who was dying. She took him by the hand and said, "Weel, John, we're goin' to pairt. I've been a gude wife to you, John." "Oh, just middlin', Jenny, just middlin'," said John, not disposed to commit himself.

"John," said she, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyaird o' St r'aven, beside ma mither. I couldna' rest in peace in the dirt and smoke o' Glesca." "Weel, weel, Jenny, ma wumman," said John, soothingly, "we'll just try ye in Glasgow first, an' gin ye dinna lie quiet, we'll try you in St r'aven."



PEANUT TUBE NEUTRODYNE

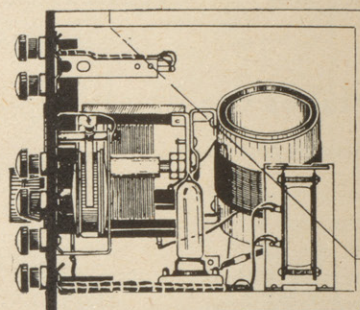
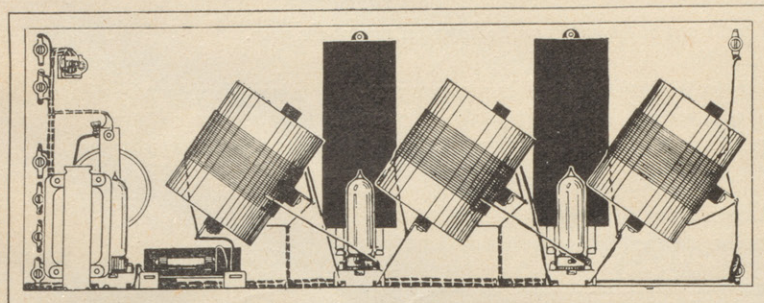


STOCK LIST FOR 4 PEANUT TUBE NEUTRODYNE

3 * R62-A CONDENSERS	2 NEUTRALIZING CONDENSERS AS PER SKETCH RS# 84
2 * N1-B CONDENSERS OR	1/4 LB. SPOOL OF #26 OR #28
* R1-A CONDENSERS	DOUBLE COTTON COVERED WIRE
1 * R70 CONDENSER	3 BRASS COIL MOUNTINGS AS PER SKETCH RS# 84
4 * R215-A PEANUT TUBES	
4 * R40 SOCKETS	
1 * R42-C CONDENSER	
1 * R53-C GRID LEAK	
1 * R44-S4 RHEOSTAT	
1 * R231-C SINGLE CIRCUIT JACK	
3 TUBES (CELORON OR BAKELITE)	
2 1/2" DIAMETER X 3" LONG (1/2" WALL)	
3 TUBES (CELORON OR BAKELITE)	
2 1/2" DIAMETER X 3" LONG (1/2" WALL)	
1 PANEL 7" X 15" X 1/2" (CELORON OR HARD RUBBER)	
6 * R26 BINDING POSTS	
1 BOX PER RS# 54	
1 * R215-E OR R215-D TRANSFORMER	

LIST OF DRAWINGS

BOX DRG.	RS# 84
PANEL DRG.	RS# 79
DRILLING OF FLOOR OF	
BOX	RS# 80
HOOK UP	RS# 81
WIRING DIAGRAM	RS# 82
ASSEMBLY	RS# 83
DETAILS	RS# 84
LOCAL CABLE	RS# 85



THE CARTMEL RADIO SERVICE P.O. BOX 404 MONTREAL R.S.#83

A Wonderful Peanut Tube Neutrodyne

This set is very easy to make up and is very efficient because it uses peanut tubes

Written for Canadian Railroader by W. B. CARTMEL, B.S., M.A., M.E.I.C.,
Radio Engineer, Northern Electric Company, Limited

A NUMBER of people have asked the writer if it is possible to use peanut tubes in a neutrodyne circuit. The reply is that the peanut tube, being an unusually efficient radio-frequency amplifier, is suitable for use in any kind of a receiving set including the neutrodyne. Those who have tried to use peanut tubes, however, were unsuccessful because they used them with coils which had been designed for use with larger tubes. The writer, therefore, determined to design a peanut tube neutrodyne, and such wonderful results have been obtained with this set and so many people have expressed a desire to make it up that it has been decided to publish full information about it. Very complete drawings are being made up in connection with this set but this has been a very slow job and has taken considerable time. In the present article information will be given quite sufficient for making up the set, and the various little drawings which the amateur will find so helpful in making up a set will be shown in the next issue.

I would like first to say why the peanut tube is especially adapted for a neutrodyne

set, apart from its efficiency as a radio-frequency amplifier. From the standpoint of economy the peanut tube is in a class by itself. I am not at present referring to the economy of A battery, for which the peanut tube is so well known, so much as the B battery economy. The larger tubes consume approximately 12 times as much B battery as the peanut tube, but worse than this, when used in a 4 or 5 tube set the amount of B battery consumed becomes a very heavy drain, so that the life of the batteries themselves is very materially shortened, due to their being overloaded. Using dry cells the cost of operation of the set is very high. This may be overcome by the use of a storage B battery, which, however, is very expensive and troublesome, requiring constant recharging. Using 4 peanut tubes in this set one obtains great battery economy and splendid results as regards distance and volume. It will give splendid loud speaker operation on a small loud speaker such as the Northern Electric R522 loud speaker attachment, which has been built for use with a phonograph tone arm. Used, however,

with one of the larger instruments such as may be more properly termed a loud speaker, a one-tube power amplifier is recommended.

I would like to say a word more on this point because the *raison d'être* of this set is tied up with this explanation and hinges largely on a question of the type of vacuum tube. If we use four peanut tubes and then one large tube we get the same result that we would obtain if we used five of the large tubes. The very small amount of power which the antenna delivers to the first tube is easily handled by peanut tubes and this remains true up to the fourth tube. The ordinary large tube on the market will only handle about 20 times as much power as the peanut tube and since it will amplify several hundred times what it receives it will easily be seen that if the last peanut tube is fully loaded and the signal from it is further amplified several hundred times by the fifth tube the fifth tube will overload itself. Thus it is easily seen that where a power tube is used in connection with this set the last peanut tube is sufficient to overload the power amplifier. This would be true even

of the R216-A repeater bulb which amplifies a thousand times, but is only capable of carrying seventy times the load that a peanut tube can carry without distortion.

This set has been designed to use geared low loss condensers and fits in a box per RS No. 54, blue prints for which have been distributed very widely in connection with the Reinertz tuner. This makes a very neat and compact set. The panel is a standard 7" x 18" x 3/16" panel drilled as per RS No. 79. The drillings for the panel if properly carried out in connection with the recommended apparatus will make the construction of the set a very simple matter. RS No. 80 shows the drilling of the floor of the box. This makes it very easy to mount the apparatus in the box. The secondary coils are wound with double cotton covered wire, size 26, 27 or 28, B&S gauge. Fifty-seven turns are required, these turns being wound as near the centre of the tube as possible.

A tap is brought out at the fortieth turn in the case of two of these coils but the antenna coil does not require to be tapped. The inner coils are wound with the same size wire, 25 turns being required in the case of two of the coils, the number of turns of the third coil—the antenna coil—depending on the size of the antenna. I find that with a hundred foot single wire antenna, 15 turns on the primary winding of the antenna coil makes the readings of the 3 condensers alike. For any particular antenna, however, the number of turns should be adjusted so that the condenser settings are all alike. Assembly of the set is shown in drawing RS No. 83.

As is known the angle at which the coil should be set depends on the design of the receiving set. For this particular set the angle is 56 degrees. The man who constructs the set, however, will not need to worry about the angle because the drillings shown on the panel drawing are all at exactly the right angle and it will only be necessary to drill the panel exactly as shown and the condensers will come at the proper angle.

All the necessary drawings for this set will be published in RADIO. It will not be convenient, however, to print a full size drawing of the drilling sheet of the panel and of the drilling sheet of the floor of the box. These drawings are too large for full size publication in magazines and for that reason full size blue prints of these two drawings will be furnished on request either to this magazine or direct to P.O. Box 404, Montreal. These blue prints will enable anyone to lay out the drilling centres of the apparatus very simply. In the case of the panel drawing, for instance, it is only necessary to lay this over the panel and drilling centres may be marked off at once. When writing in for these blue prints do not ask any question in the same letter as it will delay shipment of the blue prints.

A Wonder Wireless Station

A WIRELESS station capable of flashing a message to every country in the world in 1-16th of a second is being built in the heart of England. It is for the



The "Santa Claus" special arrives in town (with Santa in engine).

British Post Office, and is the first unit in a system of wireless links binding together the Mother Country and the British Dominions.

The British Empire Exhibition has been stated to be the biggest thing of its kind, but the new wireless station at Hillmorton, near Rugby, promises to dwarf Wembley in its dimensions.

To accommodate the aerial it has been found necessary to purchase an area bigger than Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, and St. James's Park rolled into one, and in order

that the electrical energy transferred to the ether of space may not be obstructed in the early stages of its world-wide journey, the aerial is to be held aloft at a height equal to about two and a half times that of the Cross on St. Paul's Cathedral. To make this possible sixteen metal towers, each 820 feet high, have been designed; some are already complete and look like the limbs of a giant "daddy-long-legs" whose body is resting above the clouds.

These masts are in themselves a triumph of British engineering. Constructed of latticed steel, and triangular in form, they weigh about 200 tons, and are held in position by 15 stay-cables each consisting of many rust-proof wires bound tightly together. The total length of wire employed is about thirty thousand miles, or more than twice the distance over which it may be found necessary to send a message. Every ounce of this wire is needed if the great towers are to defy wind pressure and the strain which the aerial will bring to bear at the top.

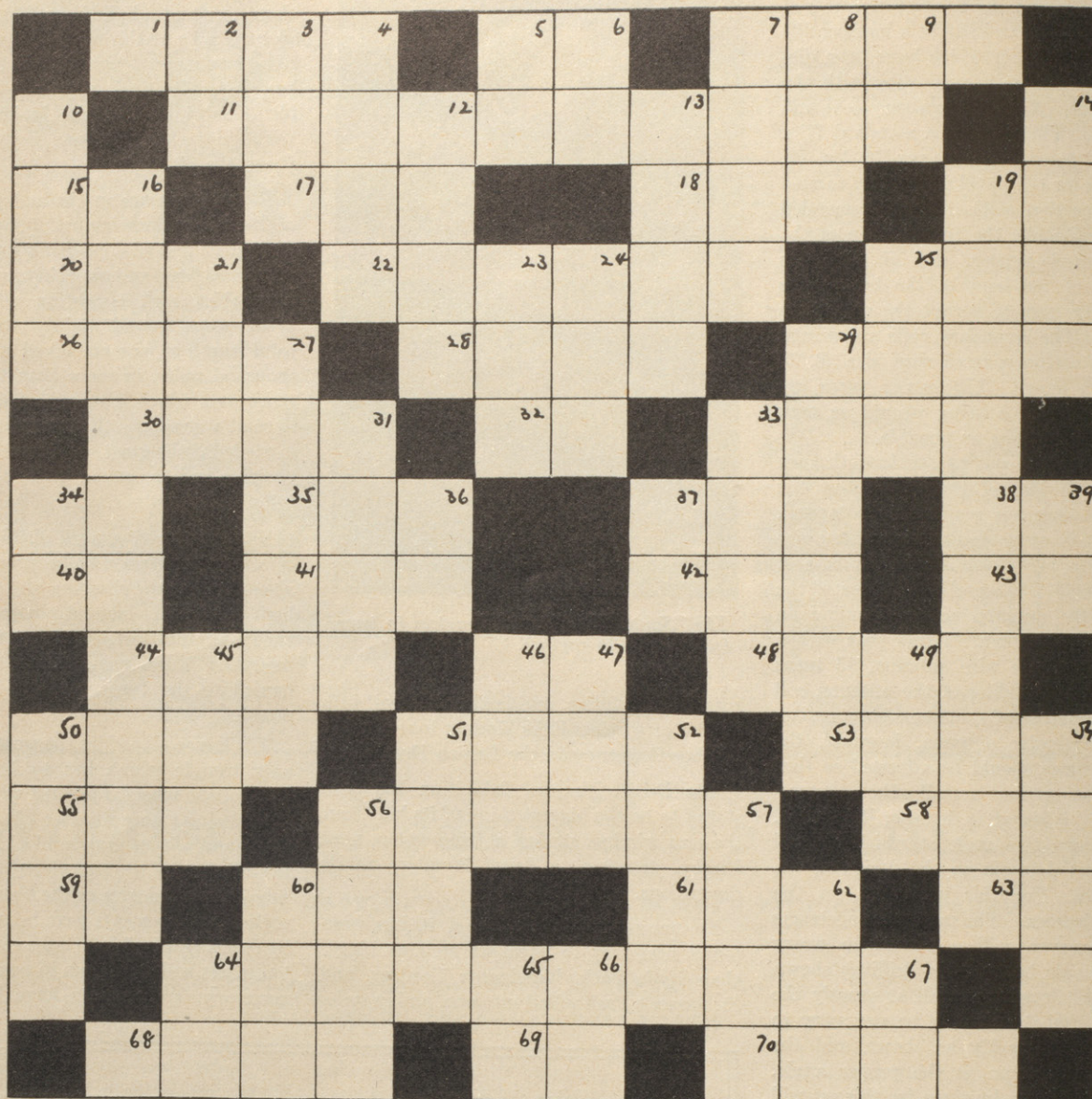
In an engineering work of this character it is always necessary to be prepared for the worst, and as the climbing of a mast 820 feet high is probably beyond physical possibility, each is equipped with a lift capable of accommodating three men. These lifts will be hauled to the top by motors of 20 horsepower.

The havoc played by the weather is not the only trouble which has to be anticipated. Each of the masts is pivoted with a ball-and-knuckle joint on a number of porcelain insulators and a huge granite block, but as under the influence of the high electrical tension and time these insulators at the base may become useless, arrangements have been made whereby it will be possible to raise each of the 200-ton masts and hold them in position until the necessary replacements have been made.

500,000 People

Say It Daily

Our Own Crossword Puzzle



Above is a cross-word puzzle specially prepared for Canadian Railroader readers by John Langdon, Department of Colonization and Development, Canadian Pacific Railway.

A prize of \$3.00 is offered to the sender of the first correct answer received, and to each of the next three senders of correct answers an annual subscription to this magazine will be given as a prize. Address "Crossword," Canadian Railroader, 316 Lagauchetiere St. West, Montreal. Employees and their friends are not eligible, of course.

VERTICAL.

2. Not out.
3. An instrument formed of thread, twine or other fibrous materials.
4. To eject forth with violence.
5. A conjunction.
6. A branch of the British Army (init).
7. Grows old.
8. A title conferred by the King.
9. He who pays all the bills.
10. What the modern young woman does to her hair.
12. A grallatorial bird.
13. Solitary.
14. Finished.
16. The name of an army that astonished the Kaiser in the early days of the war.

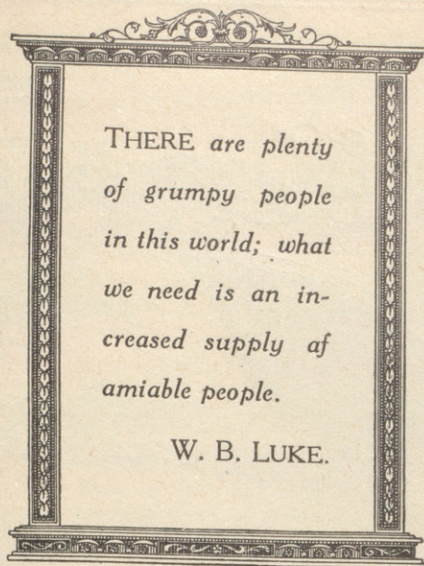
19. The art of printing from stone.
21. A species of whale.
23. To affect with pain.
24. Evil.
25. An elastic aeriform fluid.
27. Washed lightly.
29. The holy river of India.
31. A clown.
33. To bellow.
34. An exclamation.
36. Shot used for bird hunting.
37. Debtor (AB)
39. Negative.
45. An auditory organ.
46. Collection of facts.
47. A youth.
49. It starts with "A" and ends with "A".

50. Cessation of motion.
51. Japanese coin (PL).
52. Serf.
54. Equal.
56. To dig or burrow.
57. A predatory incursion.
60. To do wrong.
62. To regret.
64. The family pocketbook.
65. A business organization (AB).
66. Printer's measure.
67. Should work out itself.

HORIZONTAL.

1. Heaven would be crowded if there were none.
5. A form of gold.

7. Venomous snakes.
11. Pain in the kidneys.
15. All correct (AB).
17. To unite.
18. Over (AB).
19. Behold.
20. An inclosed place.
22. Mode of transportation.
25. There should be no "John Collins" without it.
26. Constellation.
28. The "mother" of Egypt.
29. What all sport-promoters are interested in.
30. Your mother found it handy when you were a baby.
32. Letters (AB).
33. Hasty.
34. Exclamation.
35. The head.
37. A river in Russia.
38. Upon.
40. Singular pronoun.
41. Cry.
42. Fragment.
43. Proceed.
44. Never—contraction.
46. You know me—
48. To assume an erect posture.
50. To peruse.
51. A sharp sound.
53. To seize suddenly.
55. Wander.
56. You find one in every publishing house.



58. Mimic.
59. Steamship (AB).
60. A cycle of years.
61. Necessary to make a boat move.
63. Same as 40 horizontal.
64. The part of a theatre from the curtain to the orchestra.
68. Male deer.
69. Sacred word much used in the Hindu and Buddhist religions.
70. To consider to be so.

A wan looking cockney entered the canine emporium and approached the dealer.

"Hi wants a dog about so 'igh an' so long," he began.

"What kind?" queried the dog dealer.

"Hits a kind of grey-ound," responded the cockney.

"Quite so."

"An' yet it ain't a grey-ound," continued the customer, "becos 'is tyle is shorter nor any o' these 'er grey'ounds."

"I see, continue."

"An' 'is nose is shorter."

"Well?" queried the dealer.

"An' 'e ain't so slim about the body."

The dealer by this time had turned away.

"But still, 'e's a kind of grey'ound," continued the cockney. "Do you keep sich dogs?"

"No, we don-'t," came back the short rep'y "we drowns 'em."

Mrs. Bullion, writing to the principal of the school attended by her daughter: "Dear Madam, —My daughter Clarice informs me that last year she was obliged to study vulgar fractions. Please do not let this happen again. If my child must study fractions, let them be as refined as possible."

Xmas Dinner Advice.

To the thin: Don't eat fast.

To the Fat: Don't eat. Fast.

—Notre Dame Juggler.

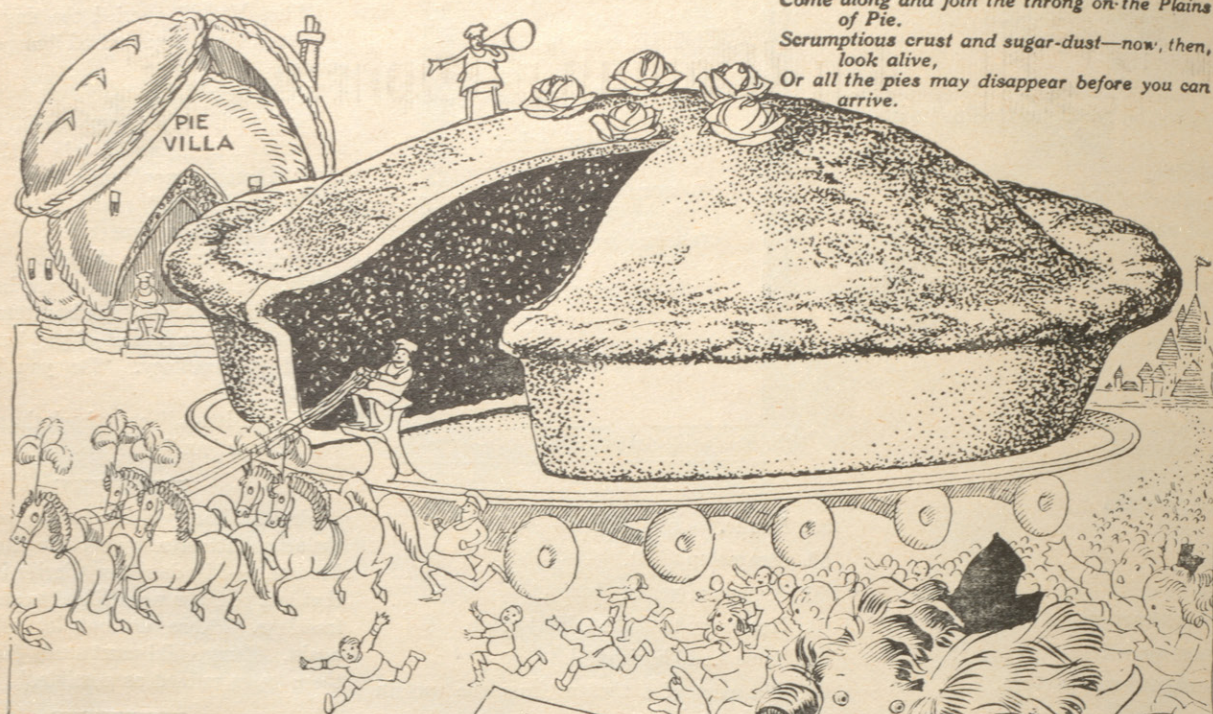
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Pie Plains

YOUR own particular Jack Horner may be grown up now, but don't imagine for a moment that he has lost his old-time relish for good pastry. So you delight both little folks and big, when you wrap your favorite "filling" in a FIVE ROSES crust.

That well-raised crust that FIVE ROSES brings—that dainty appearance and golden bloom—how cleverly this famous flour seconds your baking skill!

And when you serve it—it cuts different. Instantly you notice the lively, close-grained flakiness that melts away on the tongue tip. It eats easy, of course; but, better still, it digests unconsciously. Pastry at its best—FIVE ROSES pastry—*YOUR* pastry!

FIVE ROSES FLOUR


for Breads · Cakes · Puddings · Pastries

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Get Closer to Pastry Perfection

Start to-day on a delightful tour through the enchanting pages of the famous "Five Roses" Cook Book. Delightful details on pastry-making start on page 71; page 74 gives inside secrets on Tarts, Puffs, Patties. A wonderful series of Frostings and Fillings at page 86. In all, over a thousand and one tested recipes. Mailed on receipt of thirty cents (stamps). Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Limited, Montreal or Winnipeg.



In Woman's Sphere



The Season's Greetings to You!

A MERRY Christmas to you all! The glorious day is almost here again. I hope we have the Christmas spirit so that we shall have the very jolliest time on the twenty-fifth.

Possibly some of us are feeling a bit down because things are not turning out exactly as we should have liked. Perhaps the pantry off the dining-room hasn't been cleaned or we haven't added the finishing touches to Peggy's frock or possibly the family finances are unpleasantly low, but let us get outside things objectively. Let us compare our own ourselves first for a minute and look at these little mishaps and misfortunes with some of the great tragedies which have entered the lives of others. Let us disappear into a quiet corner and have a good think. We may be very busy and all that but we shall have new zest for our work afterwards. Because thinking is a healthy habit to cultivate, providing one indulges in the right brand of thought.

For instance, let us run over in our minds all the things we have to be thankful for; let us consider how very much worse matters might have been than they are.

You say you know many people who have so much more of this world's goods than you have and it isn't fair? Possibly you do but, honestly, do these folk appear to be any happier than you are? The funny thing about happiness is that it is a state of mind. There are some people who can smile with a log hut over their heads and a loaf of bread in the cupboard and others who live in marble halls and eat king's food and feel heartily sorry for themselves from morn till dewy eve. That looks as if happiness must come from the inside, doesn't it?

The other day in a magazine I saw an advertisement for a tonic which promised to rejuvenate the system and incidentally develop a rose-petal complexion. "Put the color on from the inside," the ad. said. And that is just the way with a cheery disposition. It shines out from the heart.

Perhaps you're tired and discouraged and wonder what good you're doing, anyway. Cheer up, we all get that way sometimes. I suppose it's natural. But, for any sakes, don't let us remain like that. Let us never forget that our own work is of the very greatest importance, so much so that no one can do it quite so well as we can. Our tasks may not be the great ones of the world. We can't all

be Florence Nightingales or Queen Victorias. There must be the silent workers as well as those proclaimed from the house-tops. It has been said that "They also serve, who only stand and wait."

There is doubtless a day coming, far distant, maybe, but coming, nevertheless, when we shall be given to see what a very big job we had all the time and didn't know it.

So, let us take new heart at this delightful season of the year. Let us put on our rose-colored spectacles and look for the funny incidents in life. Somebody has said that one of the best things to have up one's sleeve is a funny bone and the best way to win a smile from fortune is to wink at trouble. Then, cheer up and a Merry Christmas!

—Editor, Woman's Dept.



CAROLS

Then be ye glad, good people,
This night of all the year,
And light ye up your candles;
His star is shining near.

* * *

Morning Star o'er Bethlehem shining,
Guide us to His lowly bed;
Evening lights at day's declining
Soft reveal His weary head;
Flowers that bloom 'mid thorn and briar
Shadow forth His footsteps fair;
Birds' sweet song in tuneful choir
Sing His love and guardian care.



Woman the Pilgrim

THERE is the true spirit of the pilgrim in the heart of women of all races and all generations. "A pilgrim," the dictionary tells us, "is a traveller to a holy place." And therein lies the explanation. Life is full of holy places for women. For woman is the sentimental sex—sentiment appeals to her; she cherishes it and pilgrimages in the spirit to many a secret shrine.

Men are not pilgrims in the same way. They are so essentially materialistic, and when they make pilgrimages they do so because there is some very definite object at the other end. But when woman makes a pilgrimage her heart is the real pilgrim.

The holy places in the feminine heart are many. How many women's hearts make an annual pilgrimage to the place where the honeymoon was spent, or to the house where the first baby was born, or the place where He and She nearly parted and suddenly came to understand each other better than ever!

Of course, being modern, she does not parade her sensitiveness, but she is just as much "a traveller to holy places" as maids of other times.

Only her shrines are secret, and none are aware when she sets out on the pilgrimage!

"Just My Luck!"

THERE are some folk who seem to take a morbid delight in brooding over imaginary ills and grievances, and whenever things gang aley with their plans, be it through their own carelessness or the most natural coincidence in the world—out will come their beloved stock phrase: "Just my luck!"

Yet invariably they are the ones who have the least cause of any to complain!

It never occurs to them that all the good things of life—health, sight, friendship, are "just their luck," too, because there are so many who are unlucky enough not to have them. Oh, no; these are all taken for granted, without a word or thought of thankfulness, and are forgotten completely when some minor worry comes along.

But it is a strange fact that those who have the biggest burdens to bear—and are followed doggedly by the most extraordinary ill-luck wherever they go in life—are the ones who shoulder them patiently and uncomplainingly, rarely talking about their troubles but doing their best to meet them with a brave heart and cheery smile, always ready with a word of sympathy for the worries of their friends.

And if we could sometimes remember these heroes and heroines of everyday life when we are tempted to grouse over our petty little disappointments, perhaps those futile words: "Just my luck!" would often remain unsaid.

Mill girls and dukes' daughters have each arrived at practical day-time costumes which are practically identical.—Mrs. Edith Shackleton.

Phantom Bridges

HAVE you ever heard the saying: "Don't cross your bridges before you come to them?" So many of us do!

I know a girl who, with almost every conceivable ingredient with which to make a happy life, succeeds in being miserable a good part of the time, and all because she is crossing imaginary bridges!

She is so afraid that life will some day shock her that she prepares in advance by expecting the worst of everything.

She has a talented, delightful and adoring husband. Instead of enjoying his talent and charm and adoration to the limit while she has it, she is perpetually making herself unhappy by wondering what she would do if she were to lose him.

If she hears a sound on the street, she is certain that it was a scream and that someone has been run over. In her mind she sees a picture of the mangled body on the roadside. She suffers vicariously all the agonies of the injured man, his imaginary widow and his fatherless children.

She is so fearful that the friends whom she idealises will disappoint her that she is perpetually preparing herself for defalcations that may appear in the future.

Doesn't Save Her from Reality

Instead of saving herself from the shocks which life will give her, she succeeds in shocking herself from morning till night. The actual world in which she lives is an unusually happy one. The world of her imagination is a hideous and tragic place peopled with hurts and horrors, always lying in wait to wreck her or someone whom she loves.

But for this one failing she is a rare and beautiful person, who puts a great deal of color and joy into the lives of others. Only those who are most intimate with her suspect the misery that goes on in her own brain.

When the actual bridges arrive she has to cross them just like any other person. All of her self-inflicted shocks cannot save her one little bit from the actual agonies of life.

If she has a party—and she is one of the most delightful hostesses in the world—she is so afraid that her guests will not have a good time that she perpetually imagines that the affair has fallen flat and everyone is bored and wretched.

Life gives most of us all the hard knocks that we can endure. If we are going to take them standing we need to build up our own resistance by providing ourselves with a good underpinning of appreciation of all the usual

lovely little everyday things that in the end make the game worth the candle.

The hoar frost on the winter trees.

The feel of a country road underfoot.

The comfort of a cup of tea in the late afternoon when one is tired.

The unexpected sound of an old friend's voice on the telephone.

The trumpet blast of spring from the first yellow daffodil.

The delicious weariness that comes at the end of a piece of work well done.

All the ordinariness of life made suddenly extraordinary and significant because of a word.

Of these are endurance made. They may fortify one against the life-inflicted shocks.

They can do little for the self-inflicted ones.

*And we think it meet
Our Lord to greet,
As the wise men did of old;
With the spiceries
Of incense trees,
And hearts of hoarded gold.
And so we shake
The snowy flake
From cedar and myrtle fair,
And the boughs that nod
On the hills of God
We raise to his glory there.*

Shabby Oilskins.

Thoroughly cleanse oilskins with soapy water. When dry, rub vaseline all over the surface with a piece of flannel. This treatment will give old oilskins a new lease of life—making them waterproof for many years.

Paper Under Matting.

When it is necessary to have coconut matting down on a stone or brick floor, much labor is saved if paper (preferably brown) is laid underneath. Besides being ever so much warmer, the cleaning process is much easier, as the matting can be taken up and the paper can be shaken outside, and used several times; thus the floor needs very little cleaning whereas it would with the matting alone.

Are You Self-Assertive?

I EXPECT you will think of the typically self-assertive person—the one who pushes and brags, and tries to oust or down other people so that she may rise.

"She's so self-assertive," I've heard girls say. "No one else can get a word in when she starts talking and laying down the law!"

But, as a matter of fact, such people are to be more admired than disliked. Their self-assertion may take the wrong forms—those of selfishness, pride, and an exaggerated sense of their own importance—but nevertheless, self-assertion is a great thing, if rightly used, and far too few people possess it.

Now, you will notice that all those people of strong personalities—those who influence others and make a mark in the world—possess a great deal of self-assertion and self-confidence.

Their success is built up on it, in fact. But to be of any use to them they have had first to criticize themselves, and find out where their strong points lie, cultivate them, and then assert them.

The inevitable result is that they impress other people with them, too—and get on.

And everyone should want to "get on" and be ambitious. A life with no ambition is a poor one—and an empty one.

What is your ambition? To be a good wife or mother? A good business woman? Or to succeed in any branch of art? Or to excel in sport? Or is it just a vague one—to "have a good time"?

Self-Criticism.

Examine yourself, criticize yourself, and ask yourself what it is that you think you do best.

Then cultivate it, assert it (with wisdom!), and you will be surprised at the difference it will have on your whole personality.

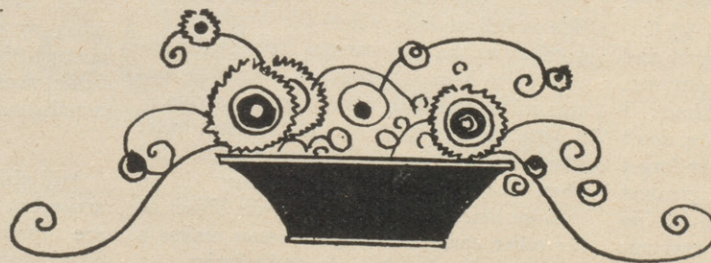
Don't attempt too much at first, or you may be disappointed. And if you lack self-confidence a big disappointment is apt to take away all the little amount of self-assertion you may have.

Cultivate the feeling that you "won't be done!"—that you will conquer something—however little.

Remember that in every single one of us there is a vein of self-confidence somewhere—and it is everyone's duty to discover it and cultivate it.

When one thinks it over, there is a great deal of wisdom in the Scottish prayer:

"Lord, give us a good conceit of ourselves!"





Christmas Recipes



Carrot Pudding

1½ cups flour, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup beef suet, 1 cup stoned raisins, 1 cup currants, 1 cup grated raw potatoes, 1 cup grated raw carrots, 1 teaspoon soda.

Steam or boil for three hours.

This is quite an economical recipe, and makes a splendid Christmas pudding.

Mince Pie

1 quart fat beef (cooked well and chopped fine), 2 quarts green apples (chopped fine), 2½ cups raisins (seeded and chopped), 1½ cups currants, 2½ teaspoons mixed spices, ½ teaspoon grated nutmeg, 3 cups brown sugar, 4 tablespoons vinegar, 1 cup hot water, 3 tablespoons flour (stirred in). Fill crust and bake in moderate oven. Bake brown. Mince pies should be made with puff paste and two crusts. These pies will keep for several days. They should be reheated before serving.

Clark's sausage, scraps of stale bread soaked in milk, two tablespoonfuls chopped suet and a little seasoning will make meat cakes for breakfast or lunch sufficient for eight people.

Potatoes are less trouble and far nicer both in flavor and appearance if they are steamed instead of boiled. Failing a steamer, place a

colander over a saucepan of boiling water, put the potatoes in, and cover with a saucepan lid.

Add a good pinch of bicarbonate of soda to the water when boiling any kind of dried peas or beans.

Put beetroots in cold water and be very careful not to break the skin or roots; they must not be tried with a fork, but lightly pressed to find out if they are tender.

Don't Waste It

TAKE household polishes, cleaning-powders, black-lead, and all the other little oddments which are used in the daily chores. It is just a waste to slap them on recklessly, hoping thereby to save that excellent commodity, not obtainable in shops—elbow grease! You may know the really good worker from the fact that her cleaning stuffs last for ages, though the household goods in her care always look immaculate. Because soap and soda are comparatively cheap, they are often wasted. It is quite unnecessary to throw huge handfuls of soda into washing-up water; only enough to counteract grease is required; more is bad for the paint and gilding on china and ruinous for the hands. A big yearly saving can be

effected on soap by seeing that the cakes never lie in wet, sloppy dishes and by storing fresh supplies till dry and hard.

Flour is far too lavishly used by some cooks in pastry-making, preparing rissoles, etc., for frying, and so on. The surplus just gets messed about on plates or pastry-boards, and, even if flour is cheap, there's no need to fling it away. Stale odds and ends of bread accumulate at a terrible rate in some larders.

There is little "economy" in using a lot of more expensive ingredients to turn stale bread into palatable dishes. Useful as bread is in legitimate cookery, it is only thrifty to regulate the bread supplies of the household, so that little has to be "used up" to prevent it going to waste. Loaves should always be properly cut, not hacked about, and one finished before another is begun. Those few inevitable left-overs can be baked in the oven till brown and crisp; people who won't touch stale bread will eat the "pulled" variety with joy, especially served with soup.

Look well to your store cupboard, for this is a great source of money leakage in some houses. Unless groceries are sold in special containers meant for storage, they should be emptied into their own particular canisters as soon as they come into the house, or rather, as soon as the last supply has been finished, and the container washed clean, if necessary, and well dried.

It is both a messy and wasteful practice to use stores from the paper bags and broken cartons.



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The Only Way to be Happy

DO you know that glorious feeling of standing up before the world and saying:

"No matter what happens I AM I. Independently I carve out my own career, my own happiness."

If you have felt so, has it been gladly? Or have you been vaguely sorry that you have to be independent, and earn your living and carve out your own career? "I am I—agreed," you may say, "but as a matter of fact I wish I were someone else's; that I had someone to look after me and make me happy!" In their heart of hearts the majority of people are inclined to feel like this—to want to depend upon someone other than themselves. "Men don't like the independent girl," a would-be clinging type of one confided to me the other day. "They like someone they can help—not someone who helps herself."

She was wrong. The girl who relies on others neither to help her nor to be companions to her—who can say: "I am I, and nobody has the power to crush me nor make things 'go wrong for me,'" is much more likely to be attractive—to both sexes—and sought after—than the girl who hasn't the strength to cultivate independence of thought and action.

Don't Rely on Others

Take this example:

Jill isn't interested in being independent; she hasn't resources within herself. "After I've worked all day," she says, "I want someone to 'take me out of myself!'" She goes out, dances, and eventually gets engaged.

At first she is blissfully happy—till one day I meet her and she tells me the engagement has been broken off.

"Why?" I ask.

"Well, I thought I loved him," she answers. "I don't think he'd make me happy."

Poor Jill! She couldn't stand up and say, "I am I and I'm going to make myself happy." Had she been able to, her love for him wouldn't have been shattered, because she wouldn't have depended upon him for happiness. Jill was selfish, really. She expected other people to give her the qualities she ought to have had within herself.

Next, take Mary:

Mary also works—and she makes a good job of it—and herself. She thinks out her ideas, doesn't just take other people's. She loves their society and companionship, but she doesn't rely on it to make her happy. Her best friend is herself. She glories in her independence, but doesn't flaunt it. She gives—and doesn't expect to "get" all the time. She gives happiness because of her amusing personality and her definiteness. She is definitely "somebody," you see—namely herself.

With the result that she is immensely popular and marries happily.

So think this over, all you who shirk independence (or dislike it), or you who think the creed of "I am I" is a selfish one, an egotistical one. By cultivating your own personality, by being 100 per cent yourself and by being able to be independent of anyone's help or love, you will—inevitably—get both. Remember the parable of the talents: "To him that hath—shall be given." If you have—are master of—yourself, you will be able eventually to have and master the other things you want as well.

Tips for Housewives

HANDLES that are constantly coming off cupboards, chests of drawers, etc., may be made perfectly secure by warming a little powdered alum in an iron spoon and applying it to the hole where the handle is fixed. In a few minutes the handles will become perfectly firm.

Add one ounce of alum to the last water used to rinse "children's clothes," and they will be rendered non-inflammable, or so slightly combustible that they would take fire very slowly if at all, and would not flame.

To retore "gilt braid" which has become tarnished, brush it well with a soft brush to remove all dust, and rub a little alum well into it. Leave for a few hours, then brush the alum off, and you will find that the braid is quite bright again.

Cleaning Alabaster Figures

Scrub alabaster figures with a soft brush dipped in warm water, mixed with a very small quantity of ammonia. Then sponge with clean lukewarm water, and dry thoroughly with a soft cloth.

Many Uses for Elastic

WHAT we did before we "discovered" elastic, I can't imagine! Even now, though everyone uses it freely in dressmaking, it hasn't quite come into its own as the splendid household help it can be on a dozen different occasions. A bundle of narrow white cotton elastic, the strongest you can buy, is a good investment and should be kept in every household. Apart from dress uses, it's far handier than string or tape for the following purposes.

An emergency clothes-line in bedroom or bathroom, for drying stockings, gloves and similar light articles. The line keeps so taut, and never sags about on one's head as strings are apt to do.

Bands of fairly wide elastic should be nailed with strong drawing pins or tacks to the inside of a cupboard door or to the back of a screen in any bedroom where there is not much hanging space. Ties, belts, light woolly jumpers and other oddments can be hung up over the bands and take up very little room, besides being easy to get at when you want them.

A piece of elastic run through the top of washing bags, shoe bags, etc., is better than the old-fashioned tape draw-strings. Only one piece of elastic is necessary; just run it through two buttonholed slots on either side of the seam and either stitch or knot the elastic ends together to make a loop to hang it up by.

Short curtains hang very well if a length of narrow elastic is threaded through the top hems, to take the place of curtain rods, rings or the tape which is sometimes used. Elastic keeps the curtains really taut and is no trouble to remove and re-thread when necessary. The ends are best secured with strong drawing pins, though you can knot them to hooks if preferred.

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Perfect Babies

By ELIZABETH SLOAN CHESSE



IT is because we are all egoists that every woman believes—whatever she may assert to the contrary—that her particular baby is perfect. The baby is a bit of herself. It is also entirely dependent upon her love and her ministrations and she is duly flattered. There is something pathetic as well as amusing to the bachelor cynic in a mother's admiration for her crumpled, featureless offspring, her belief that her baby has wonderful brains when every bachelor knows that a foxterrier is an Aristotle in intelligence compared to an infant!

A woman's critical faculty where her own baby is concerned is non-existent and in that lies her baby's danger. Very few children are absolutely normal, far less perfect of their kind, but if mothers would cease to look at their offspring through rose spectacles and would then make every effort to achieve perfect health and perfect training, there would be new hope for the generations to come.

First look at your baby carefully and seek for physical blemish, especially flabby limbs, excess of fat or the undue thinness which denotes insufficient nourishment. Weigh him without clothing and compare him with a weight chart. At birth, the normal baby weighs seven and a half to eight pounds, and he doubles his weight at six months and should weigh three times as much as at birth when he celebrates his first birthday. Baby should be weighed once a week, and if he is not gaining steadily, four or five ounces a week for the first six months, the doctor's advice is called for, with regard to food, sleep, and general hygiene.

Rules

Baby should increase steadily in length from twenty inches at birth to twenty-nine at one year old.

He should be muscularly fit in regard to holding up his head in face of the world at three or four months.

He should insist upon sitting up when he cuts his first tooth not later than six or seven months.

He should stand at ten months and walk between twelve and fourteen months of age.

Very few mothers are fair to baby when he wants to crawl and kick. How can he develop his muscles if his limbs are swathed in long garments and he is made to "lie quiet" in cot or pram for long hours at a stretch? No wonder he wails his disapproval and woe to the mother who thinks baby's cry denotes hunger all the time.

Kicking exercise is part of baby's education. It is one way of preventing flabby limbs, soft muscles, and the psychological value of opportunity for free movement must not be overlooked. A baby, like a kitten or a puppy, is full of energy which should not be repressed. The cat mother has a better instinct than the human in that she plays and

romps with her family from the very first. The wild animals do the same, only the poor human baby is expected to lie peacefully and uncomplainingly through the long day over-dressed in ridiculous garments.

The perfect baby should wear loose, light garments, the minimum essential to protect him from cold.

The perfect baby is allowed to cry at times because crying develops the muscles of the chest.

He is fed by the clock, every three hours for the first three months, every four hours afterwards, and neither bite nor sup should be allowed between ten p.m. and six in the morning.

Late Walking and Late Teething

These are danger signals, signs that baby's diet is lacking in vitamins, perhaps.

Natural feeding is a baby's birthright when a mother is healthy. Next in value is cow's milk properly prepared and humanized.

From what has been said, the intelligent mother will be able to safeguard her baby, watching that his progress will be on normal lines.

If baby feeds regularly, gains in weight and is contented—all is well.

Loss of weight, sleeplessness, constant crying are danger signals no mother can afford to ignore. As I have said, a good old cry at times is natural enough; the too good baby is far from perfect. Baby is all the better if he has a little "devil" in his make-up.

Don't Be a Martyr

YOU know the martyr. I know the martyr. We all know the martyr.

She flourishes in the home, and every place of business boasts at least one who's always on the job.

There's the Cheerful Martyr, with her smug airs and her patient, resigned smile, and the grim and gloomy one. Opinions are divided as to which is the more deadly.

The martyr, according to her, is always overworked and always unappreciated. Resentment oozes out of her, mingled with a fierce joy at the thought that she bears up

so nobly under so much ingratitude. She loves making you feel that you are a miserable idler, as she goes about her work with set lips, sweeping aside all offers of help with contempt. As she tells you so often, she can't trust anyone to do things properly, unless she sees to them herself.

But don't be thoughtful and considerate and try to wrest the burdens from her back, if you want her to be happy. The greater the martyrdom, the greater the glory!

Everyone finds it exasperating to live or work with a professional martyr. He (or, more often, she) is one of the most irritating of human types. But the silly part of it is that most of us, cheerful, normal, jolly as may be, assume the martyred air by instinct, if we feel we're being rather ill-used by people we love. I suppose the idea at the back of the mind on such occasions is that other people will be sorry when they see how miserable and ill-used you are feeling.

It Doesn't Act!

But it doesn't act like that a bit. You know it doesn't from past occasions when you had to watch someone else playing the martyr with you. It's just infuriating to see someone going about with a stiff upper lip and an unapproachable look in their eyes; fiercely insisting on doing unnecessary jobs when you know they're feeling ill and answering your anxious questions and remarks in polite, frozen tones which drive you to desperation.

No help or sympathy can possibly be given in this atmosphere; it makes everyone else feel unnatural, miserable and angry. Haven't you done it yourself? Haven't you thought, "Well, if Jack can't see how wretched I am, nothing will induce me to tell him. Perhaps he'll be sorry later on." Poor Jack realizes that something is wrong quite well, and he would be beautifully sorry now, if you'd let him. But you soon pass from ordinary wretchedness or depression into a state of savage joy in being as miserable as possible and making everyone else unhappy too.

It's really very dangerous to get into the habit of feeling a martyr. Many marriages are spoilt because wives at once put on martyred airs when they think their husbands are thoughtless and inconsiderate and "don't understand" this, that and the other. It would be far better if they took the trouble to enlighten the blind one, in plain words, instead of flaunting a silent grievance. As a matter of fact, half the time "being a martyr" is just a habit, and—oh, isn't it an annoying one!

Next time you feel like taking up that attitude, count ten and don't.

When Woollens Shrink

When a pair of combinations have been washed and are too tight for comfort, slit the side seam from under the arm to just above the knee and insert a strip knitted like an old-fashioned garter, about 1½ ins. wide, in white or flesh wool, according to color of combinations.

Soups Ready to Serve

There is no waiting, no fuel cost, no bother with Clark's Soups. They are prepared, cooked and flavored by experienced chefs. You have a choice of thirteen soups.

"Let the Clark Kitchens help you."

A Page for



the Little Folk

MY dear nieces and nephews:
Christmas, the most delightful time of all the year, is almost here again. I hope you have been good boys and girls so that Santa Claus will not forget you, for, you know, he loves best the kind and obedient children who try to make other people happy.

Isn't it strange that so many people think of Christmas merely as a time for receiving gifts, instead of which it is really meant for little thoughtful deeds done by us for others who, possibly, have fewer pretty things than we have.

I wonder if any of you have ever heard the old legend regarding the first Christmas tree. On a stormy Christmas Eve a forester and his household had made fast the door and gathered around a cheerful fire. By and by knocking was heard outside and the father, opening the door, saw a little child, cold, hungry and all but exhausted. He was kindly welcomed, warmed and fed and Hans, the forester's small son, insisted on giving up his bed to the little stranger. In the morning the family were aroused by the singing of a choir of angels; and, looking at their unbidden guest, they saw him transfigured, for He was none other than the Christ Child.

He broke off a branch from a fir tree, and set it in the earth. "See," said He, "I have gladly received your gifts, and this is my gift to you. Henceforward this tree shall always bear its fruit at Christmas, and you shall always have abundance."

Isn't that a very delightful story? I wonder how many of you will do a kind act at Yuletide like little Hans did.

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year,

Your loving
AUNT FLO.

Game of "Think"

Each guest is given a slip of paper with the letters of the word "Christmas" written perpendicularly upon it. Then he is asked to write, beside the letter "C," the name of something to wear; beside the next letter "H," the name of something to eat; and beside the remaining letters the following:—the name of a bird, a flower, a piece of furniture, a book, a play, a song, a diversion. A very short time is given for the writing of each name. The guest with the highest score of words not written by the others wins.

The New "Marching to Jerusalem"

March as usual around chairs. Let the sudden turning out of the light be the signal for a scamper for seats. Or this may be reversed. March around in the dark; jump for seats when the light is turned on.

Christmas Morning

Good morning, Mr. Teddy Bear!
I am so glad you've come;
Did Father Christmas put you there?
Or was it Dad and Mum?

They said he'd come the chimney way,
But he is much too fat;
He'd get all over soot—I say!
What do you think of that?

Now let's get dressed, and go downstairs,
And I'll play games with you;
But, if you'd like to see real bears,
I'll take you to the "Zoo."

I hope that every girl and boy,
Wherever they may be,
Will have as nice a Christmas toy
As someone's given to me.



Christmas Gifts You Can Make



Here is something every little girl can make as a surprise for her mother on Xmas morning. It is a dear little egg cosy.

Cast on 32 stitches and work in plain knitting till it is half as long as this page. Sew up the sides and gather the top, and it is finished. Isn't it easy? You could put a perky little bow on the top.

A Smart Bag

Get two small squares of any material. Cut a little circle out of the centre of one of the squares. This will leave a hole. Blanket-stitch round the raw edges of the hole with the wrong sides inside.

Turn the edges in and oversew neatly with the colored cotton all round the four sides.

Crochet a little chain and fasten it to opposite sides of the hole. This forms the handle for the bag.

A Post Card Album

First of all, you'll have to get a very big sheet of dark brown paper.

Fold it into four and cut along the lines made by the folds. Now you have four pieces of paper. Fold each piece again, but don't cut it this time.

Keep the pieces folded and lay one above the other. Don't open them out first, or the album won't close nicely when the cards are stuck in.

PUT ON YOUR THINKING CAP

Can you tell me why
A hypocrite's eye
Can better desery
Than you or I
On how many toes
A pussy-cat goes?

A man of deceit
Can best count-er-feit;
And so, I suppose,
Can best count her toes!

* * *

If a fender and fire-irons cost three pounds
what will a ton of coals come to?
To ashes.

* * *

Why is a thump like a hat?
Because it is felt.

Make two small holes through all the thicknesses of paper on the folded side.

Fasten a piece of pretty ribbon through them and tie in front with a flat bow.

Right in the middle of the first page put a circle with initials in the middle, using white paint or Indian ink.

You can either paste the postcards in, or make slots with scissors. When you wish to make the album bigger, you only need to add another folded piece of paper, bringing the ribbon through the extra two holes, as before.

Do you know that you can make the realest-looking pig out of the meekest, cheapest lemon—this way?

The pointed end of the lemon is the piggy's nose, so you stick a black boot button each side for eyes. Four matches make the legs, and a bit of curly string stuck on with a pin makes the piggy's curly little tail.

The lemon needn't be wasted. The next time you have fish, stand piggy by mother's plate and she'll get such a surprise!

SOMETHING TO GUESS

If two fish married, who might they be?
John Dory and Ann Chovy.

What would he give her for a wedding present?

Her-ring.

What would she give him?

A pair of skate(s).

Where would they spend the honeymoon?
W(h)ales.

English "As She is Wrote" by the Ukrainian

*Winnipeg.
Mr. Director. of Office
of. Company Sympar
of Canada*

This is a photographic reproduction of an envelope received at the Winnipeg Post Office. In English it reads "Winnipeg, Mr. Director of office of Company C.P.R. of Canada. The writer was Iwan Storozuk, of Manay-anabo, Cuba, a Ukrainian who wanted the railway Company to interest itself in a Switching invention. Just what the invention was, he did not say. In spite of the peculiarity of the address the letter was delivered to the Canadian Pacific office in Winnipeg without loss of time.

For this purpose the ubiquitous fox was utilized. Human spies guarded the pathways over the mountains and across the plains, but the fox guarded the wilds and other pathless regions. The fox is small and not easily seen; he knows every foot of the country he traverses. Always on the trail, the animal spy follows the human spy.

When the fox or the spy dog perceives or detects the presence of a human being in the course of his patrol he utters a faint sound, which his master behind understands and notes. The animal utters various sounds, and these are signals for the master to follow or to retire, as the case may require.

The animal is trained to vary the cry whether the enemy is approaching or retreating. When the master finds he has lost the trail and cannot find his way out of the forest or mountain, he imitates the cry of a fox and gets a reply that guides him the way he desires to go. If he continues to cry or bark in a special way the fox will come to him and lead him aright.

Rats, too, were used as spies by the army officers in feudal Japan. The spy carried his pet rat in his sleeve. On approaching the position to be espied upon, he let the animal go free. The rat was trained to pick up any bit of paper it could find and bring it back to its master. In this way much valuable information was obtained.

ANIMALS AS SPIES

How They are Trained in Japan

THE use of animals as spies has been a military art practised in Japan from remote times. The animals so used were the dog, fox, and rat, which were trained for the purpose.

Naturalists say that the fox can be trained even to imitate the human voice (observes the "World Magazine"), and the power of the animal in this direction is very effective, especially when trained to utter low sounds.

It is common knowledge that dogs and cats can be trained to understand human speech. If you order a dog to approach you when he knows full well you intend to punish

him, he reveals to a wonderful degree an accurate knowledge of your mind.

In order to win the confidence of animals and then train them, one has to be kind and gentle towards them. Animals are susceptible to affection.

The fox is reckoned among the most clever of the wild animals in Japan.

In feudal times certain places were always guarded, and all travellers passing either way through these barriers were strictly examined, while other likely places had watchmen hidden; but the entire country could not be so covered.

DO YOU KNOW ?

That the crocodile, under fair conditions, can live for 300 years?

That, if straightened out, an ounce of spider web would extend 350 miles?

That the average thickness of one of the hairs of the head is about a hundredth part of an inch?

That to "haul over the coals" means to punish or scold a person? In olden times, people used to be tried by being held over a fire; if the fire burnt them, as in nine cases out of ten it did, they were supposed to be guilty.

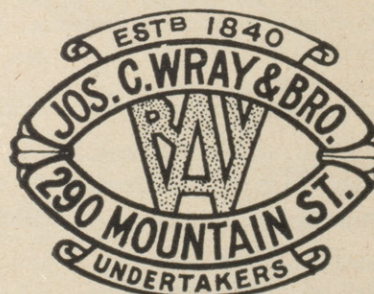
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(ONE OFFICE ONLY)

Quebec Has Every Winter Sports Facility.



Looking down the Toboggan Chute towards the Chateau. Inset—E. Des Bailleurs, very well known figure in the field of winter sports, who has been appointed Winter Sports Director at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec. He will have charge of activities there for the coming season, and having had wide experience in promoting and conducting winter sports in Switzerland, France and the United States, looks forward to a most successful season at Quebec, where, he says, there is every sports facility.

Quebec, "the grey old city on the hill," the Cradle of New France, preserving the soul of the Old Regime in the midst of the Twentieth Century, is one of the most popular tourist resorts in Canada. This is especially true in the summer. But it is also true in the winter. For Quebec does not permit the heavy snow of that season to become her shroud. Instead, she turns it into a cloak wherein to indulge her passion for winter sports. Hence it is that visitors from all over Canada and the United States gather in the old city to enjoy the delights of ski-ing, snowshoeing, and other kindred sports which she has to offer.

The Chateau Frontenac, towering above the surrounding roofs, and looking down on Dufferin Terrace, becomes the centre of all this activity. Everything possible is done by the management to give ample opportunities for play. There is a sports director, who is responsible for the general supervision of all arrangements. Under him is a staff of expert instructors, several of whom are famous champions in their lines.

Equipment of every kind is available for the use of guests—skis, skates, snowshoes, curling stones and brooms, toboggans and a fleet of bob-sleds from Switzerland on which gay parties dare the fast hills about the city. There is a large skating rink on the terrace and a curling rink beside it, under cover. A triple-chute toboggan slide occupies one-third of a mile along the terrace and a speed of a mile a minute is obtainable upon it. A ski jump for the use of more advanced people is provided near the hotel. Others less skilful can tie themselves into knots with perfect safety and plenty of fun on adjoining slopes. The snowshoe clubs co-operate by inviting visitors to take part in their moonlight tramps. Sleigh rides are also very popular, and besides all this, there is a dog team, which is at the disposal of those at the hotel. Led by "Mountie," a real veteran with 8,000 miles on Arctic trails to his credit, they are all huskies, and an Indian driver in parka and blanket suit lends a further picturesque touch to the outfit.

Seeing With Their Fingers People With Strange Powers

QUITE a number of people are able to see without using their eyes. They see with their skins. In such persons there are various areas of the body which are capable of acting as organs of vision. These are the finger-tips, the forehead, the back of

the neck, and particularly the area of the skin on the abdomen over the "solar plexus." In certain people these regions are undoubtedly endowed with the sense of sight.

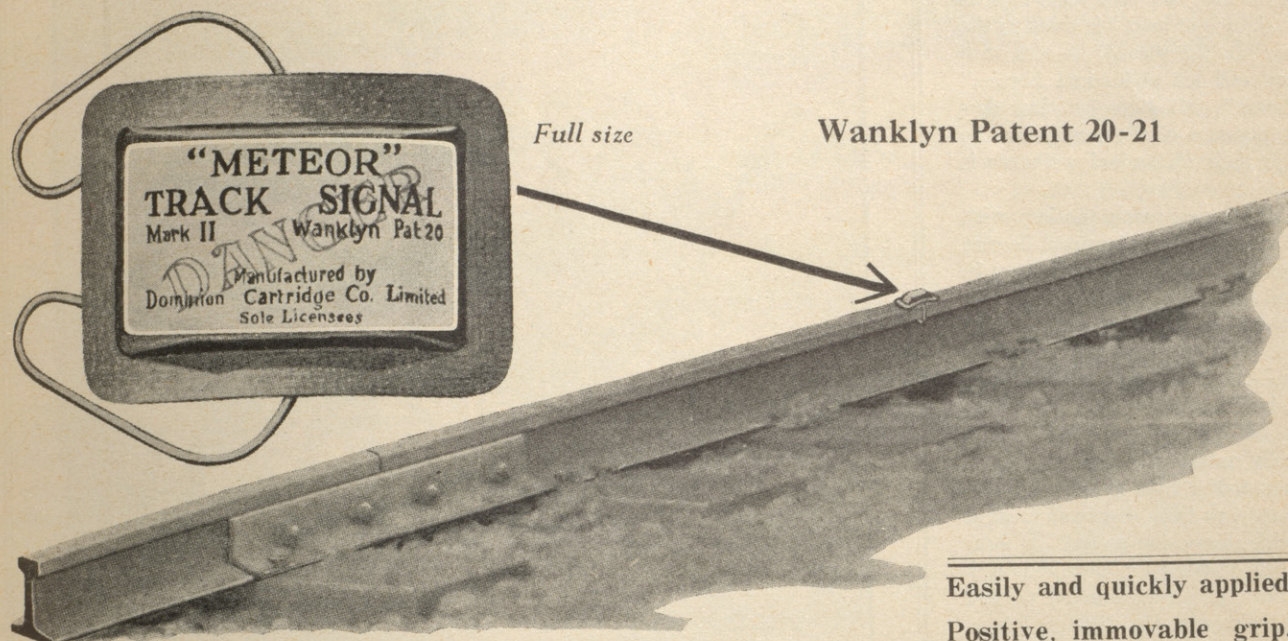
Accounts of men and women who apparently possessed a faculty of seeing scenes and events at a distance, or objects placed within closed boxes, or of perceiving things which other men could not, are to be found scattered

throughout the pages of history. In all such cases the person saw with some organ other than the eye.

In the past such accounts failed to carry conviction—partly owing to the sceptical attitude of the human mind, and partly because there was no scientific observation or record of these remarkable occurrences. Now, how-

(Continued on page 60)

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"Distinctive Smell."

OFFICIAL TEST

As reported to the Board of Railway Commission for Canada, by Chief Inspector of the Explosive Division, Department of Mines, Dominion of Canada:—

"The Detonation was found to be reliable under trials, the conditions of which were more severe than those likely to be encountered in actual service.

"The volume of sound is well above the average, sharp and arresting, accompanied by a brighter flash than given by any other torpedo tested and plainly seen from the cab of the locomotive.

"The detonation was not affected after the signals had been subjected to special treatment, for exposure to rain, snow, steam, saturated atmosphere and rough usage.

"No 'dangerous' debris was projected at the trials, and the results were superior to those obtained with any other torpedo tested.

"The brass wire swivel spring is of a form which renders the operation of attaching the signal to the rail simple and quick, and cannot be knocked off by the wheel of the locomotive."

After tests under service conditions on the Canadian Pacific Railway, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, practical railroaders affirm that no engineman can possibly run over one of these signals and fail to recognize that a signal is intended.

This opinion from men who are familiar with the use of track signals fully endorses all that has been said in favor of the "METEOR."

The "METEOR" differs from all other torpedoes. It appeals to three senses—Hearing, Seeing and Smelling—and thereby makes assurance trebly sure.

The "METEOR" has been adopted as "Standard" on the Canadian Pacific Railway and on the Canadian National Railway over their entire systems, also by other Canadian Railways.

CANADIAN EXPLOSIVES LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE: CANADA CEMENT COMPANY BUILDING, MONTREAL

(Continued from page 58)

ever, a thorough investigation of the facts of what may be called "skin-vision" has been made by a French scientist, Jules Romain (Louis Farigoule), who has just published the result of his researches.

He finds that there are two types of eyeless sight: in the first, a person feels that he sees with the sight centres of his brain in the usual manner. In the second, he sees with what we may call his abdominal "brain," or "solar plexus." M. Romain thus describes the experience of those who see the world through their abdominal walls, as it were:—

"One day the experimenter notices with surprise that when his head is raised he sees with his abdomen an object at a distance in front of him. . . . The subject who sees with his abdomen has the impression that his attention goes down in some way from its usual position—the head—to establish itself, in a tiresome, inconvenient way, in the torso."

Sometimes objects are perceived which would lie wholly outside the normal field of vision. It was found by experiment, however, that as soon as the eye was stimulated in any way, this skin-vision ceased. It is as though the skin-vision were acquired only after much effort, with return to the normal kind of vision as soon as the slightest opportunity is given.

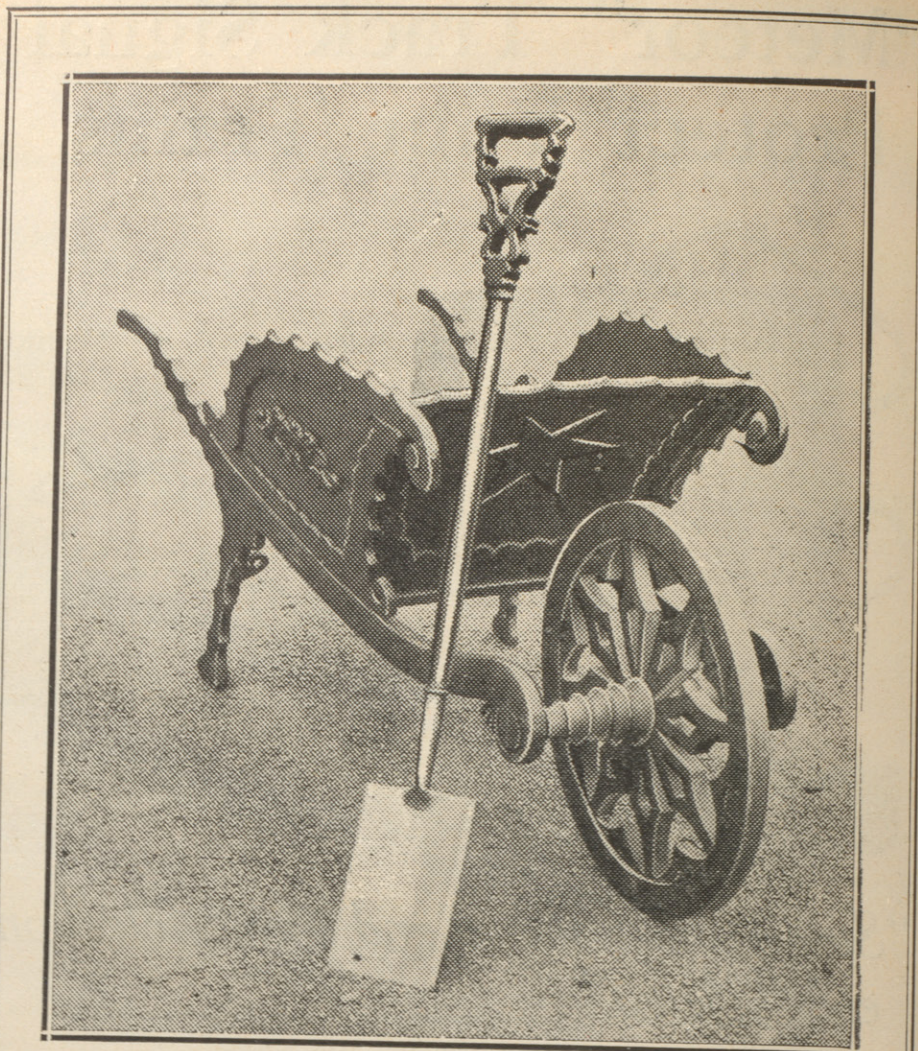
How can we account for this remarkable phenomenon? M. Romain believes that it represents a power possessed by all human beings in a more or less limited degree, which was originally inherent in all living creatures. The tiniest and simplest of living beings seem to possess a sort of diffused sense of sight all over their bodies, which in the bigger and more highly-organized animals becomes specialized into the eyes and their corresponding nerve-centres in the brain.

These organs having made a "specialty," as it were, of sight, the rest of the body has lost it. But it has never been lost completely, and M. Romain believes that by means of suitable experiments the power of skin-vision can be restored.

This is by no means improbable, for every anatomist and physiologist knows that there are still left within the skin hundreds of thousands of minute and primitive "eyes" capable of reacting to the stimulus of light in an appropriate manner. Normally these do not act, but M. Romain believes that they can be stimulated so that actual vision of external objects is obtained through them.

Anybody can try the experiment for himself. The eyes should be blindfolded, and the object to be seen placed in a bright light in front of the experimenter—who, of course, must not know what it is. He should then try to see or sense the shape of the object. Probably no success will attend the first few sittings, but persevering effort will apparently lead to results of a remarkable character.

The millennium was promised to the Russian peasant, but he has received tyranny, starvation, and death.—Mr. Mellon (U.S. Secretary of the Treasury).



Figured in Historic Sod Turning

This antique looking wheelbarrow and spade do not appear capable of very hefty service now, but nearly half a century ago they carried the weight of a very important event — the ceremony marking the commencement of the construction of the Canada Central Railway through Pembroke, Ontario. Following the ceremony, the spade with which the first sod was turned and the wheelbarrow into which it was shovelled in the presence of a very enthusiastic crowd, were presented to Miss M. P. Moffat, daughter of the Reeve of the village, the lady who performed the ceremony of the naming of the road and christening it with a bottle of champagne. They recently passed into the hands of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which company took over the Canada Central lines in 1881, and will be added to a museum of relics connected with the early days of the railroad which is being formed in Montreal.

So much for the actual ceremony. The Pembroke "Observer" for September 3rd 1875 says: "The assembly then adjourned to a spacious booth that had been specially erected for the occasion, where champagne and beer had been provided for the purpose of drinking several toasts which had been previously agreed upon, by the committee; but a number of individuals, apparently more intent on drinking champagne than doing honor to any toasts, took possession of the tables, and the regular order of the programme had to be abandoned. The Pembroke Brass Band was present and performed some popular airs."

Tusks of ivory which have been dug out of prehistoric ice in Siberia were recently sold by auction in London. Their age has been estimated as at least 50,000 years, but the ivory itself is discolored and cracked.

The British climate has been too much for an Eskimo visitor from Baffin's Land. He caught cold on practically the first day of his visit to London.

Ten minutes, the shortest sentence on record, was the penalty imposed upon a police-court prisoner in North London, who had been detained in custody two weeks for medical examination.

It would take fifty years and cost \$100,000,000 to sink a great shaft twelve miles down into the earth's core, according to Sir Charles Parsons, the famous engineer.

A Glimpse At "A Christmas Carol"

Perhaps no writer has done more to reveal the beauty of Christmas than Charles Dickens, whose pen virtually had the art of diffusing the very essence of Yuletide. "There's magic in the very name of Christmas", he says in one of his books and after browsing once again in the genial atmosphere of his Christmas tales one promptly agrees with him. Below is an excerpt, describing the adventures of Scrooge, in company with the Ghost of Christmas Present, from "A Christmas Carol", which, since its first appearance, has never failed to entwine itself about the heartstrings of him who reads it.

SOON the steeples called good people all, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. At the same time there emerged from scores of by-streets, lanes and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shop. The sight of these poor revelers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and, taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For they said it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

In time the bells ceased, and the bakers were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven; where the pavement smoked as if the stones were cooking too.

"Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge.

"Because it needs it most."

"Spirit," said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"I," cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their means of dining every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge. "Wouldn't you?"

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the Seventh Day," said Scrooge. "And it comes

to the same thing."

"I seek!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family," said Scrooge.

went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's) that, notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's, for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "Bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had

smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and basking in luxurious thoughts of sage and onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies; while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan to be led out and peeled. (Cont'd. on p. 63.)



Ring Out, Wild Bells

*Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.*

*Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.*

*Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.*

*Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.*

*Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.*

*Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.*

*Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.*

*Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.*

—TENNYSON.



"There are some upon this earth of yours," returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name, who are as strange to us and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and they

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(Continued from page 61)

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half-an-hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, Mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind, so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm. Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only a joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob turning up his cuff—as if poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby—compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred

it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer; Master Peter and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of birds; a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple-sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes

nesses—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastrycook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that. That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half a quarter of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew round the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass. Two tumblers, and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family re-echoed.

"God bless us everyone!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side, upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney-corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh, no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

ANYONE at the head
of an industry ought
to take an interest in
the joys and sorrows
of employees.

—Sir S. Lewis.

were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried Hurrah!

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish) they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet everyone had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear wit-

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered What the surplus is, and Where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that, in the sight of Heaven, you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh, God! to hear the Insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust.

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke, and trembling cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day."

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer, "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long Life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and very happy, I have no doubt!" The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how he meant to lie abed to-morrow morning for a good long rest; to-morrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnut and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song, about a lost child travelling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being water-proof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But, they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, especially on Tiny Tim, until the last.

By this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, shut out cold and darkness. There all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them. Here, again, were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome

girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbor's house; where, woe upon the single man who saw them enter—artful witches, well they knew it—in a glow!

But, if you judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high.

Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on, outpouring, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth on everything within its reach! The very lamplighter, who ran on before, dotting the dusty street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed, though little kenneled the lamplighter that he had any company but Christmas!

However well the rest of her figure was formed, there was little doubt that her mouth was enormous. She sat on the beach at Brightbourne, watching the sea swell to and fro. Something of its grandeur shed its light upon her soul.

"Oh, George!" she exclaimed to the young man by her side, "isn't it splendid? I feel as if I could open my mouth and take it all in."

Close by her was a small boy who had overheard all she had said. He looked up at her with a startled gleam on his face.

"I say," he remarked, in shrill accents, "you won't do it really, will you? I only came down here yesterday!"

A certain old lady always made it her business to visit the poor patients in the hospital.

On one occasion she approached a much bandaged individual who was sitting up in bed, and after a little preliminary talk she said to him, very sympathetically, "I suppose your wife must miss you a good deal?"

"No, mum," came the prompt reply; "she's got a wonderful aim for a woman."

Are
You
Thirsty?

DRINK GURD'S DRINKS

THEY SATISFY!

GURD'S DRY GINGER ALE
is the acme of delightfulness,
the favorite of people of discerning taste.

Those who drink it regularly praise
it unceasingly.

Ask for Gurd's beverages from your
grocer. At all buffets, clubs, hotels,
etc.

Charles Gurd & Co., Ltd.
MONTREAL

Seasoned Travellers

All railroad employees are seasoned travellers and demand more than superficial hospitality. They want a resting place where they can be truly comfortable—and at the Queen's they get what they want.

THE QUEEN'S
MONTREAL

Odd Bits in Canadian News

Two yearling cattle of W. Thompson, a farmer near Dundalk, Ont., took a keen liking to horseradish and devoured a large quantity in the garden with the result that in a few hours they bloated up and died.

British Columbia has had a record pack of canned salmon this year, practically all of which has been disposed of. The total pack amounted to 1,650,000 cases (forty-eight pounds to the case) of the aggregate value of approximately \$10,000,000. The previous highest pack on record was in 1916, when the total was 1,616,157 cases.

Seriously wounded in one of his legs when his gun, which he had placed against a tree, fell and discharged, Carl White, aged 15, of Jones' Falls, Ont., cut bandages from his coat and bound up the leg, making a tourniquet with the aid of a stick. He then walked half a mile to his boat on one bone of the leg, often having to straighten the leg back in place. After reaching the boat he rowed for two miles to a hunting party, where he was taken in charge and a doctor called. He was brought to the Kingston Hospital, where he is doing well.

The death of a sparrow saved the life of a prominent local business man of St. Thomas, Ont. Warming the motor of his automobile by letting it run in his garage, he noticed in a couple of minutes a sparrow fall at his feet. Stooping to pick it up he felt a dizziness creeping over him. He rushed out of doors in time to be revived by fresh air.

His anxiety to see "the wife and kids" led a sojourner in the Rouyn goldfields, Que., to become the first stowaway ever to tempt fate in an aeroplane. Had not fair weather prevailed during the journey the aforementioned "wife and kids" might have seen him no more. In the course of the passage from Rouyn to Angliers Pilot Caldwell, of the Laurentide Air Service, found his machine exceedingly tail-heavy and, upon reaching Angliers, reported a leak in the hull. A search of the aeroplane, however, revealed not a leak but a man. Because there was no other case of its kind on record no effort was made to punish the stowaway.

Apsley Village, in the heart of the hunting country, 35 miles north of Peterboro, Ont., which was recently threatened by destruction

from flames following a dinner fire made by a party of hunters 200 yards away, was saved by the heroic efforts of the women of the village who fought the flames all afternoon with wet sacks and blankets.

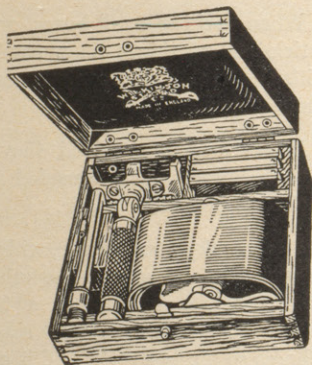
George Lyndbal, a farmer of O'Connor Township, near Fort William, Ont., whose house was recently burnt to the ground, this making his fifth house to be destroyed by fire, still consistently refuses to insure his property.

The bride was willing, the best man had his Sunday suit on, and the groom had the proverbial smile, but Magistrate F. Richards, of Winnipeg, was not enthusiastic when a Central European applied to him at the Central Police Station for a "temporary marriage" license. The marriage was to be for three years—in the event of the test proving unsuccessful all "bets" having to be called off. "A permanent license" was the only solution the magistrate explained.

Napoleon Gagnon, who was recently sentenced by Judge Monet, in the Court of Sessions, Montreal, to six months in jail, has spent 30 out of his 58 years behind the bars.

The Wilkinson Hollow Ground Safety Razor

Has No Equal for Satisfaction



Manufactured by The Wilkinson Sword Co. Ltd. of London, England, renowned throughout the world for sharp instruments of the highest quality

The Wilkinson Hollow Ground Safety Razor has all the advantages of a full hollow ground razor added to those of a safety razor.

The full hollow ground blades are made of heavy, finest quality tempered steel and are equal in weight and quality to the blade of a full hollow ground razor. This is the only type of blade which gives a perfect shave.

The first cost of a Wilkinson Hollow Ground Safety Razor is the last cost, because the blades last a lifetime. A special Stropping Machine is supplied with the larger sets, and a few strokes of the blade on this machine, immediately after use, keeps a perfect edge on the blade.

With one blade and extra handle for
stropping \$3.00
Three blades and extra handles 5.00
Three blades with English hide automatic
stropping (as illustrated) 8.50
Seven blades, etched for each day of the week,
with automatic stropper 13.50

Mappin & Webb

CANADA LIMITED

353 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST, MONTREAL

The Message of Christmas

Written for Canadian Railroader by LOIS I. STEPHENSON



*"The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young."*



HOW true that is! What is so old as a Christmas tree? And yet each returning year sees all Christendom, children and grown-ups alike, planning for its celebration as if it were something far other than that which took its origin among the mazes of antiquity and which generations have handed down to us as a symbol of our faith.

It is one of the delights of Christmas, and possibly its most powerful mystery, that with every re-appearance it inspires mankind with a deep sense of wonder, akin to that which urged the shepherds onward under the stars of the Judaean sky over nineteen centuries ago.

"..... And there were in the same country shepherds, keeping watch over their flocks by night" Every Yuletide as we read again the story of the babe born in the little town of Bethlehem we are impressed anew with its mystic beauty and feel our hearts kindling in response to its message of peace and good-will to the world.

* * *

As far back as the gloomy days of early November the spirit of Christmas is abroad. Feel as glum and morose as you like but if you wander into a big shop which is beginning to deck itself out in holly-wreaths and evergreen, and where the stream of shoppers is steadily growing as it searches for those things which are to express its good wishes, you will catch some of the glow of Yuletide in spite of yourself.

Surely one of the most delightful features of the holiday season is the feeling of generosity it engenders. One gazes at red berries and tinsely evergreens through frosted windows and one's heart begins to tingle with the Christmas spirit which longs to express itself in deeds of helpfulness and love. Cynics may scoff and misers frown, but at the approach of every twenty-fifth of December the

kindly ones, whose comfortable hearts have shed a warm light over this sad old world ever since the vicissitudes of man's existence began to form the key-note of its music, will continue to shout, "Hail" and "A Merry Christmas" throughout the length and breadth of Christendom.

"We shan't pay any attention to Christmas this year," the cynic annually announces, "we can't afford to." Fortunately for him his family permit him to enjoy a monopoly of this view-point—until the great day arrives—and then he basks with the rest in its genial atmosphere. Providence is forbearing, indeed.

"What matter if some of our own desires go ungratified," the charitable ones say, "so long as the great-souled spirit of Christmas penetrates to some heart, otherwise discouraged and alone, and lights there an answering taper?"

For Yuletide is a time of lonely hearts as well as of happy ones. How many individuals far from home and friends, wander the streets of great cities at this time of the year and gaze longingly through curtained windows to where happy folk, in homes lit by soft-shaded lamps, are celebrating around the festive board?

* * *

To extend the hand of good fellowship to one of these solitary travellers along the highway of life; to send a ray of sunshine among the shadows of some discouraged soul; to make the wistful face of a child light up with joy at receiving a gift from Santa Claus—these surely are some of the reasons why Christmas returns to us—to call our attention to the little things. For, as Stevenson said, it is the little things that are so important, after all. "The mean speech, the mean silence, the calumnious truth, the backbiter, the petty tyrant," these cause so many of the world's heartaches.

"To be honest, to be kind—to earn a little and to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered, to keep a few friends and these without capitulation—above all, on the same given condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." It would seem that R. L. S. has here translated for everyday use the very essence of the Yuletide message.

* * *

Surely Christmas was meant to be not only one glorious day in the whole of the year's pageant but also a time for quickening our eagerness to perform untiringly those small acts of kindness and of love which "redly gleam through life's unlit Decembers," which dispel the gloom of discouragement and open the windows of the soul to the glorious sunlight of peace and good-will.

Yes, this old world of ours is a delightful place to be in at Christmas time.

Useful Hints

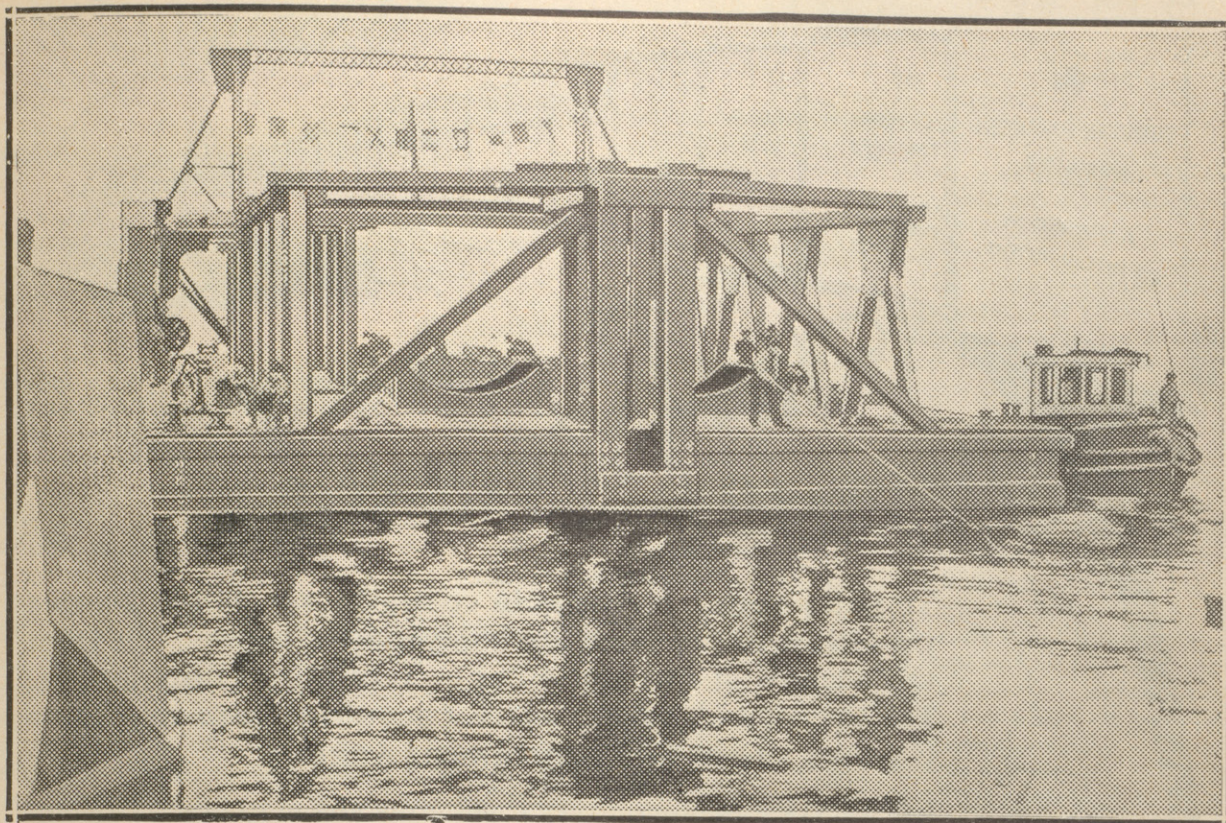
A quantity of unruly papers, or any other tiresome parcel, not intended for post, can be tied up more securely with elastic than with tape or string. Whereas you must be able to make a decent knot, if string is to hold tight, any knot holds with elastic, provided you have pulled it firmly round the bundle before tying.

When packing small boxes, or any similar article full of things, in a trunk, tie round with elastic and the contents can't possibly come to grief.

Heavy beads, provided they have large enough holes, can be threaded securely into necklaces on friend elastic.

A band of garter elastic, with strong hook at one end and eye at the other, is better than tape for holding in a tailored shirt blouse at the waist. One can adjust the fullness so nicely over it and it never lets the folds escape. The band should be made quite separate from the blouse, so that it can be used with any.





BUILDING THE WORLD'S LARGEST PILE DRIVER

This is "Tarzan" the 1000 ton scow recently built and launched in Vancouver. Constructed by the Wallace Shipyards, Vancouver "Tarzan" will carry the largest floating pile driver in the world to be used by the Sydney E. Jenkins Company, B.C., Limited, for the handling of the huge 30 ton concrete piles which will go into the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway's new deep sea pier now in course of erection at Vancouver.

Approximately 300,000 feet of British Columbia fir have gone into the building of this scow. The pile driving machinery which has been assembled in Vancouver consists of two Scotch Marine oil burning boilers, a complete generating and lighting plant, several hoisting engines, a steel leader 90 foot high and two 30-ton derricks.

Tea-cup Time

Some Notable and Prodigious Drinkers

ACCORDING to frequent gossip paragraphs many of our present-day literary giants seek afternoon relaxation by sipping cups of tea down Chelsea (England) way. In this gentle pastime they are only following in the footsteps of their predecessors, for many eminent men have confessed to a partiality for the cup that cheers.

But it is very much to be doubted whether any modern writer would feel equal to finishing off twenty-seven cups at a sitting. That, however, was quite an average amount for Dr. Johnson, and he was quite frank about his abnormal taste, calling himself "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning."

During his short life of twenty years Thomas Chatterton became a confirmed tea-

drinker, and at each meal of the day would dispose of six or seven cups of strong tea. Even then he was rarely satisfied, and would rise from table regretting that all supplies were gone. When he left Bristol he told his sister that, "For all the good tea Mrs. Edkins had given him, he would, if he did well, send her as good a teapot and stand of silver as money could purchase."

William Hazlitt had an almost uncanny affection for the beverage. He would allow no one but himself to make it, and so peculiar was the concoction that no one but himself would drink it either. His method was to half fill the pot with tea leaves, add boiling water, and immediately pour out the brew. Then after immense quantities of sugar and cream had been added, the drink was ready.

The great statesman and litterateur, Gladstone, was another devotee of the cup that cheers. If "tea on the terrace" had been the popular institution it is now, Gladstone would not have appeared so regularly in the House, for very rarely did he refuse a cup of tea at any hour of the day—or night for

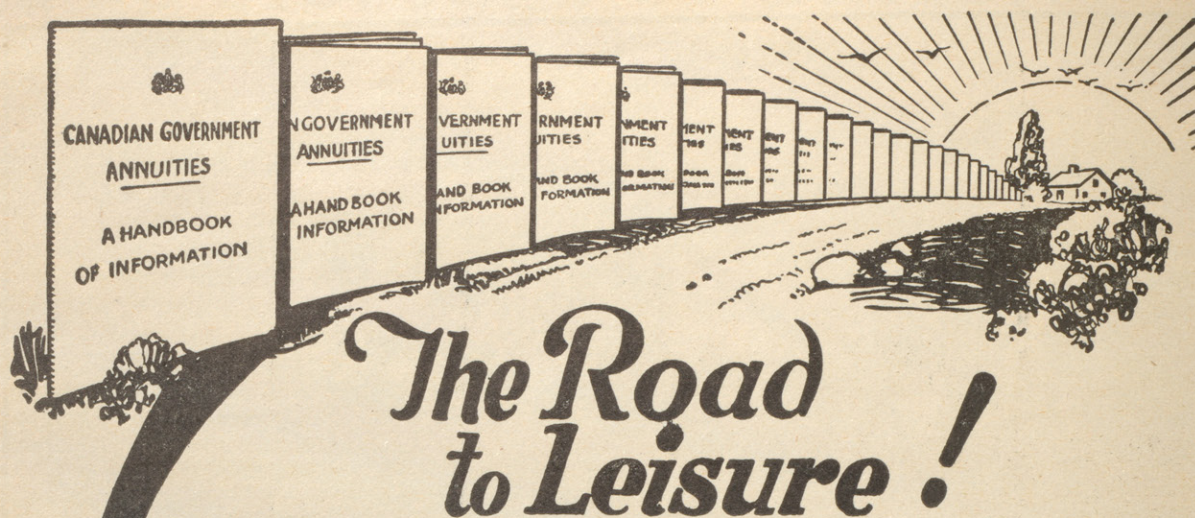
that matter. Indeed, every evening before he retired his wife filled a water-bottle with strong tea, and in the morning there was seldom any left!

Bishop Burnet regularly drank twenty-five cups each morning, while the somewhat dyspeptic FitzGerald confessed that the only meal he could really enjoy was tea; "tea pure and simple, with bread and butter."

Lewis Carroll's partiality for tea took a strange form. Like Hazlitt, he always brewed his own, but in the midst of his composition he walked about the room swinging the pot backwards and forwards while the tea steeped. It is on record that the "Mad Tea Party," in the delightful fantasy of "Alice in Wonderland," was composed while the author was thus engaged.

Father: "I never kissed a girl until I met your mother. Will you be able to say the same to your son when you become a married man?"

Son: "Not with such a straight face as you can, father."



To enjoy your later years in comfort, you should provide yourself with a certain and independent income, free from the hazards of speculation or even of minor fluctuations. The easiest and surest means of acquiring such an income is to buy a Canadian Government Annuity.

EASIEST—because on very easy terms you may buy a Government Annuity of any amount from \$50 to \$5,000 a year, commencing at any age you choose and lasting as long as life. There are plans of purchase under which you may protect the interests of your wife or dependents for a term of years certain. No medical examination is required.

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These Annuities cannot be seized for debt, cannot be forfeited, and are free from Dominion Income Tax. For full particulars fill out and mail this coupon.

MAIL THIS COUPON—NO POSTAGE NEEDED

**4 Department of Labour—Annuities
Branch, Ottawa, Ont.**

A 93

Please send me the "Handbook of Information" and full particulars as to cost of a Canadian Government Annuity. My age last birthday was years.

Full Name
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Post Office Address

The "Red Flannel" Wife

"It's the Little Things that Matter"

By ANDREW SOUTAR in the "Sunday Chronicle"

BEFORE taking his life an out-of-work suicide this past week wrote to his wife a letter in which he reproached her for having misdirected a letter to W. 1, instead of to S.W. 1, the result of the delay in delivering being that the advertised post had been filled long before he called.

The newspapers were more intrigued by a racing prophecy which the wretched man left: Bolet Satan for the Cesarewitch (second, by the way), but his commentary on the misdirecting of the letter: "Silly little things like that don't appeal to you," fastened on my imagination.

I know nothing of the inner side of this tragedy, and that which follows is but a general reflection.

The little things of life! Years ago, when I was a cub reporter in the Divorce Courts, young, yet woefully surfeited with the debris of shattered romances, an undefended action, one dull and wearisome afternoon, infused into the court a strange, an inexplicable atmosphere of sadness.

Counsel representing the aggrieved husband held in his hand a tiny mauve envelope which contained the erring wife's note of confession. It was all the evidence the judge required to justify his severing the marriage bonds.

"It seems a silly little thing," said counsel, toying with the letter. "It is the silly little things of life that make or mar our happiness," said the judge, moved to sentiment, probably by the pitying smile on counsel's face.

In the majority of cases it is the silly little rocks on which the domestic ship is wrecked, not the towering cliffs with their beetling crags. Supreme magnanimity does not lie in the forgiving of a great offence but the tolerating of little failings and irritations.

Tact in a woman is more precious than good looks; thoughtfulness in a husband (in so-called little things) endears him to a wife when achievement and social advancement would leave her cold.

Little things—little courtesies, little marks of sympathy and understanding—leave an indelible impress on the mind when other favors of seemingly vaster import, but lacking spontaneity, are forgotten within a week. Few men and women care to admit that they attach significance to the little things, because fear of being dubbed a sentimentalist is very real, but there are few who do not cherish the memory of some minor act of thoughtfulness.

Wife's Plea

When Oscar Wilde was being conducted from prison to attend his bankruptcy proceedings he had to wait on a railway station between his warders. City workers from the

suburbs recognised the fallen idol as he was standing there, his hands manacled; some of them jeered, but one man, remembering the genius of the "Lord of Language," raised his hat in sympathy!

When he came to write his tragic memoirs, Wilde recalled that simple act: "Some men," he wrote, "have gone straight to heaven for less than that."

In married life men (and women) are prone to take things for granted. Romance, for them, ends with possession. I have heard it said that no man understands a woman in the morning; I have known very few who tried. Among the many letters received from readers last week there was one from a woman



The Optimistic Giver

FOLKS always like my Christmas gifts,
No matter what I pick.
They love the things I choose for them;
I've never had a kick.

Now, there was cousin Lucy, who
I gave a waffle grill.
She and Bill don't eat waffles,
So it looks real pretty still.

I gave Bro. Jake a landscape
To hang up on his wall.
He said it would delight his horse,
And hung it in the stall.

I love my girl Marie so much,
I gave her all the earth—
An atlas, to be more exact,
To read upon the hearth.

Pop said he loved the listerine,
Ma's wild about the dishpan.
I try to give them useful things,—
If anyone can, I can.

When Christmas time is over,
My friends all write to me,
To tell how much they liked my gifts;
They sound pleased as can be.

Folks always like my presents,
No matter what I pick.
They love the things I choose for them;
I've never had a kick.
—S. B., in College Comics.



whose heart was obviously pining for just those little acts of thoughtfulness which make all the difference between love triumphant and love in tatters.

"Do write an article for selfish husbands," she pleaded. "It amuses me to read about restless women, because the average middle-class woman has no chance to be restless. No servants, the children to look after, meals to cook, and generally a selfish man to valet! I do not care to leave my children of an evening, and night after night when they have gone to bed I sit alone, for my husband goes out to play cards. I am still young, yet when I ask if we can't entertain a little I am told that we can't afford it!"

A little further on: "Oh, I feel it would be happiness indeed if my husband were to sit at home with me one night."

But there are thoughtless wives also—wives who dismiss the little things of life as belonging to romantic youth and having no place in everyday life. There are wives who make themselves housekeepers from the day they return from the honeymoon; they take so much pride in being housekeepers that they have no patience with sentiment.

While a husband may like to feel that his household is well managed, he will get more happiness out of a pocketful of bills and a wife who never forgets how she attracted him to her in the beginning.

The most happily-married couple I ever met were an artist and his wife; they were playing the lovers far up into middle-age, for each had a sense of humor, each studied the little things that might appeal to the other. But even they had their moments when "sameness" and routine threatened, and it was then that they indulged an eccentricity as an antidote.

Station Comedy

They lived in the suburbs, and they would agree to go to town by different trains. On the platform, at Victoria, he would recognise her in the crowd, raise his hat, and "make her acquaintance." It might have been their first meeting. He would propose a little dinner at some quiet restaurant in Soho, or a theatre or music-hall. . . .

Played the lover all the while, and—well, it was foolish perhaps, but they derived an immense amount of joy out of it, even if he was seized by a station policeman one night, while the chuckling wife was asked: "Is this fellow annoying you, madam?"

There's a type of wife who might be classed among the "red flannel" women. Void of imagination. Satisfied that the ring on her finger binds the man to her. A woman who lost her taste for dainty frocks and elegant

(Continued on page 72)

"A-1 At Lloyd's"

A Great National Institution at Work

From John O' London's Weekly

THE impending removal of Lloyd's from the Royal Exchange, which the corporation has occupied since 1774, to the site of the old East India Company's offices (now being demolished) in Leadenhall Street, has aroused considerable interest in all quarters of the globe.

Though Lloyd's is a household term throughout the whole world, it is very doubtful if the average man could give an accurate account of its real activities other than to hint vaguely of its connection with shipping and marine insurance.

Actually, the business originated in a coffee-house kept by one Edward Lloyd, first of all in Tower Street, and then at the corner of Abchurch Lane and Lombard Street. Very little is known of Lloyd's personal history. But we do know that his coffee-house was specially patronized by men interested in shipping matters, and it was here that marine insurance as a separate class of business had its birth and infancy. Much information, though unfortunately very fragmentary, has been gleaned from the advertisements that appeared in the London Gazette of his day. In 1668 we find the following:—

On the 10th inst. a middle-sized man, having black curled hair, pockholes in his face, an old brown riding coat, and a black beaver hat, was suspected to have taken away five watches.

And after further details, it ends:—

Whoever gives Notice of them to Mr. Edward Lloyd at his Coffee House in Tower

St., or to Mr. Edward Bransby in Darby, shall have a guinea reward.

It was in this coffee-house in Abchurch Lane that numerous auctions periodically took place. Pepys, the famous diarist, wrote under date November 6th, 1660:—

To our office, where we met all, for the sale of two ships by an inch of candle (the first time that ever I saw any of this kind), where I observed how they do invite one another, and at last how they all do cry, and we have much to do to tell who did cry last. The ships were the Indian, sold for £1,300, and the Half Moon, sold for £530.

The method of auction was as follows: A pin was thrust through a candle, about an inch from the top, and the bidding continued until the candle burnt down to the pin.

Lloyd died in 1712, a few years before the foundation of the first marine insurance company. Eight years later, the year of the South Sea Bubble, Lloyd's was reorganized and became known as a place where insurances were taken out. In the years following, the business transacted at the coffee-house rapidly increased, and the members were finding their small accommodation extremely inadequate.

Several building schemes were proposed, but for unaccountable reasons (probably apathy on the part of its members) came to nothing. It was not until John Julius Angerstein, a young man of extreme talent, took the bold expedient of renting rooms in the Royal Exchange, on his own initiative, that the removal took place; and Lloyd's

have remained there, except for a few years between 1838 and 1842, when the building was burnt down for the second time, up to the present day.

Marine Insurance.

The word "underwriter" originally meant one who insures ships and their cargoes against loss or damage, but now most underwriters are prepared to undertake almost any kind of risk. The name, of course, is derived from the fact that such write their names under the wording of the policy.

Lloyd's differ from the insurance companies inasmuch that, if anyone wishes to do business with the underwriters, he must find a broker to act as medium. If, for instance, a shipowner requires his vessel insured at Lloyd's, he goes to an insurance broker and asks him to obtain a "quote"—i.e., ascertain at what rate the underwriters are prepared to undertake the insurance. After looking up the vessel in the Register and finding out to what class she belongs and generally making himself acquainted with the risk, the "broker" goes up to Lloyd's and obtains his "quote." If the rate is satisfactory, the policy is then signed by the underwriter, and the transaction is considered completed. Claims are settled in the same way.

It is interesting to know, though many are ignorant of the fact, that Lloyd's as a corporation cannot be sued. Each underwriter must be sued separately. Thus Lloyd's can be described as a number of individuals who carry on business as brokers or underwriters for their own personal profit, the Committee being only interested to the extent of laying down regulations to safeguard the interests of members as well as those of policy-holders.

To-day Lloyd's is one of the most up-to-date institutions in the world. It possesses a vast system of indexing by which the whereabouts of vessels in every part of the world can be quickly ascertained. Besides this, there is the Register of British and Foreign Shipping, which gives the fullest details of every British vessel of one hundred tons and upwards, such as class, dimensions, tonnage, etc., and includes many foreign-owned ships as well.

It is from this Register that the now familiar term "A1 at Lloyd's" is derived—"A" representing a first-class ship's hull, and the figure "1" a first-class equipment of masts, spars, etc. This applies, however, only to wooden ships. The symbol for the highest class of iron vessel is "100 A1." Thus, by referring to this register, an underwriter can see at a glance a vessel's condition and fitness to undertake any particular voyage.

Harvey Tailored Underwear

Creates that Subtle Feeling of Being
Well Dressed

Perfect fit of any gown depends to a great extent upon your underwear.

Harvey underwear, made of the very finest of combed Sea Island mercerized, is of gossamer fineness yet provides long wear.

The seat and underarms, where the bulk of the wear occurs, are reinforced with an added thickness of material; the non-slip shoulder feature the extra fullness of bust, the narrowed back, the extra width of seat and thigh and flat locked seams insure snugness and perfect wear. Harvey underwear is not stretched; and as a result moulds itself to the body, relieving all strain and chafing.

Harvey underwear is made in a variety of shades and styles. Truly it is the part of wisdom to look for the Harvey label on your next underwear purchase.

Harvey products—underwear and hosiery—are well known to discriminating buyers. Ask your dealer about them. If he does not stock them, write us.

To the Trade: Full range of hosiery and underwear may be seen at our sample room, 33 Melinda Street, Toronto.

MADE ONLY BY

Harvey Knitting Company, Limited
Woodstock, Ontario

There is also a Captains' Register in the Brokers' Room at Lloyd's that gives each man's full mercantile history, age, and date and place of his birth; the names of the ships in which he has served and in what capacity; and whether these vessels have sustained damage while in his care. Then, Lloyd's again have established wireless stations and signal stations at many important points on the coast of the United Kingdom and abroad, and there is a Lloyd's agent or sub-agent at every port in the world.

Losses at Sea.

As you enter the "Room" (the familiar synonym for Lloyd's as "House" is for the Stock Exchange) you are confronted by a stand on which is placed a ponderous tome called the "Loss Book." In this book are entered all the serious marine casualties reported to Lloyd's. Something like 3,000 losses are entered in the course of the year. On some occasions during the War no fewer than twenty-five to thirty total losses, representing thousands of tons of shipping, were recorded in its pages in one day, with the significant remark, "Sunk by German submarine."

From where one stands by the "Loss Book" a good view of the Room can be had. Down the centre of the Underwriting Room extend three rows of desks, or boxes as they are called. At these boxes the underwriters are seated, together with their deputies, awaiting the broker with his business. The gangways between are always crowded to their utmost capacity, and one requires a certain amount of agility to avoid the numerous collisions that are always threatening to take place.

By the "Crier"—who sits in a kind of pulpit facing the Underwriting Room, and whose work it is to call out the names of those required outside—is hung the old ship's bell of the Lutine, which was lost on one of the shoals off the Zuider Zee in 1799 with a treasure in her holds of nearly one million pounds sterling. The bell was recovered from the wreck years and years ago. To-day, whenever an overdue vessel arrives safely, the bell's solemn tones ring out twice, and in the tense silence that follows one catches the sighs of relief coming from underwriters heavily interested in the vessel's fate. But should the bell ring out only once, then one knows the worst has happened.

Every kind of insurance (except life) is done at Lloyd's. In the old days underwriters often issued policies on Napoleon's life; on slaves, valued in one particular policy at £45 each, (\$225); against lying, slander, the chastity of women, etc. To-day risks are often taken out against or for the success of a League of Nations Conference, depending, of course, on the underwriter's personal opinion; then, large insurances are effected on the probability of vessels ashore or on fire becoming total losses; on the probable alterations in the rates of duty when the Budget is due, and for or against the Labor Party obtaining a working majority in the

next election. You can also pay a premium to insure the payment of a certain sum should your holidays be spoilt by an excess of rain or should your wife increase your household cares by presenting you with twins; all these risks and countless others are covered every day at Lloyd's.

As the biographer of Angerstein wrote:—

Lloyd's coffee-house is now an Empire within itself—an Empire which, in point of commercial sway, variety of powers, and almost incalculable resources, gives laws to the trading part of the universe; and, if combining its authority with the great mass of business below (Royal Exchange), there is not a place upon the face of the earth that vies with this palladium of English merchants.

May that remain true for ever!

Eggs three years old but fresh enough for omelets, fish three years caught but good enough for supper is the dazzling prospect held out by A. F. Spawn, dehydrated food expert, of Albany, N.Y., who recently paid a visit to Montreal. With him, Mr. Spawn had a three-year old sheep's tongue as well as onions, cabbages and carrots which had not smelt of earth for many months. The process of dehydration is synonymous with evaporation, according to Mr. Spawn, and consists of driving the water, which is such a large constituent of most foods, out of the food in question without steaming or boiling or use of chemicals by passing hot air over the product. Under this process, the food retains all its nutritive qualities and natural flavor, and can be kept indefinitely without going bad. To cook dehydrated foods the housewife must first cover them with water when they begin immediately to swell up and regain their natural freshness and color, having had restored to them the water taken from them by the dehydration process.

A young deer equipped with eight legs, by means of which it could propel itself both forwards and backwards, and with its head facing towards its tail when in what appeared to be the natural position, but so that the face could be turned completely around, was lately shot on the Miramichi road, not far from Bathurst, N.B.

Memorizing yards of figures, thousands of dates, and jumbled up words, is but play to Naum Lipofsky, who recently visited McGill University, the guest of Professor Tait. The first "turn" consisted of giving the logarithms of any numbers, to the fourth degree. Mr. Lipofsky next volunteered to tell the day upon which any date from the year 1 A.D. occurred. Several members gave their birth-dates, the speaker telling the day of the week correctly.

Burglars have varied tastes, according to an item appearing recently in the press. Entering a home in Montreal during the absence of the family, thieves removed one violin, two safety razors, two suits of clothes and one gallon of white paint, the whole valued at \$130 by the victim of the robbery.

Tempted by the attractions of Montreal, a woman in Quebec City confessed that seven months ago she had set fire to curtains in her home to get \$15 from the insurance companies, no more, no less, and that after she judged there was sufficient damage caused to pay her expenses to Montreal she extinguished the fire and sent a boy to get the money from the insurance people. She got four months from Judge Choquette in the Court of Sessions instead.

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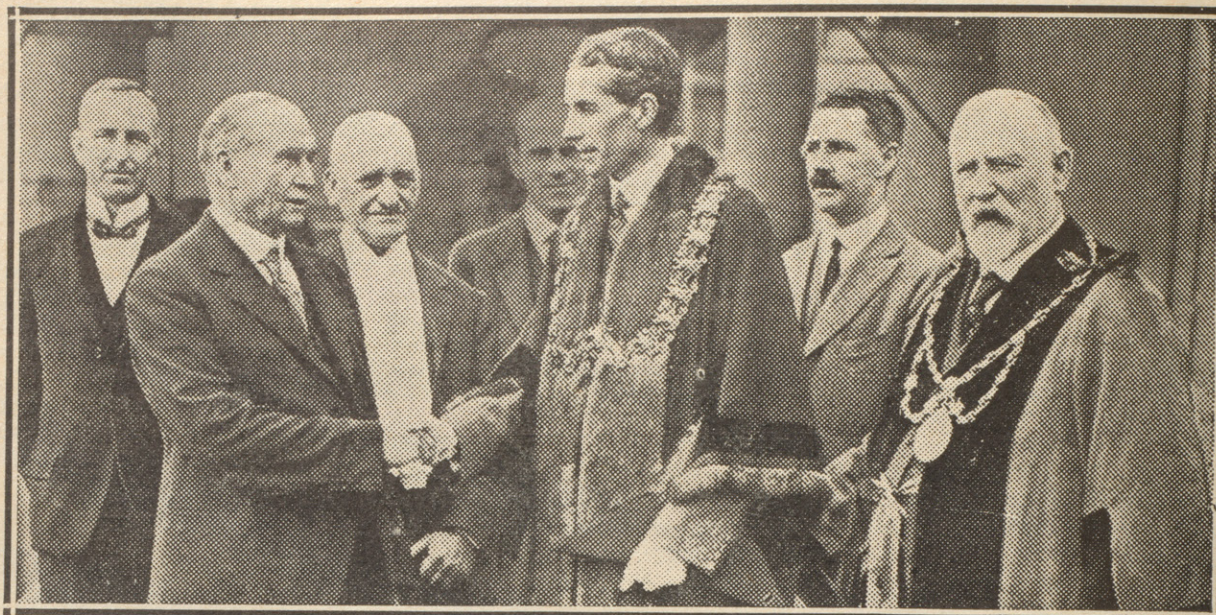
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CANADIANS ATTEND BAR ASSOCIATION MEETING

Photograph shows the Mayor and Sheriff of Southampton shaking hands with His Honour Sir James Aikins, Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba and President of the Canadian Bar Association, on the arrival of the Canadian Pacific liner "Montlaurier" at Southampton.

The "Red Flannel" Wife

(Continued from page 69)

hose and aromatic powder after she began housekeeping. That woman encourages neglectfulness in her husband. What man complains of his wife's extravagance in dress if she dresses to please him?

The "red flannel" wife develops a red flannel mind and tastes; she's too tired to change her dress of an evening if "there's nobody coming to see us," she's too tired to go out, too tired to talk about anything save the hardships a wife has to endure if she isn't married to a fat bank balance. The husband is only too glad of an excuse to slip away with his male friends.

Study the little things of life and the big troubles lose all their forbidding aspect when they come along. In a little village near here there is a man of middle-age who is never without a smile. He has never achieved anything about which the world will write, although the great wish of his youth was that he might travel and see the world. And he married a woman who shared that longing with him.

The places they would visit—Egypt, China, Japan, the United States!

"Happy," he said to me, one night. "None happier than we. And because we always studied the little things. She never gave me room to grumble, always kept me thinking I was mighty lucky to have got her and if I didn't value her as I ought there'd

be heaps who would. The day after we married we set our minds on travelling, and we've always talked it as though it were a second honeymoon we were going on."

Since that conversation he and I have often talked of places in the far corners of the world. If I mention any port in which I have anchored I'll wager he can tell me all about it. "Colombo! Do you know the Galle Face Hotel?" "Singapore! I suppose you stayed at Raffles?" "Yokohama! Stayed on the Bluff, I'll bet?" You would think that the fellow had been all over the East, and yet he hasn't been outside the village.

As I go to the post with this, to-night, I shall pass his little house in the quaint village street. And "Lady," the young Alsatian, who has come to carry on the broken com-

panionship with "Jack," the terrier, will halt at his garden gate and fling up her head inquiringly.

There will be a light in the bedroom, the window of which is always wide open, and we shall hear the man who always studied the little things—we shall hear him reading aloud to the wife who always studied the little things: he will be reading of the East, of Egypt and Japan, of all the wonder places they would have visited in the fulness of time if tuberculosis hadn't obtruded itself and insisted that she should glimpse them only through an open window the while her husband reads aloud.

Yes, it's the little things that count—the little tendernesses, the little acts of grace that are as the keystone of the bridge across which we travel from one life to another.

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Historic Site at Friendly Cove, B.C.



The historic past of the Nootka section of the West Coast was recalled recently when Lieutenant-Governor Walter C. Nichol, of British Columbia, unveiled and dedicated a monument commemorating the explorations of those great English navigators, Captain Cook and Captain Vancouver.

The monument was built under the auspices of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada which is placing similar memorials across the Dominion on sites hallowed by interesting chapters of Canadian history.

A large party travelled on the Canadian Pacific S.S. Princess Maquinna for the ceremony and left the steamer at the cannery wharf, boarding launches for the short run to Friendly Cove. The party included Lieutenant-Governor Nichol, H. J. S. Muskett, his secretary, Judge Howay and Mr. Forsyth, Dr. C. S. Newcombe, the well-known historical authority who wrote the "Circumnavigation of Vancouver Island," Prof. W. N. Sage of the University of British Columbia, Mrs. R. B. McMicking, representing the I.O.D.E., Mrs. and Miss Howay, Thomas Deasy, late Indian agent for the Queen Charlotte agency and a pioneer of 1859, Dr. David Donald, Mrs. Cave-Browne-Cave, and Professor Macmillan Brown, chancellor of the University of New Zealand. Dr. Macmillan Brown is one of the leading ethnologists of the Pacific, and has been spending the summer on the coast investigating the Indians and their customs.

The new monument is seven feet broad by eleven feet high, with a standard size bronze tablet bearing the following inscription:

"Nootka Sound, discovered by Capt. Cook, in March, 1778. In June, 1789, Spain took possession and established and maintained a settlement until 1795. The capture of British vessels in 1789 almost led to war, which was avoided by the Nootka Convention, 1790. Vancouver and Quadra met here in August, 1792, to determine the land to be restored under the convention."

A feature of the entertainment provided those who took part in the unveiling ceremony was the Indian dancing, arranged by aborigines from Clayoquot Sound, the Wicaninish of the early navigators' journals.

Tentative plans are afoot for an elaborate pageant to be held at Friendly Cove, Nootka Island, in four years time to celebrate the 150th anniversary of events commemorated by the unveiling of the cairn.

of the Lord of Misrule began on All Hallows eve, and lasted till Candlemas day.

The favorite pastimes over which he presided were gaming, music, conjuring, dipping for nuts and apples, dancing, fool plough hot cockles, blind man's buff, etc.

Various Christian preachers, such as St. Bernard, have taken occasion to remonstrate with their flocks for paying too great attention to the festive character of the season and too little to its more solemn aspects.

The favorite dishes for breakfast and supper at this time were the boar's head with an apple or an orange in the mouth and set off with rosemary, plum pudding and mince pies. The houses and churches were decked with evergreens, especially with mistletoe, to which a traditional sacredness has attached since the days of the Druids.

Acquiring Experience.

A stranger, visiting a country town, went into a public bar and called for a glass of special whiskey. Watering the spirit to his fancy, he was just about to put the glass to his lips when a young man standing beside him, said, "Beg your pardon, sir! I suppose you can't drink the water in that glass and leave the spirit?" The stranger's lip curled as he replied, "Certainly not; nor could anybody else! The thing's absurd!" "Oh, no, it isn't!" said the young man decisively. "You can learn something in this town." "Nonsense!" was the reply. "It can't be done." "I'll bet you a penny I can do it!" said the young man emphatically. "I take your bet!" said the stranger. The young man took up the glass of "special," looked into it critically, and then drank it. Looking with apparent amazement at the empty glass, he exclaimed, "By Jove, sir, I've lost!" And he handed over a penny. The stranger looked at the fellow keenly, and then his features relaxed. "Certainly I've learned something here!" he said.

A baby was being weighed before an admiring group.

"I will give a dollar an ounce for him," said a sporting uncle.

The babe's small sister pondered deeply over this, and presently offered some advice to her mother.

"I wouldn't sell baby till he's bigger," she said. "He'll fetch more then."

"I've been expecting a packet of medicine by post for a week, and haven't received it yet."

Post Office Clerk: "Yes, madam. Kindly fill in this form, and state the nature of your complaint."

"Well, it's no business of yours, but if you really must know, it's rheumatism. I get it very bad across my shoulders."

Parasol ants derive their name from a habit of biting off pieces of leaves much larger than themselves and carrying them over their heads.

Old Christmas Customs

IN all civilized countries the annual recurrence of Christmas has been celebrated with festivities of various kinds. In none, however, was it more joyfully welcomed than in England, where even still the "old honor" has not altogether fled.

In that country it was the custom on Christmas eve, after the usual devotions

were over, to light large candles and throw on the hearth a huge log, called the Yule log, or Christmas block. At court and in the houses of the wealthy, an officer, named the Lord of Misrule, was appointed to superintend the revels; and in Scotland a similar functionary used to be appointed under the title of the Abbot of Unreason till the year 1555, when the office was abolished by Act of Parliament. The reign

Mark Twain's Autobiography

"I SPEAK from the grave rather than with my living tongue, for a good reason; I can speak thence freely."

Mark Twain has been dead fourteen years and seven months, and these words in the preface to his autobiography, which he stipulated was not to be published until many years after his death, prepare the readers for some piquant and startling revelations. The piquancy is there all right, but there is nothing that will surprise his admirers, and those who expected the author of "Huckleberry Finn" to appear in the role of an American Rousseau will be disappointed. But these two fat volumes will rejoice the hearts of a host of readers who will revel in these pages of good-natured satire of himself, his family, and his friends.

There are some amusing stories of his childhood. Concerning a Dr. Meredith, the family physician, Mark Twain says that he saved his life several times. Then he adds: "Still, he was a good man and meant well. Let it go."

"I was always told that I was a sickly and precarious and tiresome and uncertain child, and lived mainly on allopathic medicines during the first seven years of my life. I asked my mother about this, in her old age—she was in her eighty-eighth year—and said:—

"I suppose that during all that time you were uneasy about me?"

"Yes, the whole time."

"Afraid I wouldn't live?"

"After a reflective pause—ostensibly to think out the facts—'No—afraid you would.'"

It was when Cleveland was about to become President of the United States that Mark Twain called on his old friend at the Capitol in Washington. Being, as he says, "born lazy," Mark sat on the corner of a table while his friend and Cleveland remained standing and talking:—

"There appeared to be about sixteen doors to that spacious room. From each door a young man now emerged, and the sixteen lined up and moved forward and stood in front of the Governor with an aspect of respectful expectancy in their attitude. No one spoke for a moment. Then the Governor said: 'You are dismissed, gentlemen. Your services are not required. Mr. Clemens is sitting on the bells.'"

Later on he called on the President at the White House:—

"When we reached the White House and I was shaking hands with the President, he started to say something, but I interrupted him and said, 'If your Excellency will excuse me, I will come back in a moment; but now I have a very important matter to attend to, and it must be attended to at once.' I turned to Mrs. Cleveland, the young, the beautiful, the fascinating, and

gave her my card, on which I had written 'He did not'—and I asked her to sign her name below these words.

"She said: 'He did not? He did not what?'"

"Oh," I said, "never mind. We cannot stop to discuss that now. This is urgent. Won't you please sign your name?" (I handed her a fountain pen.)

"Why," she said. "I cannot commit myself in that way. Who is it that didn't?—and what is it that he didn't?"

"Oh," I said, "time is flying, flying, flying! Won't you take me out of my distress and sign your name to it? It's all right. I give you my word it's all right!"

Mrs. Cleveland thereupon signed her name and then Mark handed her a note written by his wife. It said: "Don't wear your arctics in the White House" [large goshes with tops to them]. This was Mark's device for proving to his wife that he had obeyed orders.

The German Language.

Mark Twain is very funny at the expense of the German language, what he calls "jumbling a lot of words into one in a quite unnecessary way."

By way of illustration, he tells this anecdote:—

"A Dresden paper, the Weidmann, which thinks that there are kangaroos (Beutelratte) in South Africa, says the Hottentots (Hottentoten) put them in cages (kotten) provided with covers (lattengitter) to protect them from the rain. The cages are therefore called lattengitterwetterkotter, and the imprisoned kangaroo lattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte.

"One day an assassin (attentater) was arrested who had killed a Hottentot woman (Hottentotenmutter), the mother of two stupid and stuttering children in Stratterotel. This woman in the German language



If you
Should see a maiden waiting
Underneath the mistletoe,
A quite attractive maiden
Whom, perchance, you did not know,

Would you,
Strolling to her very softly,
As a gentle breeze that blows,
Kiss her under the mistletoe
Or under her powdered nose?

—Chicago Phoenix.



is entitled Hottentotenstrottertrottelmutter, and her assassin takes the name Hottentotenstrottermutterattentater. The murderer was confined in a kangaroo's cage—Beutelrattenlattengitterwetterkotter—whence a few days later he escaped, but fortunately he was recaptured by a Hottentot, who presented himself at the mayor's office with beaming face. 'I have captured the Beutelratte,' said he. 'Which one?' said the mayor; 'we have several.' 'The Attentaterlattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte.' 'Which attentater are you talking about?' 'About the Hottentotenstrottertrottelmutterattentater.' 'Then why don't you say at once the Hottentotenstrottelmutterattentaterlattengitterwetterkotterbeutelratte?'"

Of some oddly addressed letters sent to him, Mark Twain prints the following specimens:—

MARK TWAIN,
SOMEWHERE.

One on a letter from Australia was worded thus:—

MARK TWAIN,
GOD KNOWS WHERE.

"That inscription," he says, "was noted by newspapers here and there and yonder while it was on its travels, and doubtless suggested another odd superscription invented by some stranger in a far-off land—and this was the wording of it:—

MARK TWAIN,
SOMEWHERE,
(TRY SATAN).

"That stranger's trust was not misplaced. Satan courteously sent it along."

Mark Twain once arrived to lecture in a certain town, and as there was nobody there to receive him he went on to the lecture hall and tried to gain admittance, but was stopped by the ticket-taker:—

"Ticket, please."

"I bent over and whispered: 'It's all right. I am the lecturer.'"

"He closed one eye impressively and said, loud enough for all the crowd to hear: 'No you don't. Three of you have got in up to now, but the next lecturer that goes in here to-night pays.'"

There is nothing more delightful in this book than the extracts from the biography of her father written by his thirteen-year-old daughter "Susy," work that she did in her bedroom at night and kept hidden.

Here are two items:—

"Papa uses very strong language, but I have an idea not nearly so strong as when he first married mamma. A lady acquaintance of his is rather apt to interrupt what one is saying, and papa told mamma that he thought he should say to the lady's husband, I am glad your wife wasn't present when the Deity said, 'Let there be light.'"

"Papa is very fond of animals, particularly of cats. . . . The names that he has given our different cats are really remarkably funny, they are namely Stray Kit, Abner, Motley, Fraulein, Lazy, Buffalo Bill, Soapy Sall, Cleveland, Sour Mash, and Pestilence and Famine."

Silver Linings

"An optimist is a bow-legged man who is glad he hasn't got red hair."

LIFE has its compensations. Most of us can see the stars as well as the gutter.

Just beneath my window is a veritable Slough of Despond, which seriously interferes with THIS pilgrim's progress every time he turns out.

Beyond that is a plot of untrodden snow, flashing into uncountable diamonds in the sunlight.

* * * *

On the other side of the wall that bounds my patch of door-yard are the tumble-down, flea-infested henhouses of a neighbor. But between my wall and these rises a stately elm tree, its naked branches etched against the faint blue of the sky.

Near-by is a poplar. It belongs to the man next door, but at night I see the moon, "like a pale golden bubble," high up among its leafless limbs.

Farther away, blocking out almost the whole of my eastern horizon, are the rampantly new red bricks of a rag warehouse. The wide belt that drives the rag-shaker flaps out its monotonous rhythm, and the wheels hum incessantly.

* * * *

But between my window and the warehouse are homely cottages where gladly expectant little folk are awaiting the festival of the Christ Child.

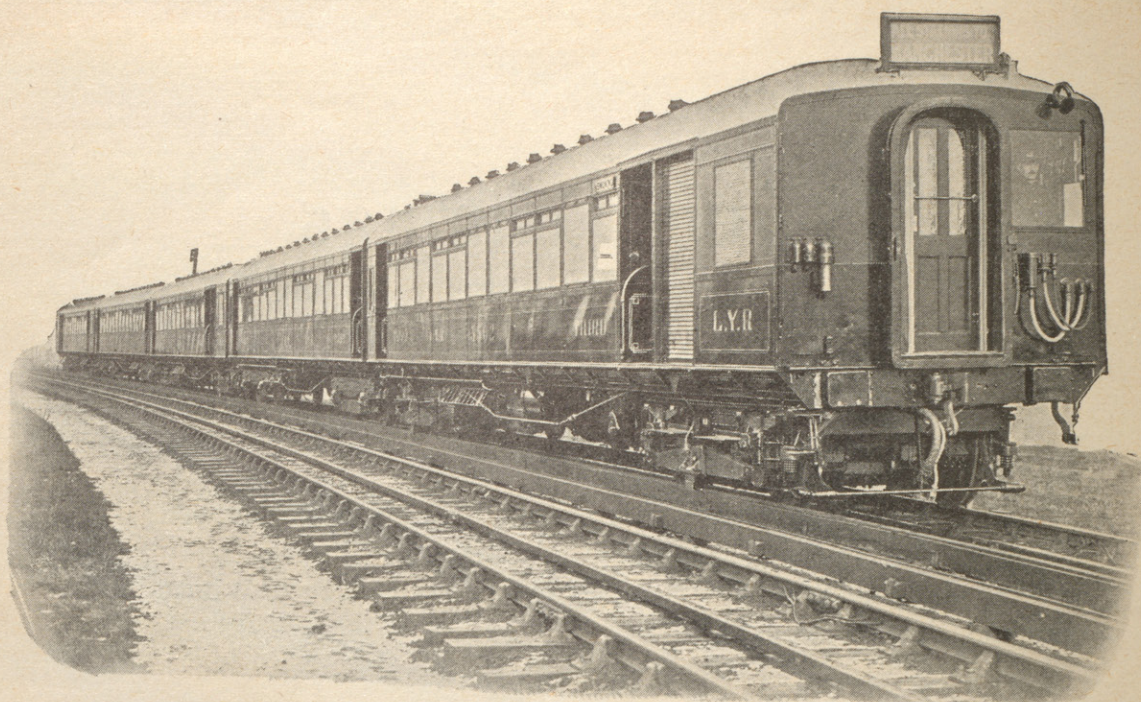
Before long the holly wreaths and the tinsel will be taken down and Christmas will be over for another year. But my heart will still be warm with the glow of Yuletide. The days will soon be lengthening into spring and the little buds swelling under the caress of the wind and the sun.

All of which causes me to reflect that —

Each time we smell the autumn's dying scent
We know that primrose-time will come again.

* * * *

Life, I say, has its compensations.



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The Stuff of Our Dreams

Living the Past Again in Sleep

By E. V. ODLE

THE dreams of primitive man were probably very simple in character, although they need not have been less vivid on that account. Visions of Homeric conflicts with man or beast, mixed up with images of daily toil, together with presentiments of luxury or hardship, most likely formed the dreamstuff in our relatively inexperienced ancestor's brain.

Dreams that recorded experiences outside the zone of the familiar ones caused this early man great consternation. He described them to his friends, adding to his hazy recollection of the fantastic events touches of poetic or dramatic suggestion. Upon these visions seen by the sleepers in the dawn of mankind were first moulded many of the legends, beautiful or horrible, which are crystallized for all time in the human mind.

There is plenty of physiological evidence to show that primitive man must have dreamed often, and that probably the majority of his dreams were nightmares. According to the discoveries of Freud and Jung the nature of our dreams is determined by the position of the body in sleep. The environment of the cave man could hardly have been conducive to sweet dreams. Nor did he awaken to find a reassuring candle or book by his couch, but to real dangers and perplexities.

Another fruitful cause of bad dreams in very early man was the gradual change to the upright position. Even after thousands of years mankind, and in particular woman-kind, is not properly accommodated to the consequences of standing upright. Our stooping ancestor was in many ways a more comfortably disposed creature than ourselves. But, in between, growing man must have suffered from acute visceral trouble which would have caused mental disturbances during sleep.

But man has also grown in experience, and a much greater variety of material goes to form the stuff of his dreams. The modern individual absorbs, during an average day's experience, enough sense-impressions to enable him to dream mighty epics and long-drawn-out sagas. Myriads of sights and sounds, each one striking a different chord in the complex nervous system, force themselves upon his consciousness, if not upon his attention; and these images and echoes emerge from the subconsciousness as soon as the mechanism of sleep releases the "censor."

Deeper still within us, in the part of our beings that science terms the "unconscious," there lies the memory of the whole human

race, so that in the course of one night we may join the experiences of the cave man to those of the modern neuropath. Dreams link us on to the past, and it is probable that, in the dream condition, we are in touch with the future. There have been many well-substantiated cases of people who have dreamed versions of future events, which seem to show that in dreams the past, present and future form one continuous stream.

Many modern dreams are partly pathological in character. The over-tired dream that they are reading endless pages of printed matter. The physical weaklings dream that they are performing prodigious feats of strength. Those whose natural impulses have been too long suppressed dream strange dreams which the psycho-analyst is able partly to explain as the result of an unfulfilled "wish" struggling to find some form of expression.

Exaggeration in dreams often produces the most surprising results. People whom we have only casually met, or towards whom we are ordinarily indifferent, become the

object of violent hatred or love. We often find ourselves, in dreams, wholly absorbed in matters that in our waking hours we should regard as entirely outside our range of interest. Is what we call "the unconscious" merely the conscious self turned inside out?

Science, however, knows very little about dreams beyond this discovery, that during sleep some effort of adjustment takes place within the "unconscious." There are some dreams that are purely patterns: to attempt to interpret them would be as absurd as to seek for a meaning in the design of a frieze or wall-paper. The tapestry of our dreams provides a gleam here and there of hidden truths; but when we talk about the "unconscious" we must remember that it is, after all, the conscious mind that matters.

Tell a man there are 267,543,201 stars and he will believe you, but if a sign says "fresh paint" he will make a personal investigation.

Dumb Dora wonders whether the yuletide has an ebb and flow.

"What is an atheist?"

"One who does not believe in Santa Claus."

—Texas Ranger.



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The Great Wall of China

And the Evil Genius Which Built it

By HADLAND DAVIS, Author of "Myths and Legends of Japan".

The recent battle which took place round and about the Great Wall of China, in which artillery barrages, machine-guns, bayonet assaults, electrified wire entanglements, and bombing aeroplanes were employed, lends particular interest to this article by one of the foremost authorities on China.

WE should naturally imagine that the man who built a great stone barrier across the north and north-west of China would be held in high esteem by his people, that posterity would hail him as a benefactor, and that the splendor of his work would give his name undying glory. We should expect the Chinese to-day to express in flowery and urbane language a tribute to one who accomplished so much.

But we hear nothing of the kind. Rich and poor, learned and simple, speak of the builder of the Great Wall with contempt. They lose sight of the Wall in contemplating the wickedness of the man who built it.

When the builder of the Great Wall ascended the Chinese throne in 221 B.C., he assumed the title of Hwang Ti, First Emperor.

Hwang Ti, like so many of the Pharaohs, delighted in various building enterprises, and his name is associated with a gigantic palace, a hall capable of seating 10,000 people, and dwellings for his wives and concubines, who were so numerous that their abodes were planned in the form of a map of the starry heavens, bounded by the Milky Way, which the Chinese regarded as the River of Heaven.

It was in 214 B.C. that the First Emperor conceived the idea of building the Great Wall. It was to ride like a colossal stone dragon over mighty mountains, to plunge into ravines, and to stretch its great length across the desert. It was to keep his kingdom intact, but more especially to add glory to his name. He was prompted by no humane conception. He wanted the Great Wall, and he would have it regardless of human suffering.

At about that time Hwang Ti committed the unforgivable sin in China. He burnt the books, sparing only those that dealt with agriculture, medicine and necromancy. To burn the treasured work of Confucius was to court fierce enmity among the many Chinese scholars who considered wisdom the most precious thing in the world, and the words of Confucius of more value than a mountain of gold and jewels.

The Emperor had a faithful henchman in his Chancellor, Li-Ssu, who thus abused the scholars and their work: "They go about sowing unrest and sedition among your subjects. Their influence must be broken if the Empire is to prosper. It is founded on books; destroy, then, the books. Their occupation will be gone, and none can arise to succeed this generation of them. . . . Let the mere literary classics cease to curse the land!"

The literati attempted to evade the Imperial Edict. Their resentment was strong, and they concealed the banned books, then written on bamboo tablets, beneath the

roofs of their houses, in their gardens and elsewhere. Their resistance met with little or no success, and over four hundred scholars, guilty of attempting to frustrate the command, were buried alive.

Bodies Crushed in Foundation.

Others who had given offence were branded and sent to work upon the Great Wall. They were unfitted for the heavy task of lifting and placing stones. Those who paused for a moment to rest were pounced upon by a brutal overseer, killed, and their bodies crushed into the foundation of the Great Wall.

It is said that Hwang Ti utilized every third able-bodied man in his kingdom for work. Millions must have been so employed by the time the task was finished, and it was not completed during the First Emperor's reign. More than two thousand years ago the Great Wall was built, and the human agony entailed in its construction is remembered in China to-day. Every inch of that far-flung Wall is associated with human suffering, and it has been grimly but truthfully described as the longest cemetery on earth.

Ssu-ma Ch'ien, in the "Imperial History of China," writes of him as one with "high-pointed nose, slit eyes, pigeon breast, wolf voice, tiger heart," and, having delineated a kind of mythological monster, adds that he was "stingy, cringing, graceless."

He was a confirmed Taoist, and to be a Taoist was to believe in all manner of wonders and to have no taste for the clear, logical thinking of Confucius, who was content to teach how to live well in this world and to leave the possibility of another existence unrecorded. He believed in lucky and unlucky days, and succumbed to the craze, much in vogue at that time, for the Elixir of Life.

Hearing that the coveted treasure was to be found on a certain mountain in Japan, he sent a mission to that country, but the men and women who journeyed in quest of perpetual youth never returned. They died in attempting to find the Elixir of Life. Hwang Ti's probing into the mystery of necromancy did no more for him than it has done for others. He lived in constant dread of evil spirits, and every night he occupied a different room in his enormous palace in the hope that he might escape the influence of wicked jinn.

Hwang Ti was buried in what is known to-day as the Mound of Chin, and his wives and concubines were interred with him, together with the unfortunate workmen who built his last resting-place. It is said that within the Mound of Chin is a river of quicksilver, and that the coffin of the First Emperor floats upon it, to dart away at the approach of man.

Unconscious for nearly 1,000 hours in the Winnipeg children's hospital, as the result of an automobile accident, Marjorie Hay, seven years of age, is believed to be on the road to complete recovery.

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Equality of Sexes

Woman's Struggle to Dominate Man

By EVE ADAM

WITH the entry of women in increasing numbers into the professional and commercial worlds there has come into being a very definite feeling of sex rivalry.

The stage is perhaps the one profession where equality between the sexes has always been definitely admitted; for though it is true that Sarah Bernhardt played the part of Hamlet, and the principal boy in a pantomime is always a girl, in general the interests of the sexes do not clash.

Equality of opportunity, however, has not always eliminated sex rivalry, and in this connexion there is an amusing story of Sir Henry Irving when he was playing the title-role in Macbeth.

The play was having its dress rehearsal, and Sir Henry was watching from a box in company with the lady who had designed the costumes. Presently Ellen Terry made a magnificent entry, sweeping down a flight of steps, wrapped in a cloak of crimson and gold. "What a wonderful splash of color," exclaimed Irving appreciatively. "Yes, I designed that specially for Ellen, and I think I've made it the top note all right," was the frank response.

The great actor congratulated his friend on what he described as a really great color creation, and she went home delighted with her success.

When the first night came it was abundantly clear that Irving had paid no idle compliment, for while Ellen Terry looked charming as ever in a picturesque purple wrap, it was Sir Henry who achieved the top note. As he came down those stairs to make his royal entry he was wearing that cloak of crimson and gold!

Then there was the famous occasion when two Russian ballet dancers of worldwide renown were performing together in London some years ago. The distinguished ballerina was said to have preferred to break her contract rather than to continue dancing with a man whom she declared to have deliberately dropped her at a critical moment because he was jealous of her personal success.

But now equality between the sexes is by no means restricted to the stage. Gradually woman has forced man's strongholds, and to-day he finds her his keen competitor in almost every trade and profession and his no less keen opponent in the arena of political life.

Indeed, in every phase of public life the weaker sex is now well represented, and it comes more naturally to the modern woman to make an after-dinner speech of her own than to bask in the reflected glory of her husband's eloquence.

A knowledge of cooking and a nice understanding of the preparation of meals calcu-

lated to tempt man's appetite is an art which our grandmothers admittedly shared with the men cooks of their day. But this is as far as their interest in the pleasures of the table was supposed to go.

"Doctor's Orders"

In this respect, too, a couple of generations has changed a lot. The average young girl enjoys a good dinner just as much as her male companion, and usually prefers to select her own menu.

There was a time when to be asked to dine at a woman's club was to be assured of a thoroughly bad dinner; and a friend once confided to me that on such occasions he always had an early meal first at his own club, and pleaded "doctor's orders" for an indifferent interest in the fare provided by his hostess.

Such a subterfuge is unnecessary to-day, for women have as fine an appreciation of gastronomic delicacies as men.

Nevertheless it must have been somewhat of a shock to the more conservative minded habits at the Colchester Oyster Feast this year to find that holy of holies invaded by woman for the first time in its history!

Certainly man has now few refuges from woman, but there still exist some old-fashioned clubs where one of the occupations of the hall porter seems to be to safeguard the member from his wife, and of these protectionist methods I once had an amusing experience.

It was during the war, and in response to a cable from my husband I had travelled

from Russia for ten days and nights without stopping, so that I might meet him in London for a few days before he left for the front.

In those days it was forbidden to wire details of the arrival hours of ships and trains, so when I finally reached London I rang up the antiquated institution which my husband calls "the club" and demanded to know his whereabouts.

"We don't give no information about our members' movements," was the imperturbable response of the club's wholly admirable domestic. "I am Mr. X—'s wife, and I have travelled for ten days to meet him, and he leaves for the front in two days. You MUST find him and tell him I am here," I remonstrated impatiently. "I don't know nothing about that," replied the immaculate machine, "but I'll tell you what I'll do for you, MISS," he added confidentially, suddenly unbending and becoming quite human, "IF 'e comes in, and IF he arks me, I'll tell him you called up and give him your address!"

Luckily 'e DID come in and 'e did arsk!

But the old order is changing, and to-day most clubs are hospitably inclined to both sexes. Of the future no one can say; but in the dim distance I seem to see the trim silhouette of a feminine figure, and I think I hear a girlish voice saying, "I'll tell you what I'll do for you, sir. IF she comes in and IF she asks . . . !"

Cinematograph films are being used to train the police of New York to shoot at motor-cars and moving figures. This is due to the great number of outrages committed by motor bandits.

Parachute descents from aeroplanes, which are a feature of French aviation meetings, are often made by young, inexperienced girls, who are tempted by the offer of a small fee.

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The Father of Crime Literature

Picturesque Roguery in "Spacious Times"

By EDWIN OLIVER in *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly*

WHO may be styled the pioneer of that vast literature of the underworld which for centuries has fascinated all classes of society by picturesque revelations of human depravity and the unravelling of criminal mysteries? In one sense, crime literature, as it may be called, commenced with the tragedy of Cain, but using the term in its more modern sense, there is a period when the exploitation of the criminal world as good "copy" began to take definite shape. And that period I should fix as the "spacious times" of Queen Bess, the heyday of the gentleman buccaneer and the sturdy beggar, and, moreover, the beginning of the emancipation of printing from its theological swaddling clothes.

Who then among Elizabethan scribes—hackers or men of letters—is entitled to be called the Father of Crime Literature? In strictly chronological order, the palm should be given to John Awdeley, otherwise John Sampson or Sampson Awdeley. He was, however, a mere printer, and his tract, "The Fraternity of Vagabonds," is a journeyman's compilation which may be safely ignored.

The claim of Thomas Harman cannot be so lightly dismissed. Indeed, his importance in this connexion can hardly be overrated. He was undoubtedly the first to make an intimate and first-hand study of the infinite variety of rogues and vagabonds which infested Merrie England in Tudor days, and the published results of his investigations were just as certainly the text-book from

which all his contemporaries borrowed unblushingly—including Thomas Dekker, whose claim I am, nevertheless, going to prefer for reasons presently to be stated.

Let us first, however, consider briefly this Thomas Harman himself, and the motives which led him to expose so bitterly what he calls the "rowsey, ragged rabblement of Rakehelles." He was a small country gentleman of straitened means and poor health, who amused himself, in his retirement at Crayford, in Kent, by assisting and questioning the human wreckage which drifted along the highway, begging and thieving a subsistence. In this way he acquired a unique knowledge of every phase and type of the criminal world of his day, including its "cant" language.

So appalled was the worthy Harman by his experience that his benevolence dried up, and he proceeded to publish a faithful chronicle of all the villainies and knavery that were eating like a canker into the national life, giving a faithful account of every species of criminal vagrant, his methods of preying upon the community, and his disgusting habits of life. The purpose of this book is explained by its title, "Caveat or Warening for Common Cursetors, vulgarly called Vagabones"; it was to put law-abiding folk on their guard against a common evil and to rouse the national conscience to stamp it out.

The "Caveat" is an amazing disclosure of the seamy side of life in the middle of the sixteenth century, and is quite priceless as a

contribution to social history. But Harman was in deadly earnest in writing it. His was a sternly moral purpose. He had no thought of being sensational, of piling on the agony, of pandering to morbid tastes. In short, he had none of the instincts of a good journalist; he could set down bare facts, but he could not make a "story" of them.

If we turn from Harman to Thomas Dekker, the distinction will be manifest. Dekker stole bodily from Harman, and without acknowledgment, but he made a different thing of the material. He gave life to the dry bones. His rogues are not merely types, they are persons. He provides color and background. As we follow his bellman through the night shades of Old London, we can taste the dregs of the underworld and sup off the horrors of the suburbs. "How happy were cities if they had no suburbs," exclaims Dekker.

And Dekker's debt to Harman has been much exaggerated. He had better opportunities himself of studying criminal types and learning their secrets at first-hand, for he spent several years in common gaols, for debt and for offences against the Lord Chamberlain's authority; and surely this was a better school than giving alms to professional cheats and liars! Moreover, Dekker covers a much wider range of roguery than Harman, who is mainly concerned with the hedge-crawlers and clout-snatchers. He presents the gentry of crime—the "confidence" trickster, the horse-thief, and the card-sharper.

To take but two examples of these nimble-witted rascals, there were the "Rancke-Riders," who in the guise of a country squire would arrive with a retinue at a London hostel, send back their bogus grooms with the horses, and pretend to scatter their money about until the landlord was sufficiently impressed with their affluence. Then they would be urgently summoned back to their ancestral seats, curse their haste in dismissing their grooms, and borrow horses for the journey, of course never being heard of again.

Then there were the "Jacks of the Clock-House," needy penmen who would copy out someone else's work and palm it off as original on one of the newly rich who might be willing to pose as the patron of letters. "Every ale-house may have one of them (hanging on the basest drinking room) if they will be at the charge of writing out," observes Dekker.

Robert Greene and others worked the same vein, but Dekker was the first of the Elizabethans to give criminal realism that flavor of romance which constitutes its perennial charm.

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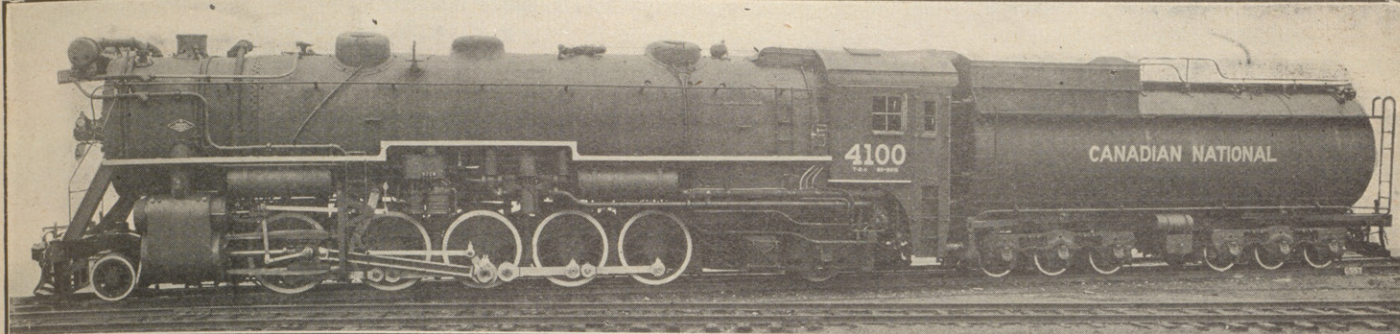
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Famous Quarrels Among the Great

From John O' London's Weekly

WHETHER it be sensitiveness of the artistic temperament or its easily wounded vanity or the inflammable nature of high-spirited mind, the life-stories of our great men are much marked by quarrels and—regretfully—by few reconciliations. Sir Isaac Newton is popularly supposed to have been a mild-mannered man. Who does not remember the moral story of his exemplary patience when his dog destroyed some precious discoveries? He softly said, "Ah, Diamond, Diamond, you little know the evil you have done!"—and omitted even to chastise the little wretch. Yet he could, and did, call the Astronomer Royal a "puppy" to his face at a meeting of the Royal Society.

It is true that Flamsteed was a singularly obstinate and irritating person, that he had conceived an idea that his discoveries were his own and not public property, but Newton considered them essential to his work and that he had as much right as anyone to see them. Flamsteed thus describes the scene at an unofficial meeting of the Royal Society:—

The President (Sir I. Newton) ran himself into great heat and very indecent passion. I had resolved beforehand that his knavish talk should not move me. I showed him that all the instruments in the Observatory were my own; the mural arch and voluble quadrant having been made at my own charge, the rest purchased with my own money. . . . This nettled him. . . . I complained of my catalogue having been printed by Raymer, without my knowledge, and that I was robbed of the fruit of my labors. At this he fired and called me all the ill names, puppy, etc., that he could think of.

Flamsteed then told Newton to keep his temper, which "made him rage worse"—and then (what a royal row it must have been!) they threw their respective public salaries in each other's faces and asked each other what they did to justify them!

A Sunday-school teacher had just finished reading to the class the story of Isaac, Jacob, and Esau. "Now, Bertram," he asked, "who was Jacob?" "Jacob was the younger son of Isaac and Rebecca, and the favorite of his mother," replied Bertram. "Correct! Now, Frederick," he said, turning to another boy, "who was Esau?" After thinking a moment Frederick replied, "Why, he was the man who wrote 'Aesops Fables' and sold his copy-right for a bottle of potash!"

Lawyer's Wife: "Henry, is it better to lie on the right side or the left side?"

Lawyer: "My dear, if one is on the right it usually isn't necessary to lie at all."

It is curious that so assertive, independent, and courageous a personality as Dr. Johnson should have had so few real or prolonged quarrels. The letter to Lord Chesterfield was rather a great denunciation than an episode in an open feud. Hatreds he had, and we know many of his expressions of them. Sometimes they were mollified, as in the case of Wilkes. In the case of the elder Sheridan, the nearest approach to a prolonged quarrel to be found in Boswell, the separation was due to the ill-natured imparting of a remark "unluckily said."

Johnson always liked Sheridan but despised his acting, and when he heard that Sheridan was to be given a pension, he remarked: "What, have they given him a pension? Then it's time for me to give up mine." As Boswell says; this could not be justified, and, when it came to Sheridan's ears, naturally founded a lifelong enmity. Johnson, who seems to have regarded Sheridan as a rather stupid old man with some merits, was quite willing for a reconciliation. It was not to be. The tactful Boswell tried to engineer it by inviting Sheridan to a dinner-party at which Dr. Johnson was to be present: "Mr. Sheridan happened to come early, and having learned that Dr. Johnson was to be there, went away, so I found with sincere regrets that my friendly intentions were hopeless."

No Victorian carried the quarrel to such a high pitch as James Whistler. His antagonists included notably Ruskin, Sir William Eden, and Oscar Wilde and his literature on the subject includes a pamphlet "Whistler v. Ruskin; Art v. Art Critics" and the more famous "Gentle Art of Making Enemies." It was in 1878 that Whistler brought his libel action against Ruskin. It was in *Fors Clavigers* that Ruskin had described one of the artist's nocturnes as "a pot of paint flung in the public's face." The trial caused great entertainment, and it was in the course of it

that Whistler was asked how long a certain "impression" had taken him to execute, and made his well-known reply: "All my life."

Whistler was awarded a farthing damages, but followed up the quarrel with his pamphlets and his book. He was later involved in another Law Court action, this time in Paris, with Sir William Eden, whose wife's portrait he had painted but refused to deliver.

The quarrel of Gilbert and Sullivan emerged from one of the smallest tea-cups that ever had a storm. Mr. S. J. Adair Fitzgerald, whose "Story of the Savoy Opera" was published this year, quotes Mr. Cunningham Bridgeman, who gives the following account of the incident:—

It appears that D'Oyly Carte, as duly authorized business manager of the firm, conceived it to be not only polite but right and proper to minister to the comfort of clients through whose patronage and support their business had thrived so remarkably. Accordingly, Mr. Carte purchased, among sundry other articles of furniture, a carpet. The carpet, etc., were in the usual course charged to the joint account. Sir Arthur on his part raised no objection to the outlay, and for the sake of peace did his utmost to persuade Mr. Gilbert to take a similar view of the matter. But Mr. Gilbert remained obdurate in his opposition to such lavish expenditure. He was of opinion that a new carpet, costing £140, would not draw an extra sixpence into the exchequer. . . . Mr. Gilbert . . . was then reminded that by the terms of the partnership agreement he had no voice in the matter.

Gilbert "went to law" and lost. "Thus," adds Mr. Fitzgerald, "was the great Savoy partnership of thirteen years' standing, with its tenth successful production, dissolved into thin air over the cost of a miserable—one may say definitely a fatal—carpet, for though the breach was mended, it was never healed."

Wheel and Woe.

Harold and his Sister Sue,
Seeking sport at random,
Stole their uncle's splendid new
Bicycle that's made for two—
In other words, his tandem.

When, later on the self-same day,
Came constables to hand 'em
Back to uncle, sad to say,
He "gave a hand" to spoil their play—
In other words, he tanned 'em.

Beneath the floor of a bathroom, pinned to the wall in a leather jewel pouch in a rooming house in Toronto, police recently recovered \$3,000 worth of diamond and pearl jewelry belonging to Lady Hughes, widow of the late Lieut.-General Sir Sam Hughes, war-time Minister of Militia, whose home was looted in Lindsay, September 27.

Mrs. Alice Cooper, Walkerville, Ont., recently turned over to the police a half bushel basket of bones, which she says she dug out of her cellar following a vivid dream. The bones were submitted to a physician who pronounced some of them at least to be those of a human body.

A Little Patch of Peace

One English View of Christmas

OLD typhooners know that, in the centre of the worst sort of storm, there sometimes lurks a little circle of peace. All round and about it, the tumult rages, but, in this one charmed spot, the very focus or convergent point of whirling, elemental fury, absolute quiet reigns. Why is this thus, may ask inquiring minds; and they are referred to books upon the psychology of tempests for their answer. The fact is only pointed out here as analagous to that of the brief quiet which exists in the tossing life of worldlings and workers when Christmas comes; when its preparations are over and the period for enjoyment of its festivities begins.

Worldlings are usually much harder worked than workers, because, being their own bosses, they cannot "slack on their jobs". with the whole-hearted enjoyment of the so-called toiler. But, to both, when the last present has been bought and the last wreath put in place, comes an interval when a few tranquil breaths may be drawn. At least, such is the time-honored tradition. The worldling, for a day or so, will (with luck) have ceased worrying over the responsibilities which the world has thrown upon his shoulders: the charities he is supporting, the committees to which he is giving his best brains, the disposition, in a thousand duties, of a leisure he is properly supposed to squander in riotous living with frivolous friends. While the worker will have left off wondering how he can make the most money with the least outlay of effort, how he can waste time (not generally his own) to the best advantage, and whether he has sufficiently exploited all those with whom he comes in contact before realizing dreams of the nice new Ford which no family should be without.

In the Pool of Placidity.

So, each, resting from his appointed or disappointed labors, gathers his family, immediate and distant, about him and settles back to see the Christmas feast begin. If, till the last moment the strain has been intense and nobody has been quite certain that the good ship Good Will would weather the preliminary disturbances, now that the pool of sweet placidity had been entered, tempers cease to be precarious, the winds of contention have stopped blowing and the waves of nervous explosiveness are stilled. We may sit at ease in the saloon and exchange anecdotes, quips, side-splitting jokes (if we know any), feeling tolerably sure that at least the time to eat a fine, body-filling dinner is ours before nature and the elements are at it again.

No man born of woman expects peace to last forever, but it is very pleasant to arrive at the moment when the world which calls itself, in a manner of speaking, Christian,

is celebrating gentle days; days of innocent merriment; bluff, hearty, dig-one-in-the-ribs, slap-one-on-the-back days: days of gay, jingly, joyous best behavior. They will not last long, but they may quite easily be made worth looking forward to and worth remembering.

How extraordinarily delightful it would be if all the big and little nations of the habitable globe, with their most beautiful clothes on their backs and their most tolerant thoughts shining in their faces, should have a party at this season. Turgenieff, the Russian novelist, has given us a charming glimpse of the virtues at a heavenly gathering which naturally suggests the idea. "One day," he says, "le bon Dieu took the notion to give a party in his azure palace. All the virtues were invited and only virtues. No gentlemen, of course; nothing but ladies. And many virtues came, both small and great. The small virtues were more courteous and agreeable than the great, but everybody appeared happily content and conversed politely, one with another, as became friends and relations. But, suddenly, le bon Dieu was aware of two beautiful women who seemed to be strangers. The master of ceremonies took one of the ladies by the hand and drew her towards the other. 'This is Charity,' said he, designating the first. 'And this is Gratitude,' he continued, making the same gesture toward the second. The two virtues were greatly astonished, because, since the beginning of the world—and it had been going a long time,—they had never met till then."

Now, it seems hardly necessary for all nations to perish from the earth in order to meet harmoniously (like the saints and the virtues) in heaven, and one wonders if something might not be managed in this world. Little countries have always been more companionable than large ones, and, at any Christian fete, they may be depended upon to make friends with one another, if they are not friends already; but they will be suspicious of the big countries. It is the inferiority complex which makes them so. And the big countries will be distant each with each. They have lived isolated a long time and do not, even yet, feel at home together.

One grants that it is hard for them; their characters are so different. The old and aristocratic cannot help being irritated with the young and bumptious; the fiery-souled with the wooden-headed; the prideful with the pocket-fillers. Take any Christmas company among us mortals, and, in spite of the best resolutions, the same traits which have always exasperated us in our best friends and nearest relations will exasperate us again, if we give them half a chance. Grandpapa's

superdignity, Uncle Carl's stubborn determination never to acknowledge himself in the wrong, Aunt Francine's nervous tension (perfectly understandable, but difficult to calm), Cousin Amelia's aggressiveness,—all the reverses of the guests' good qualities may enrage us anew, as our cock-sure attitude of efficiency enrages them. But oh, gentles, let us make up our minds to a short rest in the middle of turmoil; let us be introduced all over again, forget what we fear about each other on one side, remember what we hope about each other on the other, shake hands, clink glasses, and give thanks for the occasion.

A Christmas Carol

Judea's hills were white with snow
Upon a bleak December morn,
When in a stable thatched with straw
The Saviour Child was born.

All of you who faithful be
Sing this joyous melody;
Let it ring from sea to sea—
Christ is born to set us free.

Shepherds on the snow-clad heights
Were by angel voices told;
And the Wise Men to the Child
Brought frankincense and gold.

All of you who faithful be
Sing this joyous melody;
Let it ring from sea to sea—
Christ is born to set us free.

Round the new-born King's abode
Angels raised their voices then;
Sang their song of peace on earth
And good-will to men.

All of you who faithful be
Sing this joyous melody;
Let it ring from sea to sea—
Christ is born to set us free.

Now the humble carol's sung,
And the ancient story told;
Still the Saviour Child awaits
Strangers to His fold.

All of you who faithful be
Sing this joyous melody;
Let it ring from sea to sea—
Christ is born to set us free.

BRENDAN.

A very nervous lady who was a regular church attendant one day beheld a stranger occupying her pew. In a loud whisper she said: "Excuse me, but you're occupiewing my pie." The lady addressed, also embarrassed, stammered forth, "I was sewn into this sheet."

Why Call Women "Catty"?

Striking Points of Resemblance

By EDWIN PUGH, in *T. P.'s Weekly*

WHY women should usually be likened to the felines and men to the canines is a thing no one can quite understand who has taken the trouble to ponder the matter with an open mind. Yet you never hear a rake called a "bit of a cat," or a nagging woman an "ill-tempered cur." And this is the more odd because, as a matter of fact, a woman's nature is far more akin to that of a dog than a man's is; whilst men, as a rule, much more closely resemble a cat than women do.

The mistake, I fancy, arises from the circumstance that few people will be bothered to understand cats, whilst dogs are admitted to the closest intimacy, are sedulously studied, and talked about and written about. It is popularly assumed, as an established truism, that dogs are vastly more intelligent than cats; but, speaking as one who has had a varied experience of both cats and dogs, I am strongly disposed to dissent from this view, just as I am to object to the dictum that men are cleverer than women.

The truth is that cats are more reserved than dogs, just as men, in most respects, are more reserved than women. They do not "gush" as women and dogs do. They require to know you pretty well before they repose any confidence in you or reveal their hearts. They are not too eager to win others' good opinion. They are not so fond of display, of admiration, of being "fussed up" and made much of. Dogs and women are like that, but cats are indifferent, as the majority of men are, to facile applause which, for all they know, may be insincere or merely silly and unintelligent, and consequently quite worthless.

Tell a mangy, red-eyed mongrel that he is a fine fellow and he will almost dislocate his tail for joy. And it does not matter that he has never seen you before. But murmur softly "Pretty pussy!" to a cat to whom you have not been formally introduced and he

will stalk off disdainfully, saying quite plainly: "What impudent familiarity!" or he will suspect you of "getting at" him, and go away and think it over, just as a man does when he is officiously told by a casual acquaintance that he is the very image of some adorable actor-manager.

The sage person who advised her newly wed sisters to "feed the brute" meant that he should be fed well and regularly if his affections were to be retained, and not merely that he should be kept supplied with unlimited quantities of miscellaneous provender. Men are not necessarily greedy because they are fond of good food well cooked and served.

Cats Vainer Than Dogs.

Cats, too, insist on being fed well and regularly. They are not content to subsist on odds and ends, as dogs and women notoriously are. Any garbage will satisfy a dog. And everybody knows—even the ladies themselves will admit it—that if it were not for their menfolk they would often go without set meals altogether, nibbling biscuits and cakes and sweetstuff at all hours of the day and night.

And cats are more vain than dogs, just as men are more vain than women.

Then cats have far more physical pluck—or it may be bluff—than dogs, and will stand up to a terrier four times their size undauntedly. Men also, speaking generally, have more physical courage than women. On the other hand, they have less moral courage. They just hate to appear ridiculous or in any way conspicuous as cats do.

For men and cats are alike supremely jealous of their dignity. They don't like being laughed at, or made to do or to wear something that they are not used to. Take liberties with a cat's tail or a man's moustache, and he will never pardon the offence.

But dogs and women love to be dressed up. They love to be manhandled. They will romp with one another, or with the young of their kind, and play the fool to the top of their bent, and never look absurd or feel absurd, for the simple reason that they don't care the shadow of nothing if they appear so or not.

Again, neither cats nor men are ever quite so ready to forget and forgive as dogs and women are. If you have at any time done a man or a cat a serious injury—either purposely or accidentally—he will always remember that, and never be quite the same to you again. Give a cat or a man a sound thrashing, and he is your deadly enemy for life. But dogs and women—though women will deny it—seem almost to love you the better the crueller you are to them.

Then men are sometimes called "gay dogs"; but dogs do not go out on the spree for days together, as cats and men do occasionally. The phrase should be more fitly "gay cats," though I have little hope of its popular adoption.

Indeed, it would seem that we have got into a foolish way of likening women to cats merely because cats are graceful and tactful, clean and pretty, and we have not troubled to probe beneath the sleek fur. I prefer to take this view, anyway, rather than to think that women and cats are "stuck up," spiteful, treacherous, cunning or cruel. For I hold that these qualities are not more characteristic of women than of men—or cats.

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The Age of Concrete

Evolution of the World's Miracle Worker

A WEEK or two ago the leaders of the concrete industry in America went over to Leeds to honor the memory of the man whom they regard as the father of their industry. This was the Leeds bricklayer, Joseph Aspdin, who registered a specification for "Portland" cement on September 6th, 1824. Ironically enough, Aspdin proves to have been the first patentee of "Portland cement" rather than its real author. In other words, he was the man who had the foresight to register his patent of the words, "Portland cement." Actually, the cement which he invented was not that which we know as Portland cement to-day; on the other hand, cement similar to his own patent was made by at least two other builders before him.

We know that John Smeaton used a burnt limestone in constructing the Eddystone Lighthouse as early as 1756. Five years later, a specification for Roman cement was lodged by Thomas Parker of Northfleet. In 1821 Frost produced a new cement which he patented as "British cement." Although Frost was prior to Aspdin in his specification for a "new cement or artificial stone," he went farther than Aspdin in specifying the proportions of his raw material mixture.

Actually, of course, cement is as old as Babylon. Nature makes her own concrete by the age-long pressure of mud. The Babylonians appear to have used either a moistened clay or bitumen as a mortar between bricks, and the Egyptians actually made use of lime mortar in the pyramids. Indeed, it appears that the ancient Egyptians knew almost as much about mortar as we do today. In the early dawn of their civilization the Greeks used compositions of which lime was the basis to cover walls constructed of unburnt bricks. Probably the Romans learned the use of lime from their universal teachers. Certainly parts of ancient Rome appear to have been built more largely of cement than of anything else.

What Aspdin and the others invented was probably an efficient form of lime. Mr. I. C. Johnson, working at Frost's old factory at Swanston some time after the year 1840, produced for the owners the first cement in which can be traced most nearly a resemblance to modern Portland cement. To-day this factory turns out over 400,000 tons annually.

First Successes.

Modern Portland cement was evolved rather than invented. It was called "Portland" cement because of its resemblance in color to Portland stone. For many years the new artificial stone failed to "catch on." A far-sighted engineer like Brunel would use it for the Thames Tunnel. But he had to pay

Aspdin 20s. (\$5) to 22s. (\$5.50) per cask, in addition to carriage to London, whereas he could have obtained Roman cement on the spot for 12s. (\$3) per cask. Most contractors were naturally dismayed by such a price.

The success of the Thames Tunnel, however, proved that Portland cement had more than double the strength of the old Roman cement. Some remarkable experiments on behalf of the Borough of London Drainage Scheme in 1859 gave an impetus to the use of Portland cement, and many new factories sprang up. For a time the great use of the cement in London led to the rather natural impression that Portland cement could only be produced from a combination of the chalks and clay found in the banks of the Thames and the Medway. This illusion was eventually dispelled, however, and great cement works opened in France and Germany.

To-day the annual output of cement for the world exceeds 50,000,000 tons, one-half of which is manufactured in the United States. It was Portland cement which made possible the great dam of Assouan; and without it there would have been no Suez Canal. It may be called, indeed, one of the miracle workers of the twentieth century.

Wembley Exhibition is one of the most obvious symbols of the triumph of cement. It is an all-concrete enterprise. Concrete enabled the great Palace of Industry and the miniature city around it to rise to completed perfection within a few months. Only the other day a small house rose in a remote Cornish village, literally like a mushroom.

One saw the walls go up a couple of feet in twenty-four hours. The time is coming when we shall have concrete roads; ships of concrete; and, most surprising of all, works of art in concrete.

For this amazing mixture has already been used to fashion two first-rate works of art. Mr. Doyle Jones, the sculptor of the Cavell Memorial, had his "Spirit of the Rocks" cast in concrete. Those who have seen it say that Mr. Lorado Taft's immense group of statuary, "The Fountain of Time," illustrating Austin Dobson's famous lines, "Time goes, you say; Ah, no, Time stays, we go," which now stands in the grounds of Chicago University, is one of the most superb groups of modern statuary in existence.

History, one imagines, will christen ours the Concrete Age. For in concrete buildings we are, it seems, fated to work and to live during the next decades. What remains for the architect is to devise a form for our smaller concrete habitations that will subdue strength to beauty.

An Ostrich Dinner.

A roast ostrich 3 ft. long and weighing 30 lb. was among the dishes served at a dinner party given by some Australians in London recently. The ostrich was sent from Australia in a block of ice and was cooked on a spit before an open hearth.

A.: "How did you know that it was time to get up?"

B.: "Baby had gone to sleep."

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Personality and Career

By J. C. W. REITH, *Managing Director of the British Broadcasting Company, being part of an address delivered to the Senior Boys of his Old School.*

FEW of us feel drawn all through our youth to one career. We may think we always knew what we wanted to be, and that there was good reason for it, but it is often a matter of semi-unconscious desire to copy someone else who has made a flash before us; maybe something which happened years before, but which is now forgotten. In infancy the cab-driver and the railway guard attracted us, but we passed up an ascending scale to the schoolmaster, with, as it appeared to us, his vast authority; the analytical chemist among his many-colored bottles and intriguing experiments; the surgeon handling his shining instruments; the engineer among the roar of steam or the hum of dynamos, or in the erection of a mighty bridge; the lawyer among his affairs; the accountant juggling with figures; the scholar with his books. We are far too apt to judge by the appearances and incidentals of a profession, and to ignore what is really involved in the study and the pursuit of that career. Perhaps we think we were born for this or that, and excellent if we are, but I believe that few men are born for anything definite, and when they are they seldom strike it. When a man is born for a career and strikes it, we get a genius.

I can't stop to review the salient characteristics which the different professions and trades demand and seldom get. I say seldom, because a "star" man in any line is so rare. The majority of men are only mediocre. The average man is probably functioning at an efficiency of only twenty-five

per cent.; in other words, a good man can do at least four times more work than an average man. Each sphere has its special requirements, but you can only find these out by getting hold of someone who is a bit older, someone with experience and wisdom, and having a straight talk with him. Then if you place the professions and their special needs in review alongside what you have discovered in your own character, you will find the common ground. I do not suggest that you should under-estimate the help which your parents—perhaps your father with a ready-made business for you to drop into—and your friends can give you, but don't let this be the deciding factor in your choice.

You can see that it is a long process, but it is surely worth while; and it can be done. If you are set on certain things, and can satisfy yourself that they are worthy to be sought, why then, certain careers are automatically closed to you. You will probably have to rule others out on temperamental grounds. If, for instance, monotony is essentially distasteful to you, certain kinds of work will be made more difficult to follow with satisfaction than others. A university education is necessary for some lines, unessential in others, and sometimes even a waste of time to a boy in a hurry; and it is a very good thing to be in a hurry. It is tragic to see the way most fellows drift along in a career. It is absurd to call it a career, for they will never have one, because, for the line which they have chosen or into which they have been thrust, they have neither inclination nor aptitude nor enthusiasm. It's

more than tragic, it's ghastly—one of the most unfortunate things we find in the country to-day, particularly when there was some other line in which their bent lay, and in which they might have shone.

* * *

Do try to make up your own mind on this business, and don't drift along or leave it entirely to other people to choose your life's work for you. This is what produces failures by the hundred and mediocrities by the thousand—men just good enough to hold down their jobs and nothing more. Are you content with that? Take advice by all means, anywhere you can get it; insist on it. Worry someone or other till he puts you in touch with some qualified man of insight and sympathy who is in the trade you think you want to follow, and say to him: "This and this element is in my character; I am interested in and drawn to such and such a profession; I have such and such for my aim in life; I have an idea that my greatest satisfaction and success will be found as (say) a lawyer. You are a lawyer, what about it?"

* * *

Then, with your career chosen, go ahead hammer and tongs from the very beginning. Don't wait till you leave school. The man who starts before he leaves school is two or three years ahead of the other fellow. But this may not always be possible, so we will say at least—go ahead from the first day in the office, or the university lecture-room, or the workshop. Keep your ideals before you. Remember I am assuming that you have thrashed this out with yourself, and that they are worthy. Concentrate on the business in hand. Never let slip an opportunity of getting to know something more about your job, and of the job of the man above you, so that you may take his place if chance comes, as come it surely will. The outward essentials include an enthusiasm for your work which makes itself felt by your superiors, but a modesty of conduct with it. Without enthusiasm it is hopeless.

* * *

Don't take money alone as an aim, because it is not a worthy one in itself, though if you are to use it to do good, by all means get it if you can. It is, however, very apt to be a snare. Ambition is great, but it is apt to be a terrible task-mistress, for it may never let you rest and be satisfied. It is apt to make you overlook your present job in the glamour of the next ahead, and that is often fatal. The work must be done in such a way as to bring its own reward in the assurance that you couldn't have done it better, however humble it may be. Don't shirk responsibility, and don't be frightened

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of it as so many people are. Eat it up. Discouragements will come, particularly if you are ambitious and in a hurry. Make them of service to you and nothing else.

* * *

With all your ambition and all your hurry, beware of creating jealousy, though I know often it can't be avoided if you succeed where others don't. Whatever the problem, high or low, make up your mind to see that you get it solved, and solved right. If you can efficiently control an office-boy, you have the beginnings of executive power, and there need be no limit. All along the line there may be contests of your will-power against the will-power of others; a strong determination will carry you through, but you can't control others if you are not entirely controlled yourself. A high opinion of oneself and of one's abilities is all right if it is justified, but anything in the nature of bluster will only do you harm. In quietness and confidence lies your strength.

* * *

I said it wasn't always bad to have an eye to the main chance. It is however altogether bad if in any way it makes you deviate from the principles which you have laid down, and these you must have, for they are the essence of character, and without character result can neither be worthy nor great. It is character that will carry you through. You will very quickly find that there will on occasions be conflicts between what I might call principle and expediency. Expediency may not be bad in itself; it may be the best way of securing your just end, but it is abominably bad if it means any deviation from fundamental principles.

Don't judge success by any common standard. There is one high criterion—that is the criterion of service, and you may gain full measure of inward satisfaction from service in a humble way which is denied to those whose position seems so enviable.

* * *

If and when you have subordinates under you, as you should have, remember this, that they have personality and intelligence as well as you. They must be treated as men, and not as incidental conveniences in your life. An honest effort to understand the other fellow's point of view, which in most cases is perfectly legitimate, and to put your point of view before him, is often all that is required to obviate trouble.

You have a great chance with your public school training and your educational assets, your intelligence and even your social position. Your responsibilities are therefore the greater. Don't go into the world for what you can get out of it, so much as for what you can give. Noblesse oblige.

Begin your career now, and endeavour to shape things in accordance with your purpose, building up character, getting after

your temptations and weaknesses whatever they may be, and having something definite to show for every day, that you may feel conscious of your own progress. I recommend keeping a diary, no day without a line, and let your advance be like the graph of $y=ax+b$, or better still, $y=ax^2+b$.

* * *

Religion I am going to touch on, for I know there is a sort of unbelieving spirit abroad among some of the public schools and 'varsities. I haven't time to argue about it here. I think I understand it, and anyhow there is a reaction from organized religion of every kind, and mighty little in many churches to attract. I only stop to give you my own personal but profound opinion, that, unless by some means or other you can possess yourself of a faith in an Almighty Father, whose nature our present bounded and conditioned intellects cannot fathom, but whose power to help the man in the street is unlimited, you will miss an immeasurable amount of life. There's nothing sloppy about it, or anyhow there ought not to be. It can be your most powerful asset, particularly when things go wrong and you can say, as is fact, that you know that eventually all things work together for good. One needn't worry about theology, unless one has an inclination to do so. Faith is not produced by much argument or reasoning. You must learn to accept certain facts apart from explanation or attempted explanation of them. The teachings of Christ tell us all that matters—belief in the Ultimate Good, revelations of God, and ideals of integrity and duty.

* * *

If anybody tries to teach you that religion is a sort of added accomplishment, tell him to think again. It is an integral part of life. Religion grows out of human nature, born

of its need, inspired by its greatness, limited by its restrictions. It is the supreme factor. Man is best occupied in striving to perfect that which in itself is an efflux from the Divinity, his own soul; and after all, we are told that the Kingdom of Heaven is within us. His highest labor is found in the search for truth, and, although truth abstract and immutable is unattainable, he must still go on searching. Truth, like everything else in this world, is relative. I have said that our intelligence is bounded and conditioned, and so it is. We know full well that there are vast ranges of vibrations which we cannot perceive as sound or color, or in any other way. We hear that what we previously considered as the most solid or material substances are but faults and bubbles in the universal ether which pervades everything. Ether, by the way, is a fascinating study, contradictory, mathematically proved, but a mental conception only. There seems to be some extraordinary connection between it and the workings of Omnipotence, as of both we read that all things consist and are upheld, and that in both we live and move and have our being. The universe, as we understand it, is immaterial, and our thoughts, which we consider immaterial, may be the most material things about us, and may stand when everything else is dissolved.

* * *

There is a tremendous task awaiting you, and you can rise to great heights if you concentrate all your energies on it. Every profession, politics included, is crying out for men to come and lead; men of high principle and indomitable will. There is nothing you cannot do with these assets, faith in God and faith in yourself; neither by itself, but each the complement of the other.

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WORLD IN REVIEW

AMSTERDAM—*Decline of the Communist Trade Union Movement.*

Hand in hand with the general decline in the membership of the various Communist parties goes a decline in the membership of Communist trade unions in many of those countries where these have an independent existence. These countries include Czechoslovakia, Holland and France, and the above remark is especially applicable to Northern

France. At the time of the trade union split in France, the Communist unions of the "Departement du Nord" had 91,000 members; now, according to the report submitted at the last Congress, they have only 70,000. (The membership of the older trade unions has risen in the same proportion.) One of the causes of the decline is undoubtedly the divisions within the Communist ranks. As in Germany, sectarianism and jealousy abound.

In Germany, indeed, the divisions have gone so far that there may even be said to be a split among the splitters; those leaders which have fallen into disfavor in Moscow have now begun the issue of a publication of their own (which was promptly banned by the "orthodox"); and the trade unions which are quarrelling with Moscow are now beginning to be known as "Independent Communists." France would seem to be treading the same road, judging from a recent manifest published by the National Council of the Unitary or Communist Trade Unions of France, in which there are bitter complaints of the anarchical and disruptive activities of the minority, their attempts to secure autonomy, and their recent threat to withhold their contributions. The Communist building-workers of Seine-et-Oise Department have just unanimously resolved to break off all connections with the Unitary Trade Unions.

Another symptom of the same malady is the lamentation of a representative of the trade union section, who, speaking at a Communist congress in Germany, complained of the many difficulties now besetting Communist trade union work, and said that Communist action in the trade unions was "unsystematic and undisciplined." They had a great deal of trouble, he added, with those Communist unions which had broken away and established their independence. Another delegate to the same conference was very anxious that "something, no matter what," should be done to set the Communist movement on its legs again; either concentration on factory "cells" or a revival of the Works' Councils agitation, or some other device absolutely must be adopted. (In France, too, there has been a recent revival of the agitation for factory cells.)

AUSTRIA—*The Vienna Chamber of Labor and Its Work.*

The recent publication of the budget of the Vienna Chamber of Labor gives an interesting glimpse into the excellent work done by the Chamber, at the head of which are the leaders of the Austrian trade unions. In 1925, the Chamber expects to spend 10½ milliards of kronen; and in fixing this sum, it has taken into account both the enlargement of its sphere of activity, and a probable general rise in prices. Most of its expenditure will go to promote culture among the workers. It will allot no less than 350 millions to purchases and sales in connection with its library of sociological books; 32 millions it will pay for newspaper subscriptions, etc., and 80 millions for the publication of its own quarterly magazine on social science. One hundred millions are set aside for statistical research, and 50 millions for its collection of social-political legislation; 400 millions are ear-marked as a first instalment for the education and recreation of the unemployed. The Chamber has recently devoted more attention than formerly to educational work, especially the training of trade union officials, works councillors, etc., which it considers to be one of its most important duties.

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In addition to making grants to the six existing people's colleges, it will organise about 50 classes on social science, history, natural science, and mechanics. Two hundred millions are also to be allocated to educational classes for trade unions, to which special attention will henceforth be devoted. Another very promising activity is that of the protection of apprentices and vocational guidance. Although the Chamber will spend 980 millions on different grades to education and 660 on welfare work for young people, it hopes also to be able to contribute 400 millions to the Pensions Fund and 200 millions to the Educational Fund.

It should be noted that the Vienna Chamber of Labor is a *public* body, supported by public funds.

Every other city could have a similar chamber, pursuing the same beneficent activities, if it chose; that is, if its trade unions were strong enough to insist upon it.

Organisational Improvements.

Two features are worthy of special notice in the present-day tendencies of Austrian trade unionism. One of these is the trend towards co-operation between organisations. A special section has just been set up within the Austrian Federation of Trade Unions to cater for manual and non-manual workers in the service of the state. The section protects the interests of all workers employed in state factories and enterprises, and functions in all questions of the regulation of work and in all demands for maintenance under special conditions (pensions, sickness pay, etc.). It is also a centre for joint consultation; it takes binding decisions, issues joint manifestos on the matters coming under its cognisance, and is subject to the control of the National Trade Union Centre; in the same way as the two sections of public and private non-manual workers' unions which have already been in existence for years. Of course, only those unions are eligible for affiliation with the section which are already affiliated with the National Centre, and which contain members who are in the employ of the state. The section, which numbers some 16,000 manual and non-manual workers, is subdivided into the following groups:—miners, printers and allied workers, land-workers and forestry workers, chemical workers, food, drink and tobacco workers, metal-workers, workers engaged in the salt spring industry, and telegraphists.

The other feature, which is no less satisfactory, is the recent amalgamation of two associations for non-manual workers of the public services. The employees in the service of the state, or rather, those of them who have labor sympathies, have hitherto been organised in a union catering only for civil servants, while those in the employ of municipalities (notably Vienna), had a union of their own, which was not affiliated with the National Centre. Now a single organisation has been created, which will cater for all. It will be affiliated with the National Centre, and will be known as "The Austrian National

Union of Employees in the Public Services. It will have a membership of about 70,000 and will be numerically one of the strongest unions of the country. It will consist of three sections, each of which will possess a large measure of autonomy, namely, Employees in the State Services, (i.e., civil servants); Employees in the Service of the Federal States, and the Municipal Employees.

The first of these sections, namely, the civil servants proper, will consist of the members of the former Civil Servants' Federation of Austria. The bulk of the second section, which caters for all persons in the service of the Federal States, consists of the teachers organised in the union holding the Amsterdam standpoint. The third section

includes all municipal employees, and is likewise very strong; it will be still further strengthened by the accession of the municipal employees of all the federal states of the Republic.

CENTRAL AMERICA—Rich Country Has Most Poorly Nourished People in World.

The Pan-American Federation of Labor which was formed a few years ago to bind together organised labor in the two Americas, sent a delegate, H. L. Brunson, of the International Association of Machinists, on a special mission to Nicaragua last June. Brunson was eagerly welcomed by the Nicaraguan workers; he examined and reported on the situation, urging them to

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amalgamate the 20 independent trade unions and to press for the enforcement of the present suffrage legislation, which is at present a dead letter in no less than 186 electoral districts. Only a democratic government and a strong united trade union movement can, in Brunson's opinion, save Nicaragua from the toils of Wall street, for dishonest officials are now playing into the hands of American financiers.

A delegation of the American Federation of Labor has also reported on Porto Rico, which it declares to be "a living graveyard." Porto Rico is a rich agricultural district, but the people are the worst-nourished of the world, outside India. The A.F. of L. dele-

gation are in this case urging the breaking up of the large sugar and coffee plantations and the granting of allotments to land-workers.

Wall Street v. Trade Unions.

The splendid opportunities of the American unions to advance trade unionism in the weak states of Central America and the north of South Africa may help to counteract the blighting influences of the financiers of Wall street. At any rate, it would seem as if the fate of these unhappy peoples were largely in the hands of American financiers, and American trade unions; and it remains to be seen which will prove to be the stronger.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA—Trade Union and Co-operative United Front.

The Czechoslovakian trade unions and consumers' co-operatives have taken joint action; they have handed the Government a joint note concerning the exorbitant prices in which they make the following demands:

1. The reductions of the customs duties for the most necessary foodstuffs.
2. The abolition of the license system.
3. The prohibition of the export of barley and hops.
4. The reduction of the railway rates on foodstuffs and industrial raw materials, especially building materials.
5. The reduction of the bank rate, especially for building credits; control of the banking system.
6. The reform of the taxation system, the abolition of the sales tax; the regulation of the tax on industrial concerns.
7. The punishment of profiteers and speculators on the exchange.
8. State aid for the co-operative system and for municipalisation schemes.
9. State aid for cattle-rearing, and public control of the prices of meat and meat products.

FRANCE—Employers Use Foreign Labor to Cut Wages.

The question of alien labor in France is becoming a very burning question, indeed, in that country. When the executive of the French General Federation of Labor held its last meeting it passed some important resolutions on this question. There are now about 800,000 Italian and 500,000 Polish workers in France, and hundreds of thousands of workers of other nationalities, who are brought into the country without any attempt at control. The employers find these foreigners useful for the purpose of cutting wages, so that they do their best to keep the immigration in its present state of chaos. The Poles have even brought their own priests with them, including one or two bishops. These clerical immigrants have been busy setting up independent trade unions for the Poles under their care. This not only breaks the law, but it makes it impossible to do any real trade union work.

The French Confederation of Labor is not by any means against the immigration of alien workers; such immigration was necessary in France even before the war. But it is very strongly opposed to the present practice of recruiting foreign workers in the name of the French Government without any system or any attempt at selection. This is even done in some cases by official government agents. The French Confederation is, therefore, demanding the creation of a National Office for the regulation of immigration. This office would have to establish branch offices all over the country, and would set up a regular daily news service, transmitting by wire and 'phone reliable information concerning the demand and supply of labor. The Confederation also declared that measures must be taken to prohibit the making

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of individual labor contracts between employers and foreign workers before these latter enter the country.

Family Allowances.

The system of family allowances is spreading in France, and already affects about 2,700,000 workers. In the heavy industry it is now almost universal, and it is forging ahead in other branches of industry. Very large sums of money are now being paid out as family allowances. The employers themselves usually put aside capital into a reserve fund upon which they can draw for this purpose; this capital plus the sums actually paid to workers with families amount together to about 300 million francs per year, and this does not include the contributions made by the public authorities.

FINLAND—Shop Assistants Decided Without Debate to Affiliate.

At a congress, held at Helsingfors, on October 5th, the Finnish Union of Shop Assistants decided without a debate to affiliate with the International Federation of Commercial, Clerical and Technical Employees.

GERMANY—Communists Told to Join Trade Unions for Propaganda Work.

The Communist party of Germany has given its members strict orders to join trade unions before February 1, 1925. They are to do this in order that they may do propaganda work in the Reformist trade unions, and thus "overcome Reformism, that most terrible enemy of the proletarian class conflict." Persons failing to obey this order will be turned out of the party. For party leaders the period of grace is shorter—they must join a trade union before December 1st, 1924. A few exceptions are made for women who have households to look after, etc. If possible, the new members are to obtain official posts.

Struggle to Raise Wages.

The efforts of the German Government to lower prices have been frustrated by the irresponsible greed of the employers; in fact, certain measures which were intended to reduce the cost of living have, like the food-tax reductions of the British Labor budget, only served to increase the profits of employers and merchants. So it is not very surprising that the discontent of the German workers with their starvation wages is increasing so greatly that a great epidemic of strikes may be expected to break out before long.

Real wages in Germany are now much lower than they were in 1913. In 1913, skilled workers earned an average wage of about 34 marks a week, and unskilled workers, 24 marks. The official statistics of the month of July last give the average wage of skilled workers, even with the longer working day, as not quite 30 marks a week (87.1% of the pre-war wage), and the average wage of un-

skilled workers as about 23½ marks a week (98.3% of the pre-war wage). These are the official figures; but they take no account of the important facts that (1) income-tax is much higher than before the war; (2) insurance contributions are twice as much as in pre-war days; (3) the official index figures are based on a poorer grade of foods than before the war; and (4) these figures are not absolutely reliable indications of the rise in the cost of living.

Then, too, there have been fresh rises in the cost of living within the last month or two, so that the "real" wages given above have already lost some of their value. It is safe to assume that German workers are now

30 or 40% more badly off than they were before the war.

It is little wonder, then, that the workers are clamoring louder and louder for a more just settlement of the wage question, and that in many places disputes of strikes have already occurred.

Both the authorities and the private employers are setting their faces very strongly against any rise in wages. One of their excuses for the refusal is, of course, the Dawes Plan, although the Plan expressly declares that the wages of German workers should not be less than those prevailing in other European countries.

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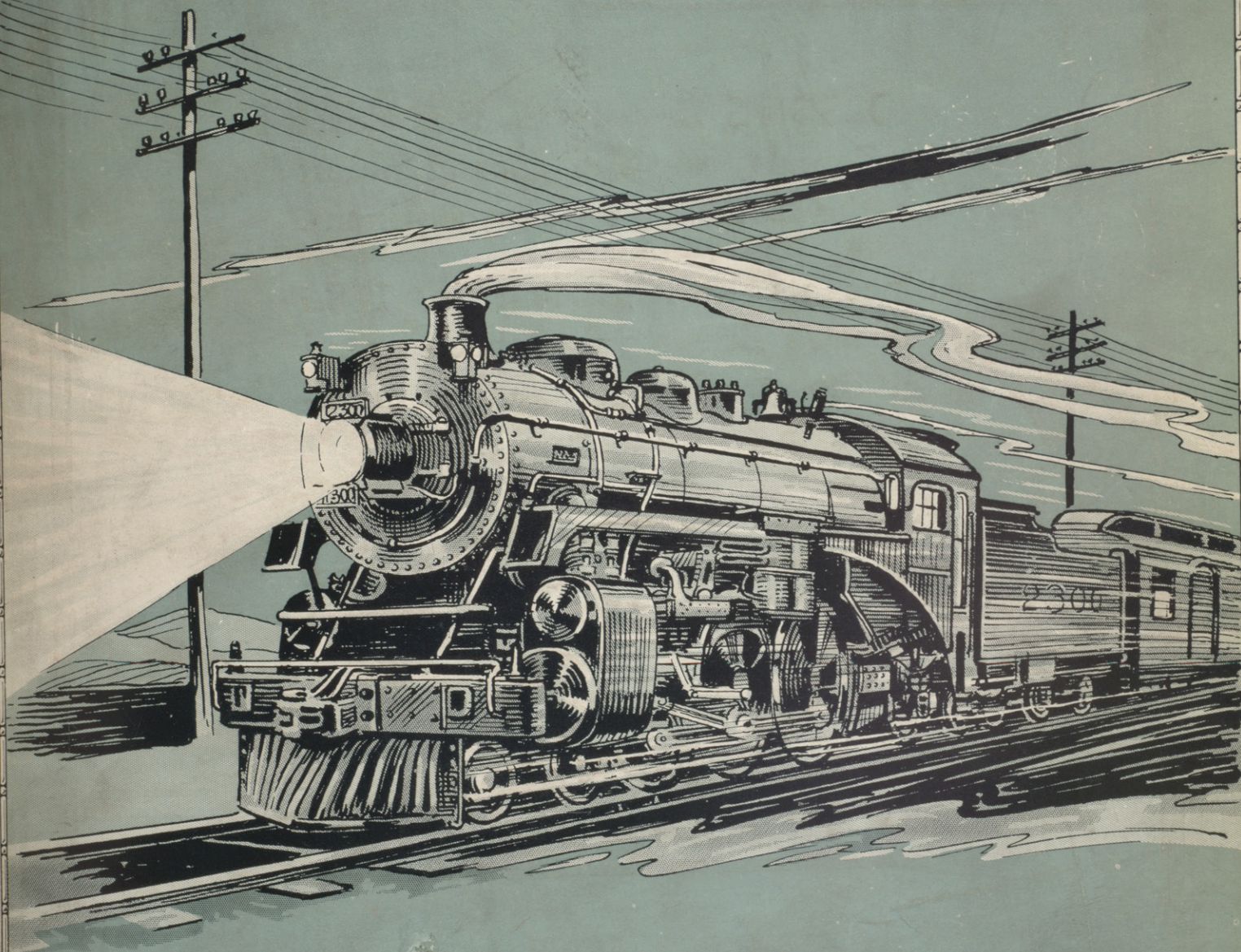
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